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DEDICATED,

WITH THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF THE EDITOR,

TO

SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN OF COLQUHOUN AND LUSS, BART.,

CHIEF OF THE CLAN COLQUHOUN,

A true Highlander and the ready patron of Celtic Literature and Art,
who loves his people and delights to live in their midst, interesting himself
in all that pertains to their comfort and well-being.

JOHN MACKAY.



REV. GEORGE LESLIE MACKAY, D.D.

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REV. GEORGE LESLIE MACKAY, D.D.,
FORMOSA, JAPAN.



TWO hundred and fifty years ago, when the principle of religious freedom excited the fanaticism of the Catholic nations of Europe, the Clan Mackay seized claymore and targe, and under the command of their gallant chief,

Donald, afterwards first Lord Reay, crossed over to the Continent, and for thirty long years performed deeds of valour in support of the Protestant cause which have never been surpassed in the annals of warfare, a thrilling account of which may be read in John Mackay (Ben Reay's) "An Old Scots Brigade." In these degenerate days the "Soldiers of the Cross" no longer wage war with pike and claymore, but armed with a copy of the holy scriptures, and inspired with an enthusiasm which no hardship or death-terror can subdue, the missionary clansman, like his early Celtic brethren from Iona, wanders into distant and savage lands preaching the gospel of peace and redemption. Notable among this missionary band was that noble young clansman, the late Alexander M. Mackay of Uganda, the story of whose labours in "Darkest Africa" thrilled his countrymen, and showed that the famous northern clan could still boast of its heroes. To-day, in "Far Formosa" another christian soldier, the Rev. George Leslie Mackay, D.D., is carrying on a noble work among the heathen tribes of that beautiful but distressful island. He chose the path that led to the post of greatest danger, and devoted his life to the work which he had taken in hand.

His life-story is replete with interest, but it is not our intention at present to do more than touch upon it very briefly—our desire is rather to induce our readers to procure a copy of that delightful volume, "From Far Formosa," in which Dr. Mackay has given an account of his labours among the Formosans.

Dr. Mackay is descended from the Mackays of the far north. His grandfather was a soldier and fought at Waterloo. His father, George Mackay, was born near Embo, Sutherlandshire; his mother, Helen Sutherland, at Dornoch. They were evicted from their holding, and emigrated to upper Canada in 1830. At Zorra, a purely Highland settlement, they built a hut in the dark primeval forest, and there reared a family of six children. They were poor but God-fearing Highland people, and the earnest piety of the parents had a lasting influence on our young clansman, whose earliest ambition was to consecrate his life to missionary work. From these home influences George Mackay passed to the preparatory colleges of Toronto and Princetown, but it was only after a weary delay that the Canadian Presbyterian Church decided to send him to China as their first foreign missionary. Formosa was selected by him as his field of work, and here he has laboured with marvellous success for over a quarter of a century. His early experiences among the idolatrous tribes were enough to daunt the heart of any but the bravest. He learned the native language in five months, and then openly addressed the people. He carried his life in his hands, the authorities even conspiring to secure his assassination, his churches were torn down to the foundations and his students put to shameful deaths, he was savagely attacked on many occasions, and has passed frequent exciting nights in his mission home with thousands of heathen fanatics outside shouting for his blood. Nothing daunted, however, he faced his persecutors fearlessly, giving surgical aid to the suffering and showing kindness to all, and in this way gradually made even his worst enemies

his best friends, and secured the good will of the population. His unconquerable courage inspired their admiration, and proved perhaps his best safety. To-day the most popular and best loved man in Formosa is Dr. Mackay. Christianity has spread all over the Island, and mission houses are planted at suitable centres. There is a large staff of native missionaries, and sixty medical dispensaries. In 1880, Mrs. Captain Mackay of Detroit erected the "Mackay Hospital" at a cost of 3000 dollars, not the only instance, we believe, of assistance which the Dr. has received from his own clan.

Dr. Mackay has visited Scotland thrice, on the last occasion, in 1895 he preached to large congregations in Sutherland. He is married, and we remember some years ago seeing in a Canadian paper a portrait of two of his boys dressed in full Highland costume. That shows the true spirit of the man. His love for the old country is intense, and in a recent letter which we received from him he said—"I yield to no Canadian in my love for the great Dominion, but around the blazing hearth I listened when young to stories and descriptions of Sutherland, my fatherland. My veins have Celtic blood coursing through, and from childhood I learned to love the land of the heather. I longed to visit it, and at length I was roaming over Highland hills and dales. Preached in the Dornoch church, and my attachment to the old land has been growing ever since." He concludes this most interesting letter by saying, "Nothing of special personal interest has taken place since our return from Canada in 1895. I am busy travelling, healing, preaching, and teaching. I am busy nearly every hour of the day, and often till late at night."

We need hardly add that the Rev. Dr. Mackay is a life member of the Clan Mackay Society.

LOCH BARVAS, LEWIS.

QUONELY, lonely loch now lulled to sleep
Mid hills and solitudes of heath-clad shore !
Bright rays of amber hue around thee pour,
The weary sun sits winking one last peep,
And curls scream, and plovers homeward sweep.
Soft zephyrs echo wild Atlanta's roar,
As sea-birds, guardian angels, o'er thee soar—
Thou child of parent heights—their watch to keep.
Hush'd breezes blow to hum thy lullaby,
The while thou'rt wrapt in folds of western light.
I love thee well, nor time nor place shall wile
Thine image from my mind : ah, still I'll sigh
To hear thy sobbing ripples kiss good-night,
While mem'ry binds my heart to thy kind isle.

F. R. S. BLACK.

CULLODEN.

AN evening calm, all nature still,
As I list to the sound of the distant rill,
And the peal of the skylark's joyful trill
On the field of Culloden Moor.

I stand by the side of a nameless grave,
A trench containing the true and brave,
Where thistles bend and the blue-bells wave
On the field of Culloden Moor.

And I seem to see a ghastly sight
Of horse and man engaged in fight ;
No fear of death, no thought of flight
From the field of Culloden Moor.

Then, over the moorland, side by side,
The Donnachaidh clan, like the flowing tide,
Come sweeping along with the haughty pride
That goeth before a fall.

Their war-cry makes the echoes ring,
And their tartans wave, and their claymores swing,
As they fight for their country and die for their king,
True warriors our and all.

But glory is valor's reward,* I trow,
For *Clach-na-brataich* is clouded now,
A Donnachaidh dies but he will not bow
To wear out his life in thrall.

Too few, too few were there left alive
Of the clans that were 'out' in the '45,
For Cumberland said, "There must none survive
To tell of Culloden Moor."

And so each Donnachaidh clansman brave
Cried : "Death may come but I'll be no slave" ;
And now they lie in a nameless grave
On the field of Culloden Moor.

ALFRED H. DUNCAN.

* *Virtutis gloria merces*, meaning "glory is the reward of valour," the motto of Clan Donnachaidh.

THE DAYS OF THE FATHERS IN ROSS-SHIRE, BY THE LATE REV. JOHN KENNEDY, D.D., DINGWALL.—*Northern Chronicle* Office, Inverness. That four editions of this favourite work have been already exhausted is a sufficient proof of its popularity among Highlanders all the world o'er. The new and enlarged edition now before us is a bulky volume of nearly 500 pages, containing a great deal of new and interesting information contributed by the Rev. Gustavus Aird, D.D., and the Revs. John Noble, Laing, and John Kennedy, Catoel. Many years have passed since we first read the "Days of the Fathers," but its interest is ever new. The stories of the noble and pious men and women of past days, whose memories are still green in the hearts of our countrymen in the far north, were read by us to-day with as keen an appreciation as they were when we first became the happy possessor of a copy of the first edition. The publishers have produced a really handsome and tastefully illustrated volume, and we trust that they will be rewarded with the large sale which their enterprise deserves.

LEGENDS RELATING TO JOHN MACANDREW OF DALNAHATNICH.

THE story of John Macandrew of Dalnahatnich, as told in *The Northern Scot*, by "Cairngorm," is one of the most remarkable in Highland annals. Dalnahatnich is a wild mountainous glen three miles west from the village of Carr-bridge, and fifteen miles south of Inverness. The Dulnain, the largest tributary of the Spey, winds its way through the glen, which is in the occupancy of two or three sheep farmers. The dun plumed eagle and the fierce mountain hawk build their eyries in this remote district, far from the abodes of men. In the twilight of Highland civilisation, when might was right, Lochaber reivers made periodic raids on Strathspey, and in driving their foray of cattle passed through Dalnahatnich along

Rathad mor na meirleach, or the road of thieves to their mountain fortresses in the wilds of Lochaber. Frequent conflicts took place between the cattle stealers and Strathspey men. No man, however, proved so deadly an enemy to the Lochaber men as little John Macandrew of Dalnahatnich. John was dwarfish in appearance and deformed in body, but possessed extraordinary muscular power, and was the most expert archer of his time. He used his bow and arrow so effectively that at different times a score of Abridh thieves licked the dust. Macandrew's reputation spread through Lochaber, and he became a marked man. On one occasion the Lochaber thieves made a raid on Strathdearn, some five or six miles north of Dalnahatnich. They turned out in great numbers, and were under the leadership of an arch-reiver named Auchluarich, whose memory has been preserved by the poetic muse and tradition in



JOHN MACANDREW'S SNUFF CHEST AND HORN

Lochaber. The Strathspey and Strathdearn men were determined to make a desperate attempt to prevent the removal of so many cattle from their glens and straths, and united they met Auchluarich and his fellow thieves at Kyllachy, an estate owned at present by the Lord of the Court of Session bearing that name. The struggle was fierce and protracted, but Macandrew signally distinguished himself on this occasion. But for the deadly shots of the archer the Lochaber men would for a certainty have won the day and driven before them the flocks of cattle they had collected. When the fight was hottest and Macandrew taking down a man at every shot, Kyllachy shouted in Gaelic "More power to your arm, little John Macandrew of Dalnahatnich, you are doing the work of a score of men." Hitherto Macandrew's name was not known in Lochaber, and the archer, on hearing the words of encouragement

uttered by Kyllachy, replied, "A thousand curses on your glib tongue, one-eyed Kyllachy."

It was after the struggle in Strathdearn that the Lochaber men, on discovering his name, determined to kill the archer. Seven Lochaber men were deputed by their countrymen to visit Dalnahatnich and slay the brave archer. None of them knew him by sight, and when they reached his house they found Mrs. Macandrew baking oat cakes, and her husband seated at the peat fire. The reivers asked for Macandrew, and the wife, suspecting the object of their visit, struck her husband a slap on the head, and abruptly ordered him to go in search of his father. When Macandrew got outside his wife handed him through the window of the "butt" end his bow and a quiver of arrows. He then took up his position on a large pine tree commanding a view of the door, which I believe is still there, and sent in a message to

the thieves that if they wanted to see little John Macandrew, now was their time. They rushed to the door, and as each man crossed the threshold, an arrow laid him low on the green sward. The seventh man escaped for some distance, but eventually he too shared the fate of his brethren. One version of the story is, that the seventh man was allowed to go home to tell the fate of his countrymen, but this is not correct, as his grave may still be seen. The reivers were buried as they fell, and Strathspey men, as a warning to Lochaber men, placed rude tombstones over the graves. The story smacked so much of the mythical that the writer twenty years ago took the trouble to place it in the region of undisputed fact by resurrecting the remains of two of the graves. The anti-septic properties of the soil had preserved in some degree the remains, and two skulls and thigh bones were excavated. The plough has since then turned up the ground where the graves are, but they are still pointed out. The tree too from which the archer had shot the fatal arrows was until recently, and perhaps is still to be seen. The walls of Macandrew's house were rebuilt forty years ago, and the house put into a habitable state. When this singular occurrence of killing the cattle thieves took place, the local chronicler does not say, but the date fixed by tradition is about the end of the eighteenth century. There is at present living in Rothiemurcus a descendant of Macandrew's, and it may be of interest to relate that Ex-Provost Sir Henry Macandrew is lineally descended from the famous Highland archer.

Macandrew's horned snuff chest, made of a ram's horn bearing date 1743, and with the name "MacAndrew" carved in rude letters on a corner of it, is in the possession of Lachlan Rose, Rothiemurcus. The same gentleman has a smaller snuff horn for the pocket which belonged to Macandrew. Both drawings are half full size. The snuff chest, it may be explained, was for preserving and holding the snuff in the house, and the smaller horn, as I have said, was for carrying in the pocket, and was, when necessary, filled out of the chest. We reproduce representations of these ancient memorials of the most expert archer that the Highlands, or probably Scotland, ever produced. They were received by the great-great-grandfather of Mr. Rose, who in Macandrew's time, and according to Mr. Rose's own calculation, lived in the Aetin in a small croft about 1720. His name was Alexander Mackenzie, and these heirlooms of the Highland archer have been carefully preserved in the family. The place called the Aetin is only about a mile from Dalnahatnich, and is at present occupied by a shepherd. The Mackenzies were related to

Macandrew, but what the relationship was it is impossible at this time to determine.

Macandrew's remains repose in the churchyard of Duthil, but I believe no stone marks his grave. There is no doubt about his burying place.

THE FOLLOWING APPEARED IN THE "INVERNESS COURIER."

DUTHIL.—A correspondent sends us the following in reference to a paragraph that appeared in the "*Courier*" a few months ago.

"I was delighted to read the paragraph which appeared in your columns a short time ago in reference to brave little John Macandrew, Dalnahatnich. John, though not tall in stature was brave at heart; and his helpmate, who proved to be so in more cases than one during the troublous times in which he lived, was the means of saving his life more than once from the Lochaber men, John's inveterate foes. The following brief anecdote shews this:—

A party of the Lochaber men laid watch one winter's night, unobserved and unexpected around John's house, and when they thought they had the bird in the cage, abruptly and unceremoniously walked in. One of the Lochaber men locked the door after him and hid the key under a rude seat of *feul*, or turf bench, in the side of the house. John's wife, who often needed inventions, saved her liege lord at this critical moment by the following stratagem. She went to what was called the pantry or *ben* end of the house, and took a small number of *kebbocks* of cheese on her arm, and pretended to make a slip in coming through the entry door. The cheeses reeled and wheeled through the floor, and the Lochaber men flew after the spoil. The valiant John, who was all the time a spectator of what was going on, now rose from his seat, swept the light off the hearth, took the key from its hiding place, went out and locked the outer door after him. On doing this he placed the hide of a newly killed cow at the door, with the flesh side turned up. The Camerons guessing their mistake, forced open the door, and as they came out slipped on the newly flayed hide. John was now ready with his unerring bow and arrows, and as each man fell on the hide, the arrow from John's bow prevented the possibility of his rising to tell the tale. The sequel was that John managed to lay the Lochaber men low; and notwithstanding his many hair-breadth escapes, honest and brave little John Macandrew ultimately died unmolested in his bed; and as your recent correspondent says, his remains lie among those of his kith and kin in the churchyard of Duthil, where there is no chance of his inveterate foes now disturbing them."



WILLIAM MACANDREW.

WILLIAM MACANDREW, ESSEX.

THE subject of the accompanying portrait is Mr. William Macandrew of Westwood House, Essex. He was born in 1828, at Elgin, Morayshire, and educated chiefly at Liverpool. In the early forties he went out to the west coast of South America to take up a commercial career, and learned the rudiments of business in the eminent firm of Messrs Graham, Rowe & Co., of Valparaiso, of which he eventually became a partner.

In 1848 he proceeded to Peru to a confidential position at Arequipa, with the wealthy firm of Messrs. Jack, Brothers & Co. of that city, which he held for four years, during which time he acquired an exceptional knowledge of the capabilities of Southern Peru, during frequent journeys to the interior towns and centres of production. In 1852 he became the chief local partner of that firm, and conducted the business at Arequipa for several years, during which he found time to travel extensively in the neighbouring Republic of Bolivia, to study its commercial possibilities. As a result of this investigation he established a branch of Messrs. Jack Brothers' business at Tacna, which he conducted personally for some years; the Bolivian trade at that time finding its natural outlet through Tacna, and its port Arica, and being both important and lucrative.

In 1860, after twelve years' residence in Peru, he retired with the intention of settling in this country, and visited Valparaiso *en route*, with the intention of taking leave of his old friends in that centre. Here he was after some hesitation, induced to postpone his retirement to England for five years, and to accept proposals made by his old employers, Messrs Graham, Rowe & Co. to re-enter their business as a partner resident in Valparaiso. During this period he travelled much in Chili, and extended thereby his already considerable knowledge of the Republics of the Pacific Coast.

In 1865 he retired altogether from business, and eventually bought a residential estate in Essex, where he settled and was soon placed on the Commission of the Peace for the County. His sojourn on the West Coast of South America lasted for twenty-one years, and the experience acquired during this time led to his being much sought after by his friends in London, who were engaged in developing South American resources and trade, to take part in the new enterprises that were from time to time brought forward in London. He joined several of these, and is still the chairman of the Anglo-Chilian Nitrate and Railway Company, and of the London Bank of Mexico and South America. He is a Liberal

Unionist in politics and a member of the Reform Club. He is also a vice-president of the London Morayshire Club, and a fellow of the Royal Historical and Statistical Societies.

In 1888 the freedom of his native City of Elgin was conferred on him, on the occasion of the inauguration of a new Muckle Cross, which he erected and presented to the City. It bears the following inscription:—

YE MUCKLE X OF ELGIN
BUILT ABOUT 1630 = DESTROYED ABOUT 1792.
RE-BUILT AND PRESENTED TO HIS
NATIVE CITY BY
WILLIAM MACANDREW
OF
WESTWOOD HOUSE, LITTLE HORKESLEY, ESSEX,
1888,
JAMES BLACK—LORD PROVOST.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—We have just received the 20th Volume of these Transactions. The contents cover a wide field, almost every branch of study having a chapter devoted to it. Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh treats of Minor Highland Families; Sutherland Place Names, by John Mackay, Hereford; Legends of Kintyre, by Rev. D. J. Macdonald, Killean; Gleanings from the Charter Chest at Cluny Castle, by Provost Macpherson, Kingussie; Old Gaelic System of Personal Names, by Alexander Macbain, M.A. The Legends and Traditions of Strathardle, by Charles Ferguson, Fairburn, is one of the most attractive papers in this very interesting volume. There are several other excellent papers, such as that by Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair on "Unpublished Gaelic Songs." Altogether the Gaelic Society deserve to be congratulated on their latest volume of Transactions, in our opinion it is the best yet published. This Society has done splendid service in issuing these valuable products of each year's work, and for this alone it deserves the support of every Highlander who is interested in the literature of his country.

THE GOOD SHIP "MATTHEW," BY A. C. MACPHERSON (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol). In this little work, Mr. Macpherson, whose name should be familiar to our readers, treats of the voyage of the "Matthew," commanded by those brave English seamen, the Cabots, who sailed away into unknown seas and discovered the New World. Mr. Macpherson has the poetic gift in no ordinary degree, the verses being written in a spirited and tuneful measure. He has also recently published a Clan ode, with Royal Salute, entitled, "Hail! Clan Chattan!"

It is only a few years ago that the Prime Minister of Holland was Baron Æneas Mackay, cousin of the Chief of the clan, and now among the Vans in the new Dutch Ministry is a MacLeod—Vice-Admiral MacLeod, who is responsible for the navy.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. IV.—THE MACQUEENS.—PART III.

CAPTAIN DONALD MACQUEEN received a commission at a very early age in the regiment raised by Lord Macdonald, and in his Lordship's letter to old Corrybrough, dated 26th January, 1778, he expresses himself thus, that "it did him great honour to have the sons of chieftains in the regiment, and as the Macqueens have been



DONALD MACQUEEN OF CORRYBROUGH.

invariably attached to our family, to whom I believe we owe our existence, I am proud of the nomination."

This very gratifying tribute shews clearly the origin of the Macqueens, and that though the Macqueens of Corrybrough had for centuries allied themselves with, and become incorporated in Clan Chattan, and still are of it, there are numerous Macqueens in the Hebrides, who were and continued to be dependent on the Macdonalds. I note in passing that one of the name, Macqueen of Braxfield, has been selected for vilification by a deceased hysteric-spasmodic performer, not his first offence, having neither

regard to truth nor the feelings of Braxfield's living descendants.

Captain Macqueen married on 27th April, 1792, Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Fraser of Brightmony, a great-grandson of Malcolm Fraser of Culduthel. He served in the American war, and I possess one of his letters from New York in 1780. He died in 1813, and his widow in 1827. Their family consisted of nine, Donald; Hugh, the well-known Writer to the Signet, died in 1836; James, died young; Dr. Alexander, 3rd Foot, died 1845; William, Captain 25th Madras Infantry, died 1829; Captain Simon, died 1837; Eneas, Lieutenant 49th Madras Infantry, died 1837; John Fraser, Q.C., died 1881; and Lachlan, Lieutenant-Colonel 3rd Madras Cavalry, of whom both hereafter.

VIII.—Donald Macqueen, Captain 2nd Madras Cavalry, who married Margaret Grant of Bught, with an only child Margaret, who died young. Much sympathy was felt for Mrs. Macqueen, who losing her husband and promising child, bore her losses with christian fortitude.

IX.—John Fraser Macqueen succeeded his brother, Captain Donald; was called to the English bar in 1838, and appointed Queen's Counsel and Bencher in 1861. He held a legal appointment, and was considered an authority on certain branches of the law. His elder brother, Hugh, W.S., was a man of great ability, whose untimely end created a great sensation in Edinburgh and the North. John Fraser Macqueen died on 6th December, 1881, having resided in England for about fifty years. After his death the succession to the headship, but not to the estate, opened to his only surviving brother, last surviving son of Captain Donald Macqueen the VII.,

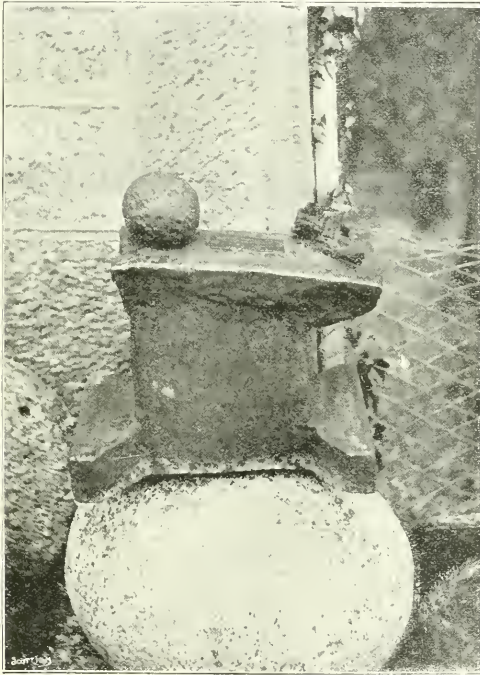
X.—Lachlan, the ninth and youngest son, a distinguished officer in the service of the East India Company, who died in 1896. This worthy gallant officer, whom I had the pleasure of seeing at his home in Devonshire shortly before his death, had, notwithstanding his long residence abroad, a wonderful and minute knowledge of the history of his own and other Northern families. Indeed his absence from the North only served to intensify his attachment and recollections for persons and events in his boyhood. During his long and honourable career in India he became intimately acquainted with most of the numerous and illustrious Scotsmen of his day, those who were the foremost in keeping with enthusiasm all the clannish feelings and aims of the race. As he knew I was a collector of old papers, he asked my sympathy while narrating that many old and valuable family papers which remained with the family, and had been carefully preserved by

each succeeding generation, were wantonly burnt and destroyed by an Englishwoman, into whose hands they fell, knowing it would vex and distress him. Colonel Macqueen was survived by his wife and several children, his only son,

XI.—Donald, now resident in New Zealand, present representative of the Macqueens of Corrybrough, whose portrait, when in the army, is given.

MACQUEEN OF POLLOCHAIG, CLUNE, STRATHNOON.

Next in importance to Corrybrough was the family of Macqueen of Pollochaig. This estate, in Strathdearn, fell into the hands of The Mackintosh towards the close of last century. The Pollochaig Macqueens are said to have been in the place for three hundred years, and up to the time of John Macqueen, who lived in the early part of last century, prospered. It is reported of this John that he



ANVIL OF DONALD FRASER, "CAPTAIN OF THE FIVE"

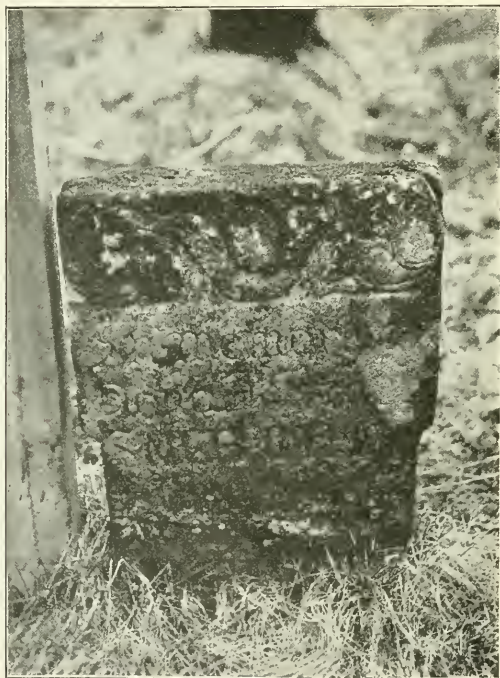
possessed supernatural powers, and by means of certain candles which he framed was able to look into and behold the unseen. His mistake in not demanding a blessing from the witch he had shot, under guise of a roe, before extracting at her request the leaden bullet, I have told elsewhere at length, and is indeed well known. But the wording of the blessing, which he did not ask until after he had extracted the bullet, was so peculiar and distressing—it may be here

given, viz:—"That his (Macqueen's) worst day would be his best day, and his best day his worst day." From and after this pronouncement the family decayed. John Macqueen's position may be inferred from the circumstance that his son, Donald, married Elizabeth, sister of Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and in consequence of his being "out" as one of the officers of the regiment of Clan Chattan in 1715, was banished to the plantations of America, leaving at least

one daughter, Elizabeth Macqueen. Several of these Macqueens remained about the place as late as 1825—1835, when the late Mr. S. F. Mackintosh of Farr was framing his histories. I mention the names of such families as have been noted at different periods.

Of the family of Raigmore I mention in the year 1697 Duncan Macqueen, Portioner of Raigmore, alias Meikle Raig, and Marie Cunningham, his spouse, James Macqueen, their

son, and Elizabeth Dallas, his spouse. In 1701-1721 Donald Macqueen of Clune and Isobel Mackintosh, his present spouse, are mentioned, and in 1724 their son, William Macqueen. In 1749 Lachlan, son of William, and grandson of Donald of Clune, is mentioned. In 1783 the minor branches of Corrybrough held a davoch of land in Strathdearn, viz:—Strathnoon, 1 plough; Clune, 2 ploughs; Easter Raigmore, 1 plough; the whole paying a feu to the Earl of



TOMBSTONE OF DONALD FRASER IN MOY CHURCHYARD.

Moray of £3 0s. 6½d., and now forming part of the estate of Balnespick. The feu of Corrybrough is £13 19s.

Pleasing reminiscences connected with the Corrybrough family, extending over a hundred years, hang around Donald Fraser, blacksmith at Moy Hall, hero in 1746 of the "Rout of Moy," so well known and frequently described, otherwise the defeat of Lord Loudon and his host by Donald Fraser and his few men, known in Gaelic

as "Captain of the Five." Donald Fraser's name is still held in high honour, exciting the admiration of Highlanders in no ordinary degree.

Donald Fraser was, I am informed, born on Corrybrough estate, to which locality he removed in his later years, and he and his descendants have ever since, so far as necessary, been nourished and protected by the Corrybrough family. Mr. S. F. Mackintosh in his collection of 1835 gives a full account of the rout, and

observes "that there are several descendants of Fraser still living at Moymore and Corrybrough of the names of Leslie and Fraser."

In a list of the officers of Clan Chattan killed at Culloden, prepared from the papers of Lord George Murray, Donald Fraser is mentioned as one, but if the tradition be true that only three officers escaped, there is some doubt on the point. The three who escaped were Alexander Mackintosh, younger son of Essich, grievously wounded, Duncan Mackintosh, younger son of Mackintosh of Corrybrough Mor, and Farquhar Macgillivray, younger of Dalcrombie. Donald Fraser's grandson, also Donald, during a long life was closely attached to the Macqueens, for whom he had that admiration, fidelity, and respect, so characteristic of the old Highlanders. It was affectingly said of him: "If you wanted to put a smile on Donald Fraser's face, talk about Captain Macqueen and family. This Donald Fraser's widow of great age is still alive, as also her daughter Miss Jane, who after a long and useful career in England has settled with her mother, near the abode of Donald Fraser the third, both held in respect by all their neighbours, and in especial by the ladies of the Corrybrough family, daughters of the late Colonel Lachlan Macqueen."

In order to the further preservation of the memory of Donald Fraser, I have caused the following to be engraved:—

1.—Receipt dated 12th December, 1744, signed by him by initials only, as apparently he could not write.

2.—His anvil at Moy Hall, with the words, Innean, Captein nan Còig, Dòmhnall Frisael, 16mh Dara mhios na bliadhna, 1746, which may be translated, Innean, Captain of Five, Donald Fraser, 16th February, 1746.

3.—His sword, preserved with honour in a house in Strathdearn, not indicated by request of the owner, though allowed to be photographed for this work. It was given in last issue.

4.—His tombstone in the churchyard of Moy, once very handsome, but now by the lapse of time, sharing decay in lettering and ornamentation.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

Sir,—In Dr. Forbes's first article on the bagpipes in a recent issue, I notice that he uses the expression, "Children of the Mist," to include all Caledonians, whereas it is well known that the term is only applicable to the Macgregors alone. About this time last year, Major-General A. B. Tulloch read a paper before, I think, the Royal Geographical Society of London, on "The Highland Rising of the '45, from a Military point of View."

I had the pleasure of being present at that lecture, and after it was over I went to thank the gallant General for his paper, so appreciative of what was noblest and best in the past history of the Highland clans, namely—bravery and fidelity. I also casually asked him what he meant in his paper, which is still in my possession, by the expression "Children of the Mist." He said he applied it to Highlanders in general, whereupon I assured him that only one clan in the Highlands had any right to that distinguished and long-descended designation.

With further reference to the term "Children of the Mist," as originally applied to this clan, it is a curious coincidence that their old name of *Alpauuich* is now usually applied not only to Highlanders but to Scotsmen in general, with the change of only one letter, spelling the word *Albanuich* instead of *Alpauuich*. It must not be supposed that I am writing in a spirit of cavil. Far from it. For imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and I am only writing the words of wisdom and of truth. Nay more, in order to guard against the accusation of speaking without my book, as they say in France, and also to put this interesting question, once and for all, out of the field of journalistic warfare, I refer the reader to such authorities as Sir Walter Scott in the introduction to his novel of *Rob Roy*; Mackay on the Highland Clans and Tartans, and to various reports of the Acts of the Privy Council of Scotland.

I am, etc.—J. MACGREGOR, M.D.,
Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel.

London.

THE LAST NORSE INVASION OF SUTHERLAND.

WILDLY the storm sweeps the heathland and river,

Freed from the arms of the pitiless sea,

Howling among the bare, hollow woods ever,

Bridging the torrent from rock-side to lea;

Swiftly the red deer retreat down the glen-side,

Deep to their coverts embower'd with ferns;

Dark are the wind-scattered mists of the ben-side;

Deep are the drifts in the lee of the cairns.

Lo! on this moor, long ago, by the river

Fought the stern heroes of mountain and sea;

Wild was the charge—the fierce Vikings would never

Steer their dread galleys for Duthaich 'ic Aoidh.

Sad was the clan by the dark-wooded glen-side;

Low lay the bloody claymore in the ferns;

The silence of death now reigns on the ben-side;

Green are the graves by the moss cover'd cairns.

Oh! loud was the wail for those who should never

Return to their homes by the cold northern sea,

Softly they sleep within sound of the river

That sings of the deeds of the gallant and free.

Dark is the night that broods over the glen-side;

Thick round their graves droop the red, withered ferns;

White is the sheet stretching over the ben-side;

Wild the winds howl round the snow-cover'd cairns.

Strathly

JOHN W. MACLEOD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1897.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Last month's issue completed Volume V. The annual subscriptions (4/- post free) are now overdue, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, John Mackay, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow. We trust our readers will give this matter their immediate attention, and obviate the necessity of a second notice. We are greatly indebted to those subscribers who have already forwarded their subscriptions.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

WILL contain plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Dr. M. D. Macleod, Beverley; Mr. James Mackay, Wellington, New Zealand; and Colonel Duncan Campbell of Inverneill.

VOLUME V.—We now offer a few copies of the yearly volume, tastefully bound, for 10/- post free. As we are only able to offer a very limited number of complete sets those who desire copies should apply at once to the Editor, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow. Two copies each of the last two volumes may still be had, Volume III., 20/-; Volume IV., 10/- post free.

THE newspaper press are always very complimentary in their notices of the *Celtic*. In reviewing our last issue, the editor of the *Oman Express* pays the magazine a compliment which we greatly appreciate. He concludes a flattering review as follows: "We had lately occasion to bind up the year's numbers of the *Celtic Monthly*, and what a beautiful and artistic volume it makes. It is equal to any of the illustrated folios so fashionable in drawing rooms."

ROB DONN'S "SONGS AND POEMS."—We have a new edition of the works of the famous Sutherland bard, with the music of 50 of the original melodies, in the press. The response to our circular in last issue has been most encouraging, and we hope this month to be able to add many more names to the list of subscribers. Particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.—The address by the Duchess of Sutherland on "The Home Industries" is to be delivered in the Berkeley Hall, Glasgow, on Thursday, 21st October. Lord Provost Richmond will preside. A large gathering is expected. Tickets, price (reserved seats) 10/6, 5/-, and 2/6, can be had from John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.

THE CLAN MACLEAN hold their Annual Social Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms on 22nd October. Colonel Sir Fitzroy Maclean, C.B., Chief of the Clan, in the chair. We understand the gathering this year promises to be an unusually brilliant function, distinguished clansmen from all parts of the country having promised to attend. All the clans will send representatives in honour of the occasion.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. M'BAIN FARQUHARSON, whose portrait and sketch appeared in our last issue, sent a copy of the *Celtic Monthly* to Her Majesty the Queen for her acceptance. The gallant General has received a most pleasing communication from Her Majesty, accepting the copy sent, and we have no doubt she found much in it to interest one in whose veins flows the blood of the ancient Stuart kings.

A BRANCH OF THE CLAN GRANT SOCIETY has been formed at Grantown, through the instrumentality of Mr. James Grant, the popular president.

"LEABHR NA CEILIDH."—This most interesting work by Mr. Henry Whyte (*Fionn*) has just been published, and is a valuable contribution to our Gaelic literature. It is a selection of over thirty Gaelic compositions, from the works of the most eminent writers, and arranged suitable for readings or recitations. It is very tastefully got up, and copies (price 3/- post free) can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND ON EDUCATION.

THE annual distribution of prizes to scholars attending schools in the parish of Rogart was made in the Drill Hall, Rogart, on 18th September, by Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. Colonel Duncan Menzies presided. The volumes in connection with the competitions for Gaelic were supplied by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford. One part of the proceedings was the reading of an address to Mr. John Mackay expressing the thanks of the Association for his beneficence to his native parish. Her Grace the Duchess handed the address to Mr. Mackay along with a gold snuff-box. Her Grace said—"I cannot tell you how much Mr. Mackay has encouraged me in my work in this county by his example of persevering generosity. (Applause.) It is only these things which we do from our heart that tell, and we know that Mr. Mackay has loved his native parish, and has loved Sutherland. In blessing you he has blessed himself."

A GLINT OF NORTHERN LOVELIGHT.

THESE could be no longer any doubt about it—David Bethune had fallen in love. He had not yet got the length of admitting it to himself, for he was slow at most things. The other men in the Government office, where he held a good position, often wondered why Bethune never married, and when he came back to Edinburgh from his annual holiday in the North, the first question

always was—"Well, Bethune, have you found her yet?"

But Bethune had taken their banter as a matter of fact for so long that they began to think he had really given up the search. He was beginning to have a sprinkling of grey in his hair, but so long as he could have his friends, and his pipe, and his books when he came home to his comfortable rooms on the winter evenings, he did not much mind the single-blessedness of his lot. Besides, he had plenty of hobbies. He was a fair musician: he was fond of literature and wrote a good deal for the magazines: and



THE FERRY, EILEAN LONGA.

indeed, taking him all round, Bethune was a man whom many a girl might have been glad to marry, had she got the chance. But that was just the difficulty—there was an element of dense stupidity about Bethune, and he never seemed to think of giving anyone the chance. And so it was, that at thirty-five Bethune was a clever, comfortable, and easy going bachelor.

For two or three summers he had spent his August holiday cruising on a friend's yacht away up in the North. On one of these occasions he had fallen in with an old gentleman who owned one of the small islands on the coast

of Ross-shire. The acquaintance struck at a chance meeting grew into a warm friendship, with the result, that the following summer Bethune did not join his friend on board the *Iolair*, but was the guest of Hector Macleod of Eilean Longa. The old gentleman and his daughter Maisrie, lived a sufficiently lonely life in the big house on the island, and were delighted with the company of the clever stranger, who was more than glad in turn to be allowed to shoot the grouse on the island. But when Bethune accepted a second invitation to spend the month of August with them it was of more than grouse

shooting he was thinking, although he persuaded himself that the presence of Maisrie Macleod had nothing to do with his wish to return to Eilean Longa.

However, here he was one day at the beginning of August lying all alone on the hot heather, and gazing across the blue seas to where the mountains of Skye rose out of a summer haze in the far distance. He had evidently been writing. For a little blue note-book lay at his side, and a pencil was stuck carelessly into the pocket of his shooting coat. And perhaps it was at what he had written that he was smiling as he lay and looked across the flashing sea. At anyrate this is what appeared on the open page before him:—

If all the world were gold, lass,
And all the gold were mine;
I'd gladly lose it all, lass,
For that golden head of thine.

If all the skies were blue, lass,
With pure and cloudless blue;
They could not be so clear, lass,
As the eyes that you look through.

If all the love in life, lass,
Were mine this very day;
I'd bring it straight to thee, lass,
And I'd give it all away.

Now, strange to say, Maisrie Macleod had a wealth of golden hair that was coiled in thick plaits round her head like the aureole of a saint. And by a remarkable coincidence she had a pair of clear blue-grey eyes. But perhaps Bethune had not been thinking specially of her when he penned these careless lines. He wrote a good deal of poetry in Edinburgh, and might quite well have met some other girl with blue eyes and gold hair. It would be wrong to judge him hastily.

After some time a breeze began to blow across the heather, and the pages of the note-book fluttered over one after another—each one shewing a little poem scribbled down with a date at the bottom. Here is one that was written in ink and must have been done in Edinburgh, for it was dated 13th May:—

The daylight dies in the summer skies
And the restless winds are laid,
And across the waves in a golden haze
Lies the land where all dreams are made.

The star of night with her silver light
Shines clear in the saffron sky,
And afar o'er the sea, the silent sea,
Comes the sound of a maiden's cry.

She comes to me on the golden sea
My love, in her dreamland sleep,
Her spirit is brave on the soundless wave
As she glides o'er the vasty deep.

The lambent air round her gold-coiled hair
Weaves a sacred aureole,
And the sea grows bright with a mystic light
That shines from her pure white soul.

We meet on the strand of the sleepful land
In the hush of the dreamland night,
And we sit thro' the hours, the ageless hours,
Till the dawn in the east grows white.

And my love has fled! with a cry she sped
At the light of the first sunbeam,
To the marge of the strand of the sleepful land
And back to the hills of dream.

Now here was something about a golden head again. And Bethune's housekeeper in Edinburgh could have told you, if her memory had been good enough, that on the morning of the 14th May he had come down to breakfast looking very much like a man who had not slept well. Indeed he said to her when she remarked his tired look, that the noise of the traffic had kept him awake for a long time. This was, to say the least of it, rather bare-faced, as everyone of Bethune's friends will tell you that Middleby Street is anything but a busy thoroughfare in the small hours. Indeed, there is even grass growing between the stones in Middleby Street. And perhaps it was because the housekeeper knew this that she smiled at Bethune when she left the room.

No, if Bethune would not admit it, the note-book had known it long ago. He was in love with Maisrie Macleod. The dream-maiden whom he had imagined coming across the sea to him, like a spirit on that particular night in Edinburgh when he could not sleep, was Maisrie. The golden head about which he had just written belonged to Maisrie. And at this moment when he lay with his note-book unnoticed at his side and his pipe unlit in his hand, his thoughts were all about Maisrie.

"Mr. Bethune," said a pleasant voice behind him, "will you come down for lunch now? Father would like to take you across to Shieldaig in the afternoon if the wind holds. But I am afraid I startled you!" For the man had snatched up the note-book in an instant and sprung to his feet at the sound of her voice.

"Oh no, Miss Maisrie," he replied. "At least it is very pleasant to be startled by the sound of your voice. I was just lying there and wondering how many miles it is exactly to the nearest point of Skye from Eilean Longa!"

So the two went down the heather side by side discussing the mileage of sea as if it were the most momentous question in the world. Bethune had hitherto been in some things a stupid man. He was becoming now an untruthful one.

II.

Maisrie Macleod was the reigning queen of Eilean Longa. The people of the crofts referred all their disputes and troubles to her. Macleod himself worshipped the very ground on which she stood. The Eilean Longa Macleods were connected by a distant relationship with the old family of the Macleods of Harris, who were descended from the Norse Vikings. And it was perhaps the Scandinavian blood that accounted for Maisrie's blue eyes and golden hair. She was proud to think that she had sprung from the fair-haired strangers by a long line of descent. And Bethune sometimes felt when he was sitting with them at the modest repasts in the quaint old dining hall, with its oak and tapestry and armour that there was a something at the table which he missed at many of the dinner tables of his wealthy friends in Edinburgh. It was the bearing that had come down to father and daughter as an inheritance through a long line of fighting chieftains—the thing that all the wealth in the world cannot buy.

Macleod entertained his guest with many an old world *sguel* as they lingered at the dinner table in the evening. Then all the three would go out to the seat in front of the house and watch the sunsets or the wild Northern Lights playing up in the brilliant evening sky. Then they would go in again and have some music in the old fashioned room where a portrait of Maisrie's mother hung over the piano. And sometimes while Bethune sat in the dim room looking out on the summer twilight falling over the sea, and listening to Maisrie singing one of the songs of the islands, he wished that he might never see the city life of the South again.

One morning about the middle of August Bethune was standing in front of the house after breakfast waiting for Maisrie. They were going out to the bank to try for some white fish. He was feeling in his coat for some matches when all of a sudden he plunged his hand into his breast pocket and found it empty. He usually kept a little blue note-book there, and it was gone!

"Have you lost anything?" asked Maisrie, who came out at that moment and found him staring blankly at his feet with his hand still plunged into the empty pocket.

"Oh no," he replied. "It is nothing. I usually have my fly-book about me, but as we are not going to use the rods it doesn't matter. It will be in my other coat. Let us go down now, for Duncan is waiting for us."

But there was to be no fishing for any of them that day. When they had got out to the

boat and hoisted the sails, Bethune and Maisrie took their places in the stern, while Duncan kept before the mast to attend to the jib sheets. Bethune was a capital yachtsman and, according to Duncan, could steer a boat as well as any man in Ross-shire. But to-day he was strangely forgetful. Every now and then the *Banshee* came up on the wind so close that the jib gave an ominous flap, which made Duncan turn round and say, "Keep her full, Sir." Then the *Banshee* would shape her course anew and the low talking at the stern would commence again. Love went a sailing that day. All through the golden summernoon they sailed with the blue seas flashing round them on every side and the white-winged terns flying away up in the brilliant skies. Ru Hunish was dim in the far distance; away down to the south the low-lying island of Rona lay basking in the summer light; and nearer still the craggy shores of Ross were all aglow in the sunshine. But what the two figures in the stern of the *Banshee* were talking about, not all the sea-gulls and guillemots or Duncan himself could hear. There was only one thought in the old man's mind.

"It is a very bad steerer that Mr. Bethune will make when a lass will get into his head. Aye, and it is no man that will sail a boat well and be thinking about a young leddy at the same time."

The boat was now pretty well out at sea and the fishing bank was down on the left.

"It will be time now, Sir, to put her about," Duncan ventured to remark.

"Its all right, Duncan, we wont go to the bank to-day. We'll run out a bit farther and then make for the island again. It would be a shame to waste such a fine sailing breeze. Besides the sun is too bright for the fishing now."

"Very well, Sir," replied the old man, and once more there was nothing but a rush of water and a flashing of sunlight round about them as the boat raced over the summer seas.

"Duncan," cried Bethune after a little, "did you happen to see a fly book of mine lying about the shore this morning?"

"No, Sir," replied the Highlander with a twinkle in his eye, "I was seeing no fishing-book on the shore. But if I was to find it, it is I that will be bringing it to Mr. Bethune himself. Oh no, Sir, I was seeing no fishing book yet."

So here was a strange state of affairs. Bethune had himself written everyone of these poems about the girl he loved above the whole world, and yet he was fearful lest the book should fall into her hands!

And Maisrie—what was it that she was doing in the silence of her own room that night when all in the house were asleep—save one other? She sat looking out at the moonlight kissing the water and tried to understand all that had happened to her. Why was it that she felt so lonely and distressed? Then suddenly she remembered the picture that hung above the piano in the room below. The thought that she was motherless was too much for her, and bursting into tears, she wept in solitude as if her heart would break.

* * * * *

One afternoon in the following week Bethune was out on the moor with his gun, but to judge from the long intervals that passed between the reports of his gun he did not seem to be getting much sport. Mr. Macleod and Duncan had gone over to Flowerdale on some business, and Maisrie was in the house where she always seemed to be busy now with something or other.

Bethune was sick of the shooting. The birds seemed to have disappeared altogether, and the dog kept running wildly on every side in spite of repeated admonitions. But above all, Bethune was sick at heart because he felt that there was something wrong with Maisrie, and because he was a man he did not know what to do in the circumstances. He was more annoyed than he cared to admit about the loss of the note-book, so he gave up the shooting in disgust and lay down on a heathery knoll just above the house and began to think.

But he had not lain long before he saw the figure of Maisrie leaving the house, and coming up the hill in his direction. She must have seen him from one of the windows, for she never once looked up, but kept steadily climbing the hillside with her eyes bent on the ground. She was evidently coming with some message. What could it be? The man began to have an indelible feeling of apprehension as she drew near to him.

"What a warm day this is, Miss Maisrie," said Bethune, as he rose to meet her.

"Yes indeed," she replied, with her eyes still fixed on the heather.

Then a silence fell strangely upon these two as they stood together in the golden August sunshine, and each of them felt in an instant that the breaking of it would mean something fateful for them both. It was the girl who spoke first.

"Mr. Bethune," and her voice quivered when she spoke, "I was wishing to say something to you about what you told Duncan the other day. He brought me a little blue book, and I—I should not have looked at it—I know I have done

wrong—but I am sorry—and, and I beg your pardon, Mr. Bethune. Here is the book."

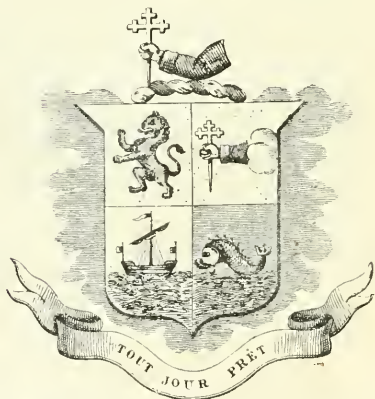
"Maisrie, Maisrie, you know then? and you are not angry Maisrie? Say you are not angry."

"No" was all that she said, and Bethune shewed her the next moment that he was satisfied. Just above them on the hill a lark rose from the heather and began to pour forth a gladsome burst of song as it mounted up and up into the blue.

Then Bethune told Maisrie all that had been in his heart for many days. And as they sat on the heather side by side with the drone of the bees around them, it was of many things they talked that only they themselves could understand. But when they rose, Bethune took the little book and gave it to Maisrie to keep for ever

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

**THE LATE SIR RICHARD GRAVES
MACDONNELL, K.C.M.G. & C.B.**



THE LATE SIR RICHARD GRAVES MACDONNELL, K.C.M.G. and C.B., was the ninth in direct lineal descent from Colla MacDonnell of Tynekill (or Tennekille) in the Queen's County; Colla in 1562 had received a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 30 Townlands there, and of "all that had been in possession of his ancestors"—a very elastic expression! Colla himself was slain at Shrule in 1570; and his grandson James, having joined the Catholic Confederates as a Colonel with 1200 men in 1641, lost all the estates by forfeiture for rebellion; and the Lord Justices also offered £100 for his head. They never got his

head, but he never got back his property; nor after that did he find Ireland a very secure residence.

His son Fergus Charles, however, in 1696, after the accession of William III., ventured to settle at Coolavin in Co. Wicklow. The fourth in descent from this Fergus was the Rev. Richard MacDonnell, who was the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, from 1832 until his death in 1867. He married a daughter of the Very Rev. Richard Graves, Dean of Ardagh, and one of their children was this Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell.

Sir Richard was born in Dublin in 1814; he obtained many distinctions in Trinity College, and was called to the Irish and English Bars in 1840. Not long afterwards he was sent out to the Gambian Settlements as Chief Justice, and was promoted to be Governor there in 1847. By daring and perilous journeys into the interior he added much to our then scant knowledge of the country. From that time until his retirement from office in 1872 he continued to act as Governor of various Colonies, and always with distinction.

After St. Lucia and St. Vincent he held the important position of Governor of South Australia for seven years. There he gave his name to the chain of mountains now known as the "MacDonnell Range," and also to the "MacDonnell Port." "Lake Blanche" and "Cape Blanche" were so called after the christian name of Lady MacDonnell. During their time Government House was distinguished by its splendid hospitality, and his administration by its vigour and judgment.

He was next sent for two years as Governor to Nova Scotia, but afterwards resigned in consequence of the changes to be made owing to the formation of "the Dominion." From its rigid winters he was transferred in 1866 to the tropical climate of Hong Kong, which made great inroads on his marvellously strong constitution.

In 1869 H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, then Captain of the "Galatea," visited Hong Kong in his ship, and remained there from November 1st to 16th as the guest of Sir Richard and Lady MacDonnell at Government House. Their entertainments and receptions were of Oriental brilliancy, and the public demonstrations were enthusiastic. On his return in 1872, he had to withdraw from public life and seek a well earned repose. In 1881 he died at Hyeres, and his remains were interred at Kensal Green. As Sir Richard had no issue, the representative of this branch of the MacDonnells is now his brother Hercules H. Graves MacDonnell, J.P. of the County Dublin.

His next brother is the Very Rev. John C.

MacDonnell, who was appointed in 1861 Dean of Cashel, and in 1883 Canon Residentiary of Peterborough. He is the author of a remarkable biography, "The Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Magee."

There were in Ireland, and derived from the clan in Scotland—besides the well-known MacDonnells of Antrim—three Leinster branches, or Septs. These three sprang from Turlough MacDonnell who died in 1435. Turlough was the son of Marcus—the grandson of Angus Oge, Lord of the Isles—who had migrated to Ireland, where he was slain in 1397. The three Leinster branches were:—

1.—That of Tynekill, which Sir Richard represented.

2.—That of Rabin, which was also in the Queen's County. Its lands were held under a grant from Queen Elizabeth in 1562 to Malmory MacEdmond MacDonnell; but that property was forfeited in 1601, and so it too passed from the MacDonnells.

3.—The third Leinster sept settled in the Barony of Talbotstown, Co. Wicklow. Their district ran along the foot of the mountains there, and was known as the "Clan Donald Country." By Government they were distinguished as "notorious commanders of rebels," especially one Alexander, the "Constable of Wicklow." After the rebellion of 1641 they seem to have been lost sight of.

But in spite of rebellions and forfeitures, the Scotch MacDonalds may still, with some pride and pleasure, claim kinship with not a few distinguished descendants of their clan in Ireland!

GALLANT DEEDS THAT HELPED TO WIN THE EMPIRE.

BY JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., HEREFORD.

HOW many brawny arms, generation after generation, sank down wearied; how many gallant hearts gave their life-blood for their country and the fame of their forefathers; how many noble minds, toiling while life lasted, and wise heads wore themselves out with scanning and discerning before these islands with their other "Cassiterides" became the British Empire!

The great distinction of a country is, that it produces superior men. Its natural advantages are not to be disclaimed, though they might be of secondary importance. No matter what race of animals a country breeds, the great question to a country is, does it breed a noble race of

men? No matter what its soil may be, the great question still is, how far is it prolific of moral and intellectual power and manliness of spirit? No matter how stern its climate may be, if it nourishes force of thought, virtuous purpose, and indomitable perseverance. These are the products by which a country is to be tried, and *will be tried*. Its institutions have value only by the impulse that they give to the mind, to dare and to do.

It has been said that the noblest men grow where nothing else scarcely will grow; this we do not believe, for the mind is not the creature of soil or climate. Yet history informs us that in the immediate past, a barren, mountainous, heath-clad country had produced men who when called into action by superior statesmanship, served their country gloriously in every quarter of the globe, and assisted in no mean degree to win the Empire; a soldier race who for the first time in action formed the rear forlorn hope that protected the broken wreck of the allied army retreating from Fontenoy, that scaled the rock face of the St. Lawrence, defeated the enemy on the heights of Abraham and won Quebec and Canada, that broke the power of Hyder Ali in the Carnatic and restored the prestige of the British soldier in India, that overthrew the armies of the Mahratta hordes in the severely contested battles of Assaye and Laswaare, and gave Wellington and Lake their maiden victories, that, before this century opened its vista, sent forth scores of battalions from glens beyond the Grampians to fight Britain's battles in America, in Germany, India, Flanders, and West Indies, and subsequently to Egypt, Italy, Spain, France, Netherlands, Turkey, Russia, China, India, Afghanistan, Africa, north, south, and west, conquering in every field, the first in assault, the first in the charge, the last in retreat.

"Old Scotia's hearts are Scottish yet,
Old Scotia's hearts are strong,
And still she wears her coronet
Aflame with sword and song."

The sketches we intend writing are not to glorify war, but they will be stories of the struggles, sufferings, and gallantry by which the Empire has been built up; they will represent an effort to renew in popular memory the great deeds of the past, the glorious traditions of the imperial race to which we have the honour to belong. They are the best legacies which the past has bequeathed to us, a treasure very much neglected.

The State has made elementary education its monopoly, yet it does not make its own history a vital part of that education. There cannot be an instructed, an enduring patriotism, which is not built upon a proper knowledge of history,

and nurtured by our best and noblest traditions.

What examples may be found in the stories to be retold, not merely of heroic daring, but of even finer qualities—of heroic fortitude, of loyalty to duty stronger than the love of life, of the temper that dreads dishonour more than it fears death, of the patriotism that makes love of the fatherland a passion. Such are the elements of true and robust citizenship. They will represent at least the virtues and qualities by which the Empire, in a sterner time than ours, *was won*, and by which, even in these ease-loving days of luxurious habits, it must be maintained, if we mean to hold our own, be equal to our necessities, and not retrograde. They are intended to nourish and cherish patriotism and manliness of conduct. Each sketch, short or long, will be complete in itself, and though no formal quotation of authorities be given, yet all available literature on every event described has been laid under contribution. The sketches will be historically accurate.

THE 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

Am Freiceadan Dubh (The Black Watch).

This regiment has ever been foremost in the annals of British battles. The history of its services comprises a history of the most eminent actions of the British army.

This might be expected from its Highland origin; for who more brave, more reckless of danger than the hardy mountaineers of Caledonia? the "children of the mist and the fell," bred among the rugged crags and the deep defiles, accustomed from infancy to dare, struggle, and endure. They have all the passion and impetuosity of the Celt, with which discipline and association combine the solidity and inflexible courage and ardour of the Saxon and Norman.

Their loyalty is romantic, their patriotism unconquerable. A thousand glorious memories of the historic past—such as might fire the blood of the dullest and most phlegmatic—warm their impassioned nature to a pitch of poetical enthusiasm, and they leap into the press of the battle with a joyous ardour which will brook no defeat, and binds to their banners the willing victory.

They give to their officers who understand their character the devotion which of old they yielded to their chiefs, and the spirit and tradition of clanship, still powerful, inspire them with the feelings of a noble brotherhood. Shoulder to shoulder they advance to the charge, shoulder to shoulder they oppose the onset of the enemy, shoulder to shoulder they face the crashing shot and levelled steel, and shoulder to shoulder they die where they stand; overpowered, perhaps, but not defeated, broken, but not subdued!

The love of battle has been innate in the hardy Highlander. The keen and shrill music



The late SIR RICHARD G. MACDONNELL, K.C.M.G., & C.B.

of the *pibroch* has an irresistible charm and influence upon him, and the flash of the sabre and the ring of the rifle are ever mastering fascinations. In all ages he has been a soldier inured to war. It was his countrymen who formed the body guard of the Kings of France, whose fidelity was never mistrusted, not even by the suspicious Louis XI. They did good service in the French wars, and on more than one occasion turned the tide of battle in favour of the fleur-de-lis. The Sovereigns of France lavished honours and privileges upon them, every private in that celebrated corps—*Les Archiers Ecossois*—had the rank and dignity of a gentleman.

In the 16th and 17th centuries they composed the "Scots Brigade" of the United Provinces of Holland, and wrested the laurels of victory from the best soldiers of Europe. Highlanders were among the *elite* of the conquering armies which followed the standard of the heroic King of Sweden, the "Lion of the North," and their valour was proved on the bloody field of Lutzen, and the dread sieges of many a town and fortress in Germany.

Highlanders were among the favoured veterans of Turenne and Saxe, Conde and Montecuculi. They repaired in large numbers to the armies of Louis XIV., the splendid patron of the Stuart exiles, at whose call they were ever ready to appear in arms.

"'Twas the summons to heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners were blazing on mountain and heath;
They called to the dirk, the claymore, and targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge."

Though the Highlanders were defeated on "Culloden's dark day" by the superior numbers, discipline, and morale of Cumberland's forces, they displayed the most heroic bravery. Stanhope, in his *History of England*, says: "Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn, not by themselves at Preston or Falkirk, not in after years when discipline had raised the fine valour of their sons; not on the shores of the Nile; not on that other field of victory where their gallant chief (*Moore*) with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition), high upon his breast, addressed to them only three words, 'Highlanders! remember Egypt;' not in those hours of triumph and glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now at the defeat of Culloden."

(To be continued).

ENGLAND AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.*

HERE are so few really valuable works dealing with the Scottish Gael and his history that no student can fail to be thankful when an addition is made to the number. The first volume of the *History of the Clan Donald*, published last year and written jointly by the ministers of Killearnan and Kiltarlity, both sons of the clan of which they write, is a work which, for scholarly merit and scientific treatment of historical materials, deserves to be classed with the productions of such writers as Freeman and Skene, and the present Bishops of Oxford and London. Much light has been thrown by the learned authors upon obscure passages in the history of the Highlands. Amongst other matters the political position of the Lords of the Isles and their diplomatic connection with the Court of England have been, for the first time, lucidly and correctly explained. It is impossible to have a clear understanding of the relations between Gaelic and Saxon Scotland in the middle ages, unless it is remembered that the Lords of the Isles were always regarded as leaders of the Gaelic race, who were ready, if opportunity offered, to declare themselves independent of the Scottish Crown. The Lords of the Isles were constantly plotting against their over-lords, the Kings of Scotland. Their object in so doing was to maintain the individuality and independence of the Gaelic race. They were not, like the Earls of Douglas, mere treacherous nobles who intrigued against their sovereign for selfish ends. They regarded themselves as hereditary princes of the west who had the right, if not the might, to be independent of Saxon Scotland. It was not until the Union of the Crowns that the Lordship of the Isles finally disappeared. It was the assistance and alliance of the English kings that prolonged its existence till so late a date. It is well known that the independence of Scotland was preserved by the assistance of France. It served the interests of the French kings that England should have an enemy at her back, ever ready to burn and plunder, when opportunity offered. If Scotland had lost her independence, France would have been deprived of her best means of keeping the power of England within reasonable bounds. The Kings of England played a similar game with the Lords of the Isles. They struck at Scotland through the Gael. The Island princes, passionately eager to preserve their independence, lost no opportunity of strengthening their position. Leagues and treaties were made,

* For particulars of this important work see our advertising pages.

with a two-fold result. The Kings of England weakened Scotland. The Gaelic princes maintained their power.

In 1330 "the good John of Isla" became Lord of the Isles. He was a diplomat, a man of ideas and ambition, cherishing the conception of an independent Gaelic state. In the struggle between Bruce and Baliol, he befriended the latter. In 1337 the Earl of Salisbury received a commission from the English king to enter into a league with John. In later years he deserted his English ally, for in 1356 he was taken at the battle of Poitiers fighting on the side of France. His successor Donald, the hero of Harlaw, renewed the league of amity. Again and again he visited the English Court. His father sent him to study at the University of Oxford. In 1378 a safe conduct was granted by Richard II. to Donald (*Donaldum clericum veniendo usque villam Ortonie, ibidem in universitate studiando morando*). In 1382 Hugh, a member of the family of the Isles, visited England, and on returning was escorted in state to the English border. In 1388 Donald and his brothers visited the English Court and made a league with Richard II., the Bishop of Sodor acting as intermediary. In February and July, 1400, in 1405 and in 1408, Donald visited the English Court, maintaining the alliance with the English king. In the great truce between France and England in 1389, in which the allies of the contracting parties were included, Scotland was a party as the ally of France, and the Lord of the Isles was a party as the ally of England. It is recorded by Wyntoun that, when Richard II. was driven from the English throne, he escaped from Pontefract, and in the disguise of a beggar journeyed to Finlaggan, the seat of his old ally, the Lord of the Isles. Here he was recognised by a lady who had seen him in Ireland.

"Quhen in the Isyles, schee saw this man
Schee let that she weel kend hym than
Till her maistere soon schee past
And thar till hym all sae fast
That hee wes the Kyng of England
That she before saw in Irland."

In 1461 the Lord of the Isles is found in treaty with Edward V. The Earl of Douglas, then an exile in England, his brother John, Sir William Wells, Dr. John Kinscote, and John Stanley represented King Edward. Ranald Bane and Duncan, Archdean of the Isles, represented John. The English commissioners visited Ardhornish and laid their proposals before the Lord of the Isles and his council there. In 1462 a treaty was made between England on the one hand and John, Lord of the Isles, Donald Balloch, and the Earl of

Douglas, on the other, by which Scotland was to be divided between the three, with the assistance of England. In 1545 Donald Dubh, who had proclaimed himself Lord of the Isles forty years before, renewed the ancient alliance with England. He appointed Rory MacAllister, Bishop-elect of the Isles, and Dean of Morven, and Patrick Maclean, Justice-Clerk of the Southern Isles, to treat with Henry VIII. Henry was then in the throes of a struggle with Cardinal Beaton. The English king was assisting and advising the Scottish reformers. Cardinal Beaton opposed the Reformation and supported a national and independent policy for Scotland, clinging to the Roman See and the ancient Franco-Scottish alliance. Henry VIII. gladly accepted the overtures of the Lord of the Isles, and a treaty was drawn up. It is curious to find MacAllister, Bishop-elect of the Isles, in the unreformed Church of Scotland, acknowledging Henry's title as "supreme head of the faith and of the Churches of England and Ireland supreme head." Donald and his supporters regarded religious questions as secondary. Their main objects were patriotic and national.

There are some who would accuse the Lords of the Isles of treachery and lack of patriotism in trafficking with England. No charge could be more unfair. These men were patriotic, but not to the Saxon Crown of Scotland. They were Gaelic, not Saxon, patriots. It was their very love of their old Gaelic independence that threw them into the arms of England. They were so afraid of being crushed by the Saxon element in Scotland that, to strengthen themselves, they allied with alien England. Their action must not be regarded from the point of view of the nineteenth century Lowlander but from that of the fifteenth century Highlander. John Hill Burton, who is uniformly hostile to the Highlanders of Scotland, admits that the Lords of the Isles cannot be blamed for their friendship with England. "Arguments," says Burton, "might be found for holding that the Lord of the Isles was as well entitled to maintain the sovereignty of his western state against the King of the Lowland Scots as the Government of Scotland to resist the encroachments of the King of England; and the sole difference between the two struggles is in the success that fell to the one and was denied to the other." The Lords of the Isles regarded the Saxons as interlopers in Scotland. They might have exclaimed in the spirit of Scott's familiar lines:—

"These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael,
The stranger came with iron hand
And from our fathers reft the land."

They were perfectly entitled to ally with

England or any other nation, if they believed that they could thereby preserve or recover their birthright.

J. A. LOVAT FRASER.

THE PHANTOM DOE.

A WEST HIGHLAND LEGEND.

THE milk-white doe speeds o'er the hills,
The fleetest deer on Scottish land,
With eyes of flame that nought can tame,
And coat as soft as lady's hand.
No foot has tracked her to her lair
In mountain fastnesses unknown,
No hunter's knife can touch her life,
Unscathed she roams the heights alone.

The corn has withered on the stalk,
In the once-fruitful sea is dearth,
The board is bare, and black despair
Sits with the children by the hearth ;
And o'er the clansmen broods a spell,
No jest is heard, no smile is seen,
An awful gloom of coming doom
Folds round them all its sable screen.

Lord Hugh has vowed a solemn vow,
" By cross, and book, and blessed wine,"
To find the doe, to lay her low,
And bear her corse to Mary's shrine.
" No earthly beast is this I wot,
A wicked, wandering witch is she,
A silver shot shall be her lot,
To lift the curse from land and sea."

O'er misty heights, through corries dim
He searched, but found not what he sought ;
A maiden fair, with flowing hair,
Home to the castle he has brought.
" Behold, my clansmen ! this, my bride,
I, wandering, saw in glen alone,
Forsaken, strayed, and sore afraid,
Therefore I claim her for my own."

Within the castle all was mirth,
Among the clansmen dire dismay ;
Lord Hugh was blind, upon his mind
A darksome shadow fell, and lay.
He heard as though he listened not,
He heeded not the woes he saw,
His lady's look his only book,
His lady's wish his only law.

An angel's face, a heart of stone,
The clansmen writhed beneath her rule,
In vain they pled, her soul was dead
To pity, misery's cup was full.
" Oh ! who shall save us from her hate !
She holds our chief in bitter thrall,
And well we know, the milk-white doe
Lurks oft beside the castle wall."

The wintry sun was sinking down,
On sea and land his glory fell,

Beside the gate a Palmer sat
With staff, and scrip, and scallop-shell.
" What watest thou, oh, holy man ? "
" But little, for my head this night
Shelter and rest, to be thy guest,
And leave to see thy lady bright."

Red glowed the sun with angry glare,
Blood-red the sea gleamed in its ray,
When by the stair the lady fair
Led to the tower that Palmer grey.
He gazed around, he looked beneath,
Dark grew his face so pale and worn ;
With haughty mien, and look serene
The lady smiled with lofty scorn.

" What are those shadows, shrunk and pale,
That linger by the dreary waves ?
Be these, Lord Hugh, thy clansmen true,
Or spirits come from unquiet graves ! "
Then groaned Lord Hugh, his eyes grew wide
As one who wakes from slumber deep,
The lady frowned, and glanced around,
" Sir Palmer, these are but my sheep."

" And what are these that tottering move
Like women laden, old, and bent ? "
" These too, are mine, they are but kine
My lord to me a season lent."
Black grew the Palmer's brow, he turned
And closer to the lady prest,
Then, ere she knew, unerring, true,
He signed the cross upon her breast.

" Avaunt thee, witch, thy triumph's o'er,"
With yell of wrath she owned his might,
Short was her shrift, with action swift
He hurled her from the giddy height.
Lord Hugh drew near with ashen face,
" Palmer, this is strange recompense
For food and rest ! " but lo ! his guest
Was gone, he knew not how nor whence.

The evening wind went moaning by,
And as it touched his throbbing brow
Like scorching flame, with grief and shame
Remembered he his solemn vow.
" God save us all " quoth good Lord Hugh,
And shudderingly he gazed below,
" The curse must cease, our souls find peace,
For there lies slain the milk-white doe."

Fair plenty fills both land and sea,
Another bride holds gracious sway,
But ne'er again may eyes of men
Behold that Palmer gaunt and grey.
When foaming waves crash on the strand,
When shrieks the wild Atlantic blast,
A shadowy form flits through the storm,
The milk-white doe speeds swiftly past.

JANET A. McCulloch.

WE regret to intimate the death of Mrs. D. R. Macgregor of Melbourne, a lady greatly respected among the Scotch residents in Victoria. She was a daughter of the late John Mackintosh of Balmaln.

THE GAELIC MOD AT INVERNESS.

THE Mod, which was held at Inverness on 15th September, proved the most successful yet held by the *Comann Gàidhealach*. Dr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh presided, and was supported by Messrs. John Mackay, Hereford, W. Dalzell-Mackenzie of Farr, Alexander Mackenzie, Henry Whyte (*Fionn*), Malcolm MacFarlane, D. A. S. Mackintosh, Shettleston, Councillor William Mackay, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, Alexander Mabbain, M.A., Captain Peter Burgess, Gairloch, Major Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Donald Murray, Eric Mackay, Ian Mackenzie, and Dr. Farquhar Matheson, London, Provost Macbean, Councillor Macfarlane, Dumbarton. A. S. Macbride, J.P., Rev. C. S. Robertson, Duncan Mackintosh, John Mackintosh, Secretary, Roderick Macleod, J. A. Stewart, Perth, Thomas A. Mackay, etc. Delegates from the Irish *Feis Ceoil* and Welsh *Eisteddfod* were present, and presented addresses. The chairman's address was worthy of such an important gathering, and touched in an interesting manner upon the revival of Gaelic literature and music, and other points suggested by the occasion. The choral competitions then followed, while the literary competitions were held in the Town Hall, Councillor William Mackay presiding. During the day Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh entertained 300 guests at his beautiful seat, Lochardill, where a well deserved eulogy was made upon him by that most patriotic of Highlanders, Mr. John Mackay of Hereford, and three rousing cheers given in honour of their distinguished host. The whole proceedings passed off most successfully, the Gaels of Inverness having risen equal to the occasion. It has been decided to hold the next Mod at Oban, Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh having been re-elected president for another year. Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, has already promised to repeat his donation of £21 towards the prize list for next year. The concert in the evening, presided over by Lord Lovat, was a brilliant gathering, the hall being crowded, and the programme submitted being perhaps the most varied and attractive ever presented at a gathering of Highlanders.

FIRST PRIZE GAELIC POEM.

AM BARD.

BY "EARRAGHAIDHEAL"

(DONALD MACKECHNIE, EDINBURGH).

CHUNNAIC mi 'm bard air traigh na mara,
Is ràn na gaillinn na chluais;
'Còimhead gu geur nan steud each gealla,
Bha leum ri cladach a suas,
Le stàirn cho cruaidh 's gun d' ghluais mactalla
Le fuath 's, a dh' aithris na fuaim;
Is toirn nan speur aig eiridh thairis,
'Cur seisd ri farum nan stuadh.

Torman nan dùl air chùl na gaillinn,
A dusgadh aigne a 'n suain;
Intinn air ghleus is eud air anam,
'Thoir beul do earrann d' a smuain;
Ach eaint gan luaidh cha d' fhuaradh fathast,
No bard gan aithris an duan;
Cha d' thig o 'n bheul ach sgeul na h-amaid,
A dh' fheuchas caithream a chuain.

Chunnaic mi 'm bard air airidh ghlecanainn,
Is nadur fathast na suain;
Le cìinne thlàth a snamh mu thalamh,
Is sàmhchair cadail air euan;
Ma 'n d' thog na flùir an suil ri latha,
Is dhrùidh gan camadh a nuas;
'Lubadh an glùn an ùmblach-mhaidinn,
'S mar thùis an anail 'dol suas.

Dh' eirich air ball air chrann 's a choille
Binn-ghnùth loinneil an lòn
'S fhireagair le fonn gach tom is doire
'N nair dhuig le coireal na h-eòin
Thoir failt' do 'n gbrein bha cendan feadan
An còisir leadurr' air seòl
'S viseag bheag chiar air sgiath na maidne
'Cur trian de 'n athar na cheòl.

Clarsach na coill' an laoidh na cruinne,
A tendan cuimhir na buail;
Na bean do 'n àire le lamh neo-airidh,
Bidh sgàth air t-anam a luaidh;
Ach sin mar tha, mar bha, 's mar bhitheas,
Tha eaint a ebridhe gun fhuaim;
Is fhearr a phàirt nach fhag na bilean,
No 'n dàn is binne 'thig uath'.

Tha 'm bard leis fein air feill 's air faidhir,
Gun speis do mhalairt an t-sluaigh;
Anam cha shleuchd air beulaobh mhamoinn,
'S cha gheill e ealain air luach;
Tha cheum leis fein air beinn Pharnassus,
An teampull faruinn na suain;
Teampull nan Dé—gun bheum a chlachair—
A dh' eirich snasmhor is buan.

Buinibh gu réidh ris 's éisdibh tamull,
R' a sgeul, is canaibh a dhuan;
Seallaibh le spéis air fein 's air ealain,
Is seudan barraicht' a smuain;
Treigidh sibh fein 'ur féill 's 'ur malairt,
Is theid sibh thairis g' ur duais;
Cian ma 'n leigear gu bend aon earrann,
De 'n t-seisd a chan e n' ur cluais.

'N nair bha sibh shios an tìr 'ur a-ineoil,
Bu phriseil rannan a bhaid;
A bha d' ur cridh' mar loeshlaint cheanalt',
Da 'n strìochd an gearan is aird';
Orain 'ur dùtch' mar dhrùidh na flaitheas,
Aig ùrach' anam nan sàr;
Toirt tìr 'ur riin as-ùr n' ur sealladh,
Gach stic is beallach is càrn.

Buinibh gu réidh ris 's éisdibh tamull
R' a sgeul, ged chan e ach pàirt,
'S ged tha fo 'n gbrein nach leir dha aithris,
'S nach gèill do 'n ealain is aird';
'S e buaidh a chiùil an tùs a mbosgail,
A chiùil a choisinn na sàr;
C' ait' an robh Fionn na Goll is Oscar,
As eugmhais Oissain, am bàrd?



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER GORDON M'RAE.



MRS A. G. M·RAE.

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CAPT. ALEXANDER GORDON M'RAE.



CAPTAIN M'RAE is one of the many Highlanders who have joined the British army as privates, and now hold Her Majesty's commission as officers in her service. These

men Highlanders delight to honour, for they have won their promotion step by step, their good conduct and soldierly qualities securing for them suitable recognition from their superiors. The subject of our sketch has had an honourable and brilliant career, a brief account of which may, we hope, inspire some of our young Sutherland lads to follow the profession of arms, and swell the ranks of the gallant 93rd. There is still ample opportunity for young Highlanders to achieve distinction and good positions in the army.

The subject of our sketch was the second son of George M' Rae and Margaret Gordon, and was born at Duffus, Morayshire, in 1853. The family came originally from Redcastle, Ross-shire, and many of its members distinguished themselves in various parts of the world. He was educated at Elgin, and joined the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders when only about sixteen years of age. He received his first promotion in seven months, and rising rapidly through the various grades was, after eleven years' service, appointed Sergeant-Major of the regiment, with the rank of Warrant Officer, a position which he held for five years. On the completion of sixteen years' service he was promoted Lieutenant and Quartermaster, and posted to the 4th battalion at Paisley. Shortly thereafter he was appointed officer superintending the recruiting for the army and militia in the counties of Renfrew and Argyll, and in that

capacity went on a lecturing tour through Argyllshire with a party of the 1st, 2nd, and 4th battalions of the regiment. For his services he received the thanks of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and the officer commanding the district. He was promoted Captain in the army, 1st April, 1897. It is interesting also to mention that on receiving his commission, he was succeeded as Sergeant-Major of the 93rd by his brother John, who has since died while on service in India. Highlanders will doubtless be pleased to learn that Captain M' Rae was indebted to a gallant countryman, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, who then commanded the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, for his first recommendation as a commissioned officer.

During the years he was Sergeant-Major of the 93rd he was Captain of the shooting team, and led them to victory on many a memorable occasion. The older volunteers in Glasgow will recollect the Captain and his killed men. In 1886 he was champion shot of the Army and Navy Rifle Meeting at Browdown, Portsmouth. On the 93rd leaving Glasgow in 1884—and many of us have very pleasant recollections of the visit of the Sutherland regiment to Glasgow—the subject of our sketch was entertained by his many friends in the city, and presented with a handsome gold hunting lever watch, suitably inscribed. Later on, when leaving his regiment at Cork to take up his appointment at Paisley, he was made the recipient of a valuable testimonial, bearing the inscription—"Presented to Alexander M' Rae on his appointment to 4th battalion, by the Colonel and Officers 2nd battalion, as a mark of esteem and respect." The following is also a copy of the "Regimental Orders," embodied in the records of the regiment, on Captain M' Rae's promotion—"Sergeant-Major A. M' Rae having proceeded to Paisley to take over the duties of Quartermaster of the 4th battalion, the Commanding Officer cannot but express his sense of the loss the battalion has sustained by Sergeant-Major M' Rae's promotion, nor can he allow this opportunity to pass without recording the untiring zeal and devotion to

the interests of the battalion, which have marked his progress during the years he has been in the regiment, and which are highly appreciated by the Commanding Officer, the Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, and men of the battalion."

To Captain McRae the regiment is indebted for the restoration of the old Crimean colours, which the gallant 93rd carried through that arduous campaign, and inspired the famous "Thin Red Line" at Balaklava. These precious relics of Highland valour have now been placed in a glass case, and may be seen in Glasgow Cathedral. At present the Captain acts as Honorary Secretary of the Employment Association for the regimental district, and has done service in securing situations for the men of the 93rd on leaving the colours, and resuming civilian life. We may further add that he is a life-member of the Glasgow Ross and Cromarty Association, and is interested in all useful Highland movements. He is married to Anna Mary (Minnie), eldest daughter of the late Mr. Danby Jeffares, of Munmore House, Co. Wexford, Ireland (whose portrait we have great pleasure in giving with this issue). They have three children, one daughter and two sons.

FIRST PRIZE TRANSLATION.

AN T-EILTHIREACH.

THE EMIGRANT'S LAST FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY "ARGYLE"

DONALD MACKECHNIE, EDINBURGH.

Off the Mull of Kintyre stood the tall-masted ship,
With many on board from the homes of the clan;
While slowly the sun sinketh down in the ocean;
Why looks so unhappy, yon grey-headed man?
'Tis not the dark main that disturbs his composure,
'Tis leaving his country that moistens his eyes;
And watching the hills in the distance receding,
That never again on his dim sight will rise.

Dear land of my birth! cries the heart-broken clansman;
Who would not be sorry at parting from thee?
Bad ending be theirs! who have made thee a desert,
And taken my home in the valley from me;
Alas! since the old stock of rulers have left us,
Their places have gone to the sordid and low;
The clans are dispersed like the mists off their mountains,
Their lands given up to the wild deer and roe.

O, Scotland! when next thou art rudely awakened,
To rise and encounter the insolent foe;
Where then is the Gael, the brave and the hardy,
Who oft won thy battles in days long ago?
Forget'st thou how often his valour and daring
Have made thee the victor? alas! it is hard,
'To be cast from thy bonds, each fond tie to sever,
Disowned, and for ever; is this his reward?

O, shame on their heads! for a pitiful pittance
Of increase in rents, they have scattered the brave;
The dear land of my youth, is now made a desert;
Its once happy people across the dark wave.
Like tearing the sweet-smiling babe from its mother,
Or stripping the tree of its close-fitting bark,
Is the hardship so dire, of leaving behind me,
The land of the cascade and woodlands so dark;
The land of the sheiling and heath-covered mountains,
Of clear-gushing fountains, of music and song;
The land of the tartan, of legend and story;
Fit home of the poet, thy mountains among;
Who'll sweep us the strings in the land of the stranger?

To soothe us in sorrow, or wake us to mirth?
Or tune us the pipes, with their bold stirring numbers,
And move us with thoughts of the land of our birth?

O, days of my youth ye have sadly deceived me,
No hint did you give that I ever should roam;
How little I thought in my old age to wander,
And thus turn my back on my dearly loved home;
That glen of the greenest; its maidens the fairest,
And tuneful as sky-larks in heaven's blue dome.

Be hushed my dark spirit, what boots it to ponder
On joy that is passed—and how quickly it goes!
As much would it hasten the coming of summer,
To lie down and dream of the beautiful rose,
O, sorriest fitting! thy fate has ordained it!
To sleep in the grave would be better I ween;
And thou ev'ning star, art already ascending,
And night's shutting from me the dearly loved scene,
The moon beameth kindly on moorland and mountain,

But these to my sad-sight no more will be seen.

Ye heavenly lights! 'tis of ye I am jealous;
'Tho' daily ye're chased from the dearly loved shore,
Each evening sees ye, it gleefully hailing;
Alas, it is bitter to see it no more!
Thou queen of the seas; fare-thee-well! but remember,

When next thou'rt disturbed from thy peaceful repose;

With bootless regret, thou shalt miss thy defenders,
Who, as chaff to the winds, would have scattered thy foes.

Once more and for ever, farewell to my country!
Tho' never again to return to thy strand;
To the end of my days whate'er be their number,
I'll pray God to bless thee, my dear native land!

THE CLAN LAMONT SOCIETY paid a visit on 27th September to Knockdhu, where they were hospitably entertained by Mr. James Lamont, President of the Society.

We regret to notice in to-day's papers (October 22nd) that Lieutenant A. Lamont, of the Gordon Highlanders, son of Mr. James Lamont of Knockdhu, was killed while gallantly leading his men in the severe engagement in India this week with the Afridas. Lieutenant Lamont was one of our earliest subscribers.

DORNOCH, PAST AND PRESENT.



HOW many have heard of the beautiful green bents, with the edging of golden sand, washed by the billows of the Moray Firth, narrowing into that expanse of water which gets its name from the little county town of Dornoch. Only to the favoured few are these golf links accessible; perhaps the few acknowledge gladly that that adds to their charms, and we must confess that our summer resorts lose much of their beauty when invaded periodically by the holiday seekers, those we term "trippers." Proud, peaceful, aristocratic Dornoch knows none of these.

Being six miles distant from the nearest railway station, where public busses are unknown, and by nature placed at almost the extreme north of Scotland, to Dornoch fresh charms are added by its isolation.

Dornoch, or Dorn-eich, a horse's hoof, owes its name to the victory achieved by William, Thane of Sutherland, over the Danes, at a period when the northern shores were noted for something else than their fisheries, and the forefathers of the present-day peaceful inhabitants were versed in other crafts than those of tillers of the soil and toilers of the deep.

The legend runs that in the year 1259 the Danes and Norwegians made a plunderous descent on the east coast of Sutherland and landed at Hilton, a point about a quarter of a

mile to the east of the town. Bishop Murray and William, then Thane of Sutherland, met these sea-kings in combat; the fight was fierce and bloody, hand to hand they fought, and William, who by some mischance was disarmed, seeing lying on the blood-stained ground the leg of a horse, seized it and wielded it to such good purpose that, singling out the stalwart Danish general, he slew him with this ghastly weapon and gained a complete victory over the invaders. A stone cross of rude structure still marks the spot where this warrior was buried. It is called the Rìgh Cross, or Crois an Rìgh (The King's Cross). As years rolled on the natives confused the dignity of the slain general, and gave him the title of a King of Norway. This legend, too, explains the horse's hoof in the arms of the borough. When the counties of Caithness and Sutherland were one, and merely distinguished by such designations as Gallaibh, the name given to Caithness, and Cataibh to Sutherland, this was the ecclesiastical town and residence of the bishops.

These early Bishops affected a pre-eminence over their fellow presbyters and an equality with many sovereign princes. They had a solium, a consecration, a mitre, palaces, dignified clergy, chapter and inferior clergy, and the bishops were elected in succession. Gilbert Murray, the chosen member of the great family of De Moravia, who had estates given to him by his kinsman, Hugh Freskin, succeeded the murdered bishops, John of Scrabster and Adam of Halkirk, who had perished in the burning of their cathedrals by the Norwegians in the year 1222. Fancying security lay in a more southern part of the country, Murray chose what is now known as Dornoch for the site of the new cathedral, and similar to most other sacred



buildings, it was built in the form of a cross. But this edifice did not escape the marauder's hand; it was burnt and lay in ruins for many years. Part by part it has been restored, and now on the old site stands a substantial building, the place of worship of the members of the Established Church of Scotland, a church far superior to any in the north, with a magnificent organ and beautiful stained memorial windows of chaste design. Though the mural evidences of the ancient cathedral have been effaced by the destroyer, there is still associated with this sacred building a feeling of bygone ages, when

the priest in his coat of steel hidden beneath his robes of the sanctuary, preached chevaldric love, ample faith, and pious hope to the rude inhabitants of that remote part of the British Isles; his dress symbolical of the times, when the warrior was one and the same, the priest, the doctor, or the husbandman.

There are still many old buildings in the town bearing names of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The outer walls of the castle, the ancient town residence of the bishops, are more or less intact, but the interior has been remodelled to suit modern times, and the old building where the



CROIS AN RIGH—THE KING'S CROSS.

warrior bishops and their curates resided is now gay with the summer residents, who occupy it as a shooting box. The Deanery is a private residence, and in the vicinity are places whose names tell of their former possessors. "Croit'-an-Easpuig," "Ach a'-channtair," and "Ach-an-ionmhasair" were the field or croft of the bishop, of the precentor, and of the treasurer. The picturesque thatched roofs are rapidly disappearing, and the less artistic but more sanitary dwellings are being reared in their

stead. Within recent years pretty little villas and large mansion houses have sprung up, not to speak of the comfortable and commodious hotel, all called into existence by the game of golf, and it is mooted that ere long the whistle of the iron horse will awake the inhabitants of that quaint cathedral town, whose ozone-laden air has never been cleft by harsher sounds than the peal of the bells, or the crow of the cock, since last the war-cry of its earlier inhabitants was heard.

L. H. SOUTAR.

"LUINNEAGAN LUINEACH," by Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel John MacGregor, M.D., has just been published, and a very tastefully got up volume it is. It contains a large number of Gaelic songs and poems composed for the most part by the author

while in India, several of which appeared first in our own pages. In these compositions Colonel MacGregor shews that he can write sweet and tuneful songs in the Gaelic tongue which he loves so well. A number of translations are also given.



DR. M. D. MACLEOD.

DR. M. D. MACLEOD, BEVERLEY.

DR. MURDOCH DONALD MACLEOD was born in 1851. His father, the Rev. Norman Macleod of North Uist, was a grandson of Donald Macleod of Swordale; he married Julia, daughter of Dr. Alexander Macleod—an *doctair binn*—and grand-daughter of Donald Macleod of Bernera.

Dr. Macleod was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and graduated M.B. in 1873, in which year he was appointed Assistant Medical Superintendent to the Cumberland and Westmorland Asylum, which position he held till he received, in 1882, his present important appointment of Medical Superintendent of the East Riding Asylum, Beverley. In 1886 he was elected President of the East York and North Lincoln branch of the British Medical Association. The doctor's name is well known in medical literary circles as an able writer on subjects relating to his profession, especially insanity, which he has made a special study. A keen golfer himself, he recently contributed a paper to the Caledonian Medical Journal on "The Therapeutic aspect of Golf," which is well worth the careful perusal of our many readers who follow the "ancient and royal game." Last year he was elected Vice-President of the Psychological section at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association.

Dr. Macleod is an enthusiastic volunteer, having joined the 2nd Volunteer Battalion East Yorks Regiment in 1887 as second Lieutenant, and is now senior Captain. His company at Beverley numbers 101 men, and he has paraded the full number for inspection the last two years in succession.

He married, in 1882, Daisy, daughter of Samuel Marjoribanks, and has a family of three sons and two daughters.

Although so long absent from his native Highlands he has lost none of his Highland sentiment, and takes a keen interest in the literature, music, and romance of the "north country." His elder brother, Kenneth Macleod, has had a distinguished career, and was recently appointed Professor of Medicine at the Army Medical College, Netley.

SECOND PRIZE GAELIC POEM.

MAISE NAM BUADH.

BY "SGEIR-AN-OIR" (NEIL ROSS, GLENDALE).

CHA 'N ann a mhaìn an gnùis nan òigh
Tha buaidh na maise 'tàmh.
Tha tàmh an àigh air iomadh dòigh
Gu tric 'n an gnùis a snàmh;

'S le 'm briathran cuiridh iad fo ruaig
Gach gràman agus pràmh.

Ach mar an cùdn' tha loinn 'us dreach
Ri 'm faicinn air an làr;
Ri 'm faicinn anns gach nì ma seach
Le 'n toir a' bhliadhna a bàrr,—
'S gach eun 'us iasg 'us creutair meanbh
'S gach ainmhidh air a' bhàrr.

Cia àillidh, mingeal, fiorthlan dealbh
Nan lùidh air an raoin!
Rìgh Solamh, pailt 'an cuid 's an sealbh,
'Bu ghliche 'chloinn nan daoin'—
A ghreadhnachas mar luach an òir
Bha laimh ri 'n glòir-sa faoin.

Na creagan àrd 's an deannar nead
Le iolàire nam beum;
'S mac-talla 'freagrach ri a sgreud
'N uair dh' eireas i bho 'n ghleann;
Na h-naimhean mòr tre 'n s'oid an stoirn
Le toirm 'us neart nach gam;

Na coilltean uaine dosrach tiugh
Tha 'comhdachadh nan slabh;
Na h-ainmhnicean 's na mìltean sruth
Dhe 'n rith nach d' lasaich riamh;
Am fraoch, am feir 's an ceò tha dlùth
Mu bhàrr nan stùc a snàmh;

An euan gun fhois 's a' ghealach ùr
'Us solus àigh na grèin,
Na feachdan laimnreach gun smùir
Tha deàrrsadh fad an cèin—
Tha loinn na mais' oirre uile 'tàmh
'N an àm 's 'n an àite fein.

Ach fathast caochlaidh iad air fad
'Us thèid an cur air chùil.
Tha iad a' crìonadh sìos gun stad
Fa chomhair beachd nan sìl;
'S thig mùthadh air an cruth 's an glòir
Aig crathadh mòr nan dùil.

Gidheadh tha Maise sheasmhach ann
A ghleidheas loinn a chaoidh,
A bhios do 'n fhear mar chluin m'a cheann
'S mar choron àigh do 'n mhnaoi,
'S a cheana 'tha mar dhuais do 'n dream
Tha tric gu trom 'g an claidh.

Feuch Gleasdanas! 's e sin an seud
'Us Maise mhòr nam Buadh.
An neach a leanas sud le cùd
Gheibh ean eifeachd nuadh:
'S bidh a'rsan maise 'gabhail tàmh
Nach caill gu bràth a snàmh.

O' Mhaise bhuan! biodh òirne tart
Gu leantuinn air do thòir;
Mar ghaistigh sgith, ag iarraidh neart
A nì gu ceart a' chòir;
Is gheibh sinn cuideachadh bho laimh
Nan ainglean ann an glòir,

A thig gu saighdearan na feachd
Le teachdaireachdan seimh,
Gu 'n teid an nàmh a chur fo smachd;
Gu 'n cuir iad umpa sgeimh;
Gu 'n riogbaich iad, 's gu 'm faic iad luchd
Maise nam Buadh air neamh!

THE BLACK WATCH AT FONTENOY.

IN May, 1743, the "Black Watch" was sent to Flanders, where it joined the army under the command of Field Marshal the Earl of Stair. During that year and next the regiment was quartered in different parts of that country and the Rhine province. By the gentlemanly and kind deportment of officers and men, they acquired the entire confidence of the people. The "Soldats Eccossais" were considered the most trustworthy guards of property; the people preferred to have them always for their protection. The Elector Palatine was so pleased with their conduct during those years that he wrote to King George to thank him for the excellent behaviour of the regiment, adding "I will always pay regard and respect to a Scottishman in future."

In 1745 Louis XV. of France resolved to invade the Netherlands. The Austrians, Dutch and British opposed him. Louis collected a large army, the command of which he conferred upon Marshal Saxe. The Duke of Cumberland, of "Culloden" evil renown, then a young man of twenty-four, totally unfitted to cope with so consummate a commander as Marshal Saxe, assumed the command of the British and Dutch.

Though the issue of the battle of Fontenoy, in which the "Black Watch" played a leading part, was not crowned with victory, and did not add a leaf to the laurels won by the regiment in after years in so many fields of honour and glory, yet the part acted by that celebrated corps at Fontenoy deserves to be recorded. It was the first time it was under fire, it was the first time it met the chosen troops of France, yet it showed to Europe, over again, the martial prowess of the Scottish Highlanders, the first that day in attack, the last covering the retreat from that well-fought field, and covering itself with glory, giving a splendid proof of what might be expected of such soldiers in the future, when their country required their services and called them into action.

On the 30th April the French invested Tournay, and the allies marched early in May to its relief. Marshal Saxe, aware of the design of the allies, drew up his forces in line of battle, extending from the wood of Barri to Fontenoy and the village of St. Antoine.

The allied army took up a position on the right of the French on the 9th May, and drove in their outposts in front of Fontenoy. On the following morning the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied by Lord Crawford and other generals, prepared to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The "Black Watch" was selected to cover the reconnoitring party, the object of this

being that the loyalty of the Highlanders should be put to the proof under the eye of the Duke himself. Descending the slope accompanied by the English 19th regiment and twelve squadrons of cavalry, they found themselves opposed by a large body of the enemy's horse, while a column of infantry was seen advancing on the rising ground to the left of Fontenoy. The allied horse soon disposed of the French dragoons, and the "Black Watch" then advanced and poured in their shot upon the gathering masses of foot, and compelled them in their turn to retire. As they marched on, following the enemy through thick fields of waving corn, an irregular and deadly fire issued from some unseen enemy in the corn fields, which all the vigilance of the Highlanders could not elude. This was from a corps, then named "grassins," afterwards called "sharp shooters," and from their concealment taking off prominent individuals, but the men of the "Black Watch" were well accustomed to the patient methods of deer-stalking in their own country to be out-done by the French green coats, and it was on this occasion that a Highlander, unable to get a "pop" at his hidden enemy, stuck his bonnet on the top of a stump in the corn, at which the "grassin" repeatedly fired supposing it to be a man. The Gael hid himself in turn, and soon brought down his man.

The object of reconnoitring being effected, the Highlanders were recalled to the main body and received the Duke's acknowledgments for their conduct and valour.

This was the first time the regiment stood the fire of an enemy in a regular body, and so well did they acquit themselves that they were particularly noticed by other general officers for their spirited conduct.

On the following day (May 11th) was fought the famous battle of Fontenoy. The position chosen by Marshal Saxe was one of immense strength, covered by redoubts and trenches, while in the centre of the plain, extending between it and the allied camp, yawned a deep and dangerous ravine. Cumberland, however, relying for victory on the well known courage of his troops, resolved to attack.

It was impossible to turn the French flanks, or to assail in front their superior forces, consisting of 106 battalions of foot, 172 squadrons of cavalry and 260 guns, while Cumberland's army consisted of only 46 battalions, and 90 squadrons with 90 guns. It evinced either the height of rashness or of ignorance. The reconnaissance made by Cumberland must have been most imperfect. The whole position of Saxe, rising with a gentle ascent, could be swept by the concentrated fire of all his 260 guns.

The Guards and Highlanders, says the "History of War," began the battle by attacking a

body of French near Vezou, where the Dauphin was posted. Though the French were entrenched breast high, the Guards with their bayonets and the Highlanders with sword, pistol and dirk, forced them out, killing a considerable number.

The Guards and "Black Watch" then fell back and rejoined the first line, the formation of which was complete by nine o'clock, when Sir John Ligonier sent his aide-de-camp to acquaint Cumberland that, as the guns were silenced, he was ready, and only waiting for the signal from Prince Waldeck to attack Fontenoy; the troops moved forward with astonishing intrepidity to their respective points of attack.

The "advance" was then sounded by many a trumpet and bugle, while, amid a deafening roar of musketry, the troops rushed on, the Dutch led by Waldeck against Fontenoy, Ingolsby to assail the redoubt in front of Vezou, and the first line of British and Hanoverians, led by Cumberland in person, to attack the centre.

So quick was the rush that the Duke and other officers had to ride their horses at a canter, but their men fell fast on every hand, the fire of the cannon making whole lines through the ranks of the confederates, particularly the British.

Under this fire the Dutch, who covered their left, fell into disorder and could scarcely be rallied. Seeing this, Cumberland detached the Highlanders from Ingolsby's division, and sent them in command of Sir Robert Munro, a veteran of Marlborough's time, to aid the Dutch. Sir Robert obtained permission from Cumberland to permit the Highlanders to fight in their own fashion; this was readily granted. The gallant fellows advanced through fire and smoke, undismayed by the terrible musketry and artillery fire of the French. At last they halted and delivered a volley, then rushed forward, clapped down and loaded, rose up, fired again, and again rushed forward, repeating it till they came near the French ranks, when they delivered a concentrated fire which confounded the enemy, then retired to their first position and recommenced their rushes. Cumberland, assisted by Lord Cathcart, seeing the gallant advance of the Highlanders, now led forward his first line and succeeded in passing Fontenoy and the redoubt, and got within thirty yards of the enemy's muzzles. Receiving fire at this distance, the British doubled up in a column and advanced between the batteries, all of which were playing upon a space not quite half a mile in breadth. The slaughter was indescribable. Whole ranks fell, but the intervals were closed up. The Highlanders at their second rush charged with sword and bayonet, and broke through the right of the brigade of French Guards. Cumberland charging at the same time, the whole brigade were hurled back in disorder upon their supports,

the Irish regiments of Lord Clare. The French cavalry now advanced, but went about, unable to face the fire that mowed down horse and man.

The Duke of Cumberland noticed the gallant conduct of the Highlanders in the hand-to-hand fighting, and observed one Highlander, who, with his broadsword, had killed nine men, making a stroke at a tenth when his arm was shattered by a cannon ball. His Royal Highness applauded the Highlander's conduct and promised him a reward equal to the value of the lost arm.

At this crisis, the British had decidedly the advantage on the left wing. Unsupported by cavalry the infantry, as we have seen, bore down all before them, driving the French left three hundred paces beyond Fontenoy and making themselves masters of the field, from the ground upon which they stood to their own camp. But as the French left retired the columns wheeled back, or opened, and uncovered two batteries of heavy guns, which poured on the British such a storm of cartridge shot in front and flank that it was impossible to face it. Rallying, however, they completed the disorder of the French, who were fairly beaten, and had some fresh battalions from the reserve replaced those that had suffered from the masked batteries, or had the second line advanced to enable the cavalry to get past the redoubt, the enemy could not have recovered the day.

When the French infantry were fairly driven out of St. Antoine, Saxe thought the battle was lost, and sent an officer with such tidings to the King and Dauphin, who were seated on horseback at an eminence surveying the fight where the Royal Standard of France was flying. The Standard was immediately struck by order of Louis, as the officer begged that they would provide for their own safety by flight.

"If," says Voltaire, "the Dutch had moved at this moment and joined the British, there would have been no resource, nay, no retreat for the French army, nor, in all probability, for the King and his son." Old Marshal Konigsegg, the Austrian general, congratulated Cumberland on his victory, but his compliments were premature. Saxe, when he saw the Dutch stand aloof, leaving the British and Hanoverians to fight the battle unaided, like a good general, made another bid for victory as a last resource. He immediately ordered up all his reserves, brought all his artillery to bear upon the British ranks, and bringing up the Household troops of France, and the Irish and Scottish brigades then in the service of France, strove to crush Cumberland by an attack in overwhelming force, in which the Irish brigade were the foremost and most furious, who made their attack with a yell that echoed through all their ranks as they

came on with the cry that had a terrible significance: "*Cuimhnich air Luimneac, agus air gealladh nan Sasunnach*" (Remember Limerick and Saxon faith). Pouring in a volley, they rushed with the bayonet on the toil-worn British infantry, who having successfully routed the best troops of France, now were fated to be routed by the Irish and Scottish brigades. This encounter between the British and the Irish brigade was fierce, the fire constant, the slaughter great, and the loss on the side of the British was such that at length they were compelled to retire.

The Duke of Cumberland lost all presence of mind, and his army fell back in some confusion, but the determined stand made by the Earl of Crawford with the "Black Watch" and the 3rd Buffs to cover the retreat, enabled the allies to retire in good order from the bloody field.

This phase of the battle is well depicted in an old Irish ballad:—

"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting he commands

Fix bayonets—charge! like mountain storm rush on
Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is lost,
and won."

The following is the report of Fontenoy published in Paris on the 26th May, fifteen days after the battle:—

"Our victory may be said to be complete, but it cannot be denied that the allies behaved extremely well, more especially the English, who made a soldier-like retreat which was much favoured by an adjacent wood. The British behaved well, and none could excel them in advancing, none but our officers, when the Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest. I cannot say much for the other auxiliaries, some looked as if they had no concern in the matter. We gained the victory, may I never see such another."

The British soldiers were justly infuriated with their cowardly allies, and in the retreat to Ath, with difficulty prevented from firing upon them.

The gallantry displayed by Sir Robert Munro and his Highland regiment was the theme of universal admiration in Britain, and the French, as seen in the Paris account of the battle, could not withhold their meed of praise.

The loss sustained by the "Black Watch" at Fontenoy was 123 officers and men killed and wounded. General Stewart, commenting upon this comparatively small loss, said: "If we consider how actively this corps was engaged in various parts of the field, having in short been placed in every situation of danger and difficulty, the small loss sustained in killed and wounded

must be a matter of surprise. It can only be accounted for by the mode of advancing against the enemy, a circumstance well worthy of the notice of all soldiers, yes, and of commanders."

At Fontenoy, one hundred and fifty two years ago, the "Black Watch" put into practice a mode of attack, now practiced by all European armies, hence their comparatively small loss. Honour! all honour! to the gallant "Forty-twa," sons of the mountains and glens.

Hereford.

JOHN MACKAY.

OUR STRATH.

"ANNS NA LAITHEAN A DU' FALBH."

WE were proud of our strath with its soft green floor, noble river, old pine forests, and the grand mountains that sheltered it from the cold winds of winter, the sleekness of our cattle, and the texture and warmth of our home-spun garments; but we seldom allowed our pride to degenerate into boasting. Our neighbours said we put on airs—I overheard one of them one day at the market say "*Thu 'ud faisg air sgàineadh le pròis*" (They are about bursting with pride)—but this was doing us an injustice. Our elders not only taught us to respect the feelings of the less favoured inhabitants of other glens, but to speak respectfully of them amongst ourselves. When Archie Ban forgot himself one evening and spoke of the inhabitants of a neighbouring glen as "*Muinntir a' ghlinn ud thall, le ceud na cuideachd*" (The folks of yonder glen, with the company's permission) he was promptly rebuked.

We were not a talkative people, but underneath the remarks one might hear exchanged, lay a species of humour perhaps peculiar to ourselves. When Maum was waiting one day in hopes that some passer-by would give him a "lift" to Torran Sale, and he hailed Duncan Roy with the remark "*'S e Dia 'chuir an taobh so thu, Dhonnachaith*" (It was God sent you this road, Duncan), the answer was "*Cha'n e ach an Gobhainn Mòr*" (not he but the big smith). A philosophic calmness and hopefulness also marked the manner in which we went about our work. Fussiness or worry about one's affairs was looked upon as unseemly. If a thunder cloud burst upon the field of hay ready for cocking, it was received with the remark "*Tha latha eile tighinn*" (another day is coming), and if the meal in the chest failed or the cupboard became empty, we had an adage of hope for the occasion "*'Fhuair sinn's gheibh sinn*" (we have received, and we shall receive). Even our women denied themselves the relief of mourning

over worldly losses. They were shocked when Máiri Bheag, who had to flee to the hill behind her cottage to escape from one of the floods that sometimes poured down upon us from the western glens, wrung her hands and wailed over her blankets as she saw them sail out at the door of her half submerged abode, and away. They afterwards, however, forgave her, when they remembered her mother was not a native of our strath.

Those floods were rather trying visitations, but our composure seldom failed us even when the floor of the strath was covered with water like a lake, and we had to go harvesting in boats. It was on one of those occasions that Mr. Mac-Thomas, a minister we had for a short time—whom some of our sermon critics had named "*Ain ministear tioram*" (the dry minister)—made for himself an abiding place in our hearts. He persisted in going in the boat with us to the rescue of Donald Buie, who while trying to save some sheep got surrounded with water, the embankment of the river having given way. The water was rising so fast that before we got near Donald his island of refuge was reduced to a few yards of embankment, behind which the river was rushing with tremendous force. As our boat touched ground the spot where he stood gave way. It was then we saw the worth of our minister. Springing from the boat on a crumbling bit of embankment that still remained, and climbing out on the stout branches of a half submerged tree, over the wild torrent, he rescued Donald from the waters that were sweeping him away.

The pure air and water of our strath were conducive to health and longevity. Some of our older inhabitants had never even taken a dose of Epsom salts. When Ian Roy felt unwell he physiced himself with "*Cál riobach 'ns im*" (curly kale and butter), and Máiri Aluinn doctoried herself with the more refined "*Cál deanntag*" (nettle kale). Consequently we seldom required a doctor. This was something to be grateful for, as a visit to our strath necessitated the covering of a distance of from fifteen to thirty miles. Doctor Bain's visits were always subjects of remark and conjecture, and when we saw him passing we felt uncomfortable until we knew who was ailing. This did not arise from mere curiosity, but from the interest we took in each other, an interest that invariably bore the fruits of acts of kindness. We dreaded infectious maladies "*Galair-an nam bailtean mor*" (the diseases of the big towns), and the doctor at times took jocular advantage of this. When Isobel Donn, who lived in a cottage by the way-side, and had a mania for waylaying the doctor about an imaginary ailment she suffered from, tried one day to stop him, he

shouted "*Air son do bheath 'na tig faisg orm, bhu ní 'n ruair fíar am beil teasach*" (For your life don't come near me, I was yestreen where there was fever).

The only instance I remember of when our charity failed, was when it became known that the illness with which widow Brown's boys were smitten was small-pox. A dread of infection seized us. Food and other necessities were carried to within hailing distance of the cottage, but none of us would venture near. At last we were put to shame by the "*Saighdear Garbh*" (the rough soldier), the reprobate of the strath, acting the part of the Good Samaritan. He not only carried necessities to the cottage, but nursed the boys with the tenderness of a woman, while the weary afflicted mother rested. The Saighdear was a fine specimen of the old Highland soldier, tall, handsome, and of noble features, but the hardships he underwent in the trenches before Sebastopol and the wild life he led, left their marks upon them. I saw him some years after laid on one of the beds of an Infirmary ward, from which he knew he would never rise. The marks of sin and hardship no longer marred his face, and though thin it seemed to have gained more than its lost beauty, as with calm eye he looked undisarmed into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

A. G. M.

THE MAXIM OF GLEISIAR.*

BATTLE is but victory won
Sure for the brave as shine of sun,
Dishonour is defeat alone.

Thou who art vanquished, vanquish fear,
So vanquished making victory dear,
Recede from battle on thy bier!

Like the blue lightning flash the knife
In the black storm of life with life,
Or fall, the stilled heart of the strife.

Death is but glory's edge austere,
True is the target thy shade shall wear,
Recede from battle on thy bier!

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

* A Celtic Chief who defeated the Romans, but afterwards lost in one battle with these invaders his three sons, to whom he had given this maxim.

THE CLAN MENZIES SOCIETY held their Annual Business Meeting recently—Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., Chief of the Clan, in the chair. The reports of the year's work showed that the Society was in a flourishing condition. Mr. D. P. Menzies, F. S. A. Scot., was re-elected Hon. Secretary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

September issue completed Volume V. The annual subscriptions (4/- post free) are now overdue, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. We trust our readers will give this matter their immediate attention, and obviate the necessity of another notice. We are greatly indebted to those subscribers who have already forwarded their subscriptions.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Next month we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mr. William McQueen, Norwich; Captain Crawford McFall of the King's Own Light Infantry; and Colonel Duncan Campbell of Inverneil, held over from this issue.

VOLUME V.—We now offer a few copies of the yearly volume, tastefully bound, for 10/- post free. As we are only able to offer a very limited number of complete sets those who desire copies should apply at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Two copies each of the last two volumes may still be had, Volume III., 20/-; Volume IV., 10/-, post free.

ROB DONN'S "SONGS AND POEMS."—We have a new edition of the works of the famous Sutherland bard, with the music of 50 of the original melodies, in the press. The response to our circular has been most encouraging, and we hope this month to be able to add many more names to the list of subscribers. Particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

MR. NEIL MUNRO, whose recent work, "The Lost Fibroch," was so favourably received, has just completed a new romance treating of the Montrose

period. It is entitled "John Splendid: a tale of a poor gentleman and the little wars of Lorn," and will appear shortly in serial form in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Munro is undoubtedly the best Highland novelist of the day.

HIGHLANDERS IN THE TRANSVAAL DO HONOUR TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S MEMORY.—Our countrymen in the South African Republic have been bestirring themselves of late in Johannesburg. A Highland Society has just been formed under the most favourable auspices, its chief being Dr. Munro, a Caithnessian. It has already shewn an earnest of its desire to do good work, for at the last meeting a letter was read from that most patriotic and energetic Highlander, Mr. John Mackay of Hereford, in which he asked the Society to raise a subscription towards the projected memorial to the late Professor Blackie, which is to take the form of a Scholarship in connection with the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh University. No one knows better than our clansman how to excite the enthusiasm of Highlanders; his letter was received with great applause, and a collection being taken on the spot, a sum of £6 was at once subscribed. The Gaelic Society of Dunedin, New Zealand, has also done well by subscribing £21. Mr. Mackay now appeals to all Highlanders, at home and abroad, to add a stone to the cairn of that most gifted of Scots, J. S. Blackie. Highland societies in distant lands are invited to send a subscription, no matter how small, and the hundreds of clan, county, and other Celtic societies could surely help! We will gladly acknowledge in our pages all subscriptions sent to Mr. John Mackay, Reay Villa, Hereford, or to the Celtic Monthly Office, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF OTAGO.—The Highlanders in New Zealand held the Sixteenth Annual Reunion in Otago recently, the Hon. John Mackenzie in the chair. The hall was crowded. Patriotic addresses were delivered, after which a concert and ball followed. The whole proceedings passed off very successfully. Among those mentioned as being present we are glad to notice the names of quite a number of our own subscribers.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—A General Council Meeting of this Society was held on 9th October in the Rooms, 5 St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh, Mr. Daniel Mackay, Vice-President, in the chair. It was announced that the Clan Mackay Victoria Bursary of £20, tenable for two years, was won by Mr. William Mackay, Rhenevie, Strathnaver; and a donation of £5 was granted to Mr. Alexander Mackay, Farr, Sutherland, to assist him in attending a secondary school. It was also decided to hold the Annual Social Gathering in Edinburgh on 8th December, Sir James L. Mackay in the chair. Office-bearers for the new session were nominated. Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., presented the Society with an ancient painting of the arms of the Lords of Reay, chiefs of the clan, which is believed to have been a "hatchment" used on the occasion of the death of a Mackay chief. The Annual Business Meeting takes place in Edinburgh on 18th November, and the Glasgow meeting on 28th October, at 200 Buchanan Street.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—Colonel Allan Maclean, M.D., J.P., Weymouth, and Mr. J. M. Maclean, M.P., Cardiff, have become life members

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. V.—THE SHAWS.—PART I.



THE various tribes composing the Clan Chattan were by clan historians grouped under two heads—those who thought of a different name, united, associated, and incorporated themselves with and under the Mackintosh as their leader, and those cadets descended of his own house, of old classed under the title of “Fuil ’ic an Toisich,” that is of Mackintosh, his blood. These last were nine in

number. The four tribes hitherto dealt with in these papers, viz: MacGillivray, Macbeans, Macphails, and Macqueens had all voluntarily associated themselves, and fell under the first class above noted.

In the case of the Shaws, they, like the Farquharsons, were both of the class second, above noted, being descended of Mackintosh, his house; in course of time, however, they became leaders of their own sept and assumed a distinctive surname.

The name of Shaw became numerous, and is both powerful and influential at the present day, and while it is not asserted or claimed that every Shaw is necessarily of Clan Chattan, the clan is most willing to welcome all and every Shaw disposed to come in, and adhere to the connection.

In Sir Eneas Mackintosh's History he places the Shaws second of the nine cadets of his own house (the Toshes of Monyvaird being first), and gives

I.—the descent of the first Shaw of Rothiemurchus as son of Gilchrist, son of John, son of Angus, 6th Mackintosh, and it is generally admitted that Shaw commanded the thirty of Clan Chattan at the North Inch of Perth in 1396, in absence of his chief, incapacitated by age. From the configuration of his front teeth Shaw was called *Corr pachlach*, and for his valour and success in 1396 was put in possession, though without written title, of the lands of Rothiemurchus, which lands had been held by the Mackintoshes of and under the Bishops of Moray since the year 1236. Shaw is recorded



LOCH-AN-EILEAN CASTLE—THE ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE SHAWS OF ROTHIE-MURCHUS

to have married the daughter of Robert Mac-Alasdair vic Aonas. From and after 1396 Shaw Mackintosh's descendants are understood to have taken the name of Shaw as their surname, but until about 1560 that of Mackintosh adhered, and for some generations the appellation "Ciar" was also hereditary.

Shaw Mackintosh was interred at Rothiemurchus, and upon his tombstone, of which a sketch is here given, prepared for these papers, there were placed eight roughly hewn pebbles, supposed as long as they remained to indicate prosperity to the Shaws. Through lapse of time some of these stones have disappeared, and it is matter of tradition that, although the remaining

stones were thrown into the river Spey on more than one occasion by evil-disposed persons, they were miraculously restored. Connected with this ancient grave an outrage was committed a few years ago, by the placing of a tombstone, common-place in design, right over, and covering the ancient one, by some foolish Shaw from America to the memory of a presumed ancestor, that unfortunate Farquhar Shaw, who, with Samuel and Malcolm Macpherson, suffered death for alleged desertion from the Black Watch, on 18th July, 1743. This belated member of the Clan Shaw confounded Farquhar, who suffered in 1743, with the first Shaw of Rothiemurchus, who died centuries before. The outrage calls



TOMBSTONE OF SHAW MACKINTOSH OF ROTHIEMURCHUS.

for redress by the removal of this piece of falsified history and consequent re-appearance of the ancient memorial. Shaw Mackintosh was succeeded by his son,

II.—James, one of the leading men of Clan Chattan at the battle of Harlaw in 1411, where he fell. This James has been confounded by Boetius with Malcolm Mackintosh, 10th of Mackintosh. In the Kinrara History James is described as "a man highly commended for his valour." He married the daughter of Gregor Grant, leaving two sons, Alasdair, commonly styled "Ciar" or "brown," an epithet which adhered to his successors for several generations,

and Adam, of whom hereafter under the Shaws of Tordarroch.

III.—Alasdair Ciar being a child at his father's death, the Comyns took the opportunity of re-establishing themselves in Rothiemurchus, and to the Comyns, who were great builders, has to be placed the credit of erecting the well known castle of Loch-an-Eilean.

The circumstances under which Alasdair Ciar was secreted by his nurse among her friends in Strath Ardill, and her touching recognition of him when he came to manhood by his breathing through the keyhole of the door, the manner of regaining his estate, and the defeat of his

enemies at Lagna-Cumeineach, are well known, being a favourite ancient story among Highlanders. Alasdair Ciar's predecessors held Rothiemurchus without heritable right, and it was not until 1464 that Alexander obtained his first written title from David Stuart, Bishop of Moray. Alasdair, who married Miss Stuart of Kincardine, is frequently mentioned betwixt the years 1464-1482, and left four sons, John, his successor, Alasdair Og, and James, of whom the Shaws of Dell and Dalnavert respectively, after referred to, and Iver, of whom the Shaws of Harris.

IV.—John, who married Euphemia, daughter of Allan Mackintosh, and grand-daughter of Malcolm, 10th of Mackintosh, with issue; V.—Allan, who married the fourth and youngest daughter of Farquhar, 13th Mackintosh, by Giles Fraser of Lovat. As early as 1536 Allan is found in pecuniary difficulties, falling into the dangerous hands of the Gordons. The Gordons were unable or unwilling to keep the lands, coveted by the Grants of Grant, and much desired by the Mackintoshes as an important and early possession of the family. The Gordons were willing to deal with Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, but Grant was too much for him, and acquired Rothiemurchus, greatly to Mackintosh's chagrin, who even condescended to entreat Grant to let him have his family's ancient possession. Here is an excerpt from Mackintosh's letter to Grant, dated 20th February, 1568:—

"And for all these causes above written, and perpetuity of friendship, alliance, and blood, the Laird of Grant whom I esteem my greatest friend, to let me have my own native country of Rothiemurchus for such sums of money as he gave for the same, or as he and I may goodly agree, and that because it is not unknown to the Laird and his wise council that it is my most native country as said is "

Having, as might be expected from the family's character, failed in an amicable arrangement, Mackintosh struggled for years to retain forcible possession, but finally, about 1586, had to succumb. Allan's eldest son,

VI.—James, though occasionally found styled of Rothiemurchus, had practically no interest in the estate. His wife bore a name having always unhappy consequences when connected with the Mackintoshes, and her second marriage, with the husband's after behaviour, exciting the ire of her eldest son Angus Shaw, brought about the downfall of the old house of Rothiemurchus.

The island, with its ruined castle, has attracted the attention of the greatest painters of the age, and though much of the grand native forest of pine has disappeared, Loch-an-Eilean is still an attractive pilgrimage. There is a remarkable echo from the shore opposite the castle; and it

is understood the eagles are now left in peace. A reproduction of a painting in my possession is here given, and I conclude this part of the paper with an account from the Kinrara MS. History of the punishment at Loch-an-Eilean in 1531 of the murderer of Lachlan the 14th Mackintosh:

"In revenge of this barbarous murder, Donald Glas Mackintosh (brother's son to the murderer) and Donald Mackintosh MacAllan, his cousin, with the assistance of the Laird of Macgregor (brother-in-law to Mackintosh), did within a quarter of a year after the slaughter apprehend the said John Malcolm's son, and incarcerate him in the Isle of Rothiemurchus, where he was kept for a long time in chains, until James, Earl of Moray, then Regent of the Realm, and brother-in-law to Mackintosh, came to the North, in whose presence the said John was beheaded at the south side of the Loch of Rothiemurchus, upon the 1st day of May, 1531."

(To be continued.)

THE CLAN MACMILLAN have arranged to hold their Social Gathering in the Queen's Rooms on Thursday, 18th November. The learned chief, the Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., will preside, and his addresses are always interesting to Highlanders. We hope to see a large attendance.

THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The Usual Autumn Meeting of Council of the Clan Gregor Society was held recently in the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, and was well attended by members from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the surrounding district. Mr. Atholl MacGregor, President of the Society, occupied the chair. The ordinary business was transacted and a sum of £65 was allotted as bursaries to young male and female students belonging to the clan, and various grants made to necessitous and deserving members of the clan. The reports showed the Society to be in a healthy condition.

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting of this Society was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Mr. L. MacKinnon, Sen., Vice-President, in the chair. The financial report showed that the Society was in a flourishing condition. The following have become members of the Society, and handsomely subscribed to the charitable scheme: Due de Grammont, Du de Lesparre, Comte de Grammont, Comtesse de Brigod, all of Paris; Colonel the Earl of Dundonald, Hon. Thomas Cochrane, M.P.—all the gentlemen named being nephews of the chief of the clan, Mr. William Alexander MacKinnon, M.A., D.L., ex-M.P., Folkestone, who was re-elected, together with the following office-bearers:—President, Mr. William K. MacKinnon, Pollokshields; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Andrew MacKinnon, Commercial Bank; Assistant Treasurer, Mr. L. MacKinnon; Secretary, Mr. John MacKinnon, 12 Clifford Street, Ibrox.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED HIGHLANDER.—Just as we go to press we learn of the death of Captain A. Macra Chisholm of Glassturn, one of the best representatives of the Highland race. His death will be regretted by all. A portrait and sketch of the deceased appeared in our issue of February, 1893 (Volume I., No. 5).

SCENES FROM "OSSIAN'S POEMS."

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MOYR SMITH.



"Inistore rose to sight and Carric-thura's mossy towers. But the sign of distress was on their top, the warning flame edged with smoke."—*Carric-thura*.

TRADITION OF KINTYRE AND THE CLAN CAMPBELL.*

THE following story, told me in Cantire, shows the popularity of the ducal family of Argyll at the Land's end of the Western Highlands. It is that of—

THE SAILOR, THE CHAMPION, AND
MAC CAILEIN MOR.

I must preface it by saying that, up to the latter part of the fifteenth century, champions were common to the Continent. Each French district supported its own peculiar champion, who travelled from place to place, according as his services were required. These champions were allowed to act as substitutes in judicial duels and trials by battle for those who had lost a limb, or were over sixty years of age, or were

suffering from illness—such as fever or gout; or who were even laid up (or supposed to be laid up) with toothache. Women and monks were also permitted to engage the champion's services. According to the statutes of David II., King of Scotland, the Scottish knights and nobles also enjoyed the privilege of engaging the services of the champion in all cases of robbery and assault; but serfs, and such as had no patent of nobility, were condemned to do battle for themselves with the champion. The following Cantire story evidently refers to one of these champions; although it is hazy in its chronology, and, probably, in its topography. The phrase, "above a century ago," certainly leaves a wide margin for the date of the story. But "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

"Above a century ago, James Fisher, a native of Campbeltown, was master of a fine little vessel, with which he fished, and at other times dealt in commerce. One time, being at the quay of Ayr, and wanting a man to work the vessel with him, a young man came forward and offered

* From the MS. on Kintyre by the late Cuthbert Bede, in the Editor's possession.

his services. The stranger did not pretend to be an expert sailor, but promised that he would be obedient, and would serve his master as well as he was able; and James soon formed a great attachment for the young man, who was careful and active, and performed his duties well.

After one or two little trips, they sailed their ship past the Mull, and went on till they found themselves off the great city of Dublin, which ranks as the capital of the Irish kingdom. Being in want of a bag of potatoes and other necessities, James sent his man on shore to procure them. As he was returning with his burden, he met a champion, who was parading the streets, beating his drum, challenging the city to produce him an antagonist, and imposing a sum of money upon the city; for it was the law of those days that, if a successful antagonist could not be found for the champion, the city should pay him the ransom. The young sailor, coming down the streets with his burden over his shoulder, pushed the champion on one side, telling him that he ought to have the good sense to leave the way open to one with a burden. The champion stopped beating his drum, and said—

‘I take that as a challenge.’

‘You may take it, and welcome,’ said the young sailor.

‘Then cut me this glove,’ said the champion, as he took it from his belt.

The young sailor cut it: which was the form they had of accepting a challenge. Then they fixed the time and place for the combat; and it was agreed that they should fight it, with sword in hand, on a stage in front of the City Hall, at twelve o’clock on the morrow. So the young sailor went away with his burden to the vessel; and the champion went round the town, beating his drum, and inviting the people to come and witness the fight, on the next day, between himself and a Highland sailor.

Now, the young man did not let his master know what he intended to do; but James knew his purpose, having received information from others. So, wishful to save his servant’s life, he gave him orders at once to prepare for sea; but the young man refused, for the first time, to obey him. James was sorry; for he was sadly afraid that his servant would be killed, and he did not wish to lose his services.

In the morning the young sailor arose and opened his trunk, and took out of it a sword and a fine suit of tartan, which he had kept there concealed, and which his master had never set eyes on. He dressed himself in his tartan, and proved that his sword was of the best steel by bending it quite round his body. James was naturally somewhat comforted when he saw this; for he thought that his servant appeared to know the use of his weapon; and, as he seemed

such a fine, brave fellow in his tartan, he might possibly contrive to save his life from the skill and strength of the champion. The young Highland sailor walked, with a quick step, up to the City Hall, where a great crowd of people and the town council were assembled to witness the combat. The stage was ready prepared, and the champion was the first to mount it. He capered from one end of it to the other, displaying his agility. The town council pitied the young sailor, and gave him a glass of wine; telling him that they feared it would be his last; for they considered him to be no fit match for so formidable an antagonist. The young man, however, was not a whit afraid; for he had more knowledge of the sword than they were aware of; and he gaily mounted the stage and went through the usual form of shaking hands with the champion.

Then the combat began. At first, the champion capered about, making light of his opponent; but he soon found that this would not do, and that the Highland sailor must be vanquished with hard fighting, and not with tricks: so he slashed and lunged at him in earnest. The young sailor, at first, stood on the defensive, warding off the champion’s blows and guarding himself, until he had discovered the full amount of skill possessed by his antagonist. The crowd began to jeer at the champion for not making quicker work of the Highlander; and the champion, stung by their taunts, got furious, and cut and slashed desperately, trying to close with the young man and to bring him to his knees by sheer strength. But he did not know of what thews and sinews the Highlander was made; and the harder he strove to get in his sword, the farther he seemed from his purpose. The young sailor parried every blow. His eye was like a hawk’s; and he stood like a rock. The champion stepped back and wiped the sweat from his face, the while the crowd jeered him more than ever; and cries were now raised that the Highlander would win. Up to this time there had been no blood shed, and there was not a scratch upon either of the fighters; for the young sailor had contented himself with guarding his own body, and not wounding his opponent. But when the champion stepped forward and desperately renewed the combat, then it was a sight, indeed, to see the young Highland sailor. He no longer stood there to parry thrusts and cuts; but he dashed at the champion with his trusty steel, making it gleam like lightning around him, and confusing his antagonist with the swiftness of his strokes. Darting nimbly aside, as the champion dealt a swinging stroke that was intended to strike off his sword arm, he whirled his keen weapon in the air, and, with one stroke, so completely severed the champion’s

head from his body, that, as it fell, it rolled off the stage to the feet of the town council.

Then there was a great rejoicing. The people lifted the young sailor on to their shoulders and carried him round the town, proclaiming his praises. The town council, because he had saved the city from paying a ransom, presented him with a very handsome purse of gold, with which the young man went back to his master. He put back his sword and suit of tartan into his trunk; and they quitted Dublin and put out to sea. When they had got back in safety to Campbeltown, the young sailor left his farewell with James Fisher, and gave him a good handful of gold, with which James afterwards built himself a slated house in the Shore-street of Campbeltown. The young man would not disclose his name to James; but it was always supposed that he was one of the Argyll family, who had killed a nobleman in a duel, and had been obliged to disguise himself and go into hiding for a time. No one could match the Argyll with a sword; and it was always considered that no other than Argyll could have vanquished the champion. James never heard of him afterwards; but he always believed that, if he could have got himself to Inveraray, he should have found his young sailor to have been one and the same person with Mac Caille Mòr."

CHARLES STEWART, LONDON.

MR. CHARLES STEWART is a cadet of the Stewarts of Appin, a clan who have for centuries dominated that district of Argyllshire, and whose connection with the history of Scotland is well known. Mr. Charles Stewart springs from the Fasnacloich branch of the clan, the estate of that name, a portion of the great district of Appin, having been granted, in 1513, to his direct ancestor, James Stewart, by his father, Alan Stewart of Appin, who was married to a daughter of Lochiel, after their return from Flodden.

Mr. Charles Stewart was born in 1840, and after being educated at Rugby and the University of Edinburgh, was called to the Scottish Bar in 1862. After eight years' practice in the Parliament House, a period which was marked among other professional labours, by the production of a valuable book on "Rights of Fishing in Scotland," which has since formed the standard work on that branch of the law, Mr. Stewart migrated to London, where he has attained a prominent position in the legal profession. Mr. Stewart's connection, by residence and by sentiment, with the Highlands has never relaxed, and is now indeed strengthened by his having been for some

years past the tenant during the shooting season of the mansion house of Fasnacloich, the old house of his family in Glencreran, and now the property of his cousin, Captain Stewart, formerly of the 72nd Highlanders. The well-known genealogical work on "The Stewarts of Appin" is from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Stewart, formerly of the 92nd Highlanders, who is the elder brother of the subject of our notice.

The interest which Mr. Charles Stewart takes in Highland and Jacobite memorials, as well as the loyalty of the clan to our present gracious Sovereign, is evinced by a picturesque incident which occurred during the past summer, and which may best be described by an extract from the official *Court Journal* of 8th May, 1897:—

"Windsor Castle.

Mr. Charles Stewart of the family of Fasnacloich, Appin, arrived at the Castle yesterday, and had the honour of being presented to the Queen, and offered to Her Majesty a silver model of the Prince Charles Edward monument at Glentinnan, which is erected on the spot where the Prince's Standard was first raised in 1745, and which was visited by Her Majesty in September, 1873. The Queen was graciously pleased to accept the offering. Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg were present with the Queen. Colonel Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Master of the Household, was in attendance."

The model was prepared for Mr. Stewart from drawings by Mr. W. Skeoch Cumming of Edinburgh, by whom also was painted the excellent portrait of the donor, which we reproduce, and which was exhibited in London in 1895. The inscriptions on the model presented to Her Majesty are in part, as will be observed, taken from those on the monument itself, erected by Macdonald of Glenaladale. They are as follows:—

"To commemorate the generous zeal, the undaunted bravery, the inviolable fidelity of those who fought and bled in the arduous and unfortunate enterprise of 1745."

"This copy of Prince Charles' monument at Glentinnan, the original of which is erected on the spot where his Standard was first raised on 19th August, 1745, is presented, by Her Majesty's gracious permission, in the 60th year of her glorious and beneficent reign, to Queen Victoria, the representative, by the grace of God, of the unfortunate Prince for whom that daring and romantic attempt was made to rescue a throne lost by the imprudence of his ancestors, by Charles Stewart of the family of Fasnacloich, Appin, a member of the clan who now yield to none in their loyalty to the Queen."

Her Majesty, as is well known, takes a lively interest in all historic memorials of the ancient Royal House and of the Highland Clans; and it is understood that the model has been, or will be,



CHARLES STEWART.

placed either in the Library at Windsor Castle or in the room at Balmoral, where a number of the Jacobite relics are displayed. Her Majesty graciously expressed to Mr. Stewart her pleasure in receiving the gift and with the terms of the inscription.

Mr. Charles Stewart was married, firstly, to Eva, daughter of Mr. Henry Kingsate, of the old Gloucestershire family of that name, who have held the lands of Kingsate since the Norman Conquest; and, secondly, to Alice, daughter of Mr. Johnstone Douglas, of Lockerbie, and Lady Jane Johnstone Douglas. Mr. Stewart has an only son, Bertrand, who has recently completed his education at Eton and Oxford.

TRAPPED IN GLEN NANT.

AN ARGYLLSHIRE STORY.

By JANET A. McCulloch.

AND you ask me to believe such stuff as that grannie?"

"I don't ask you to believe it my dear. I am only telling you what I believe myself."

"But *you* believe it—really and seriously?"

"Most assuredly. How can I doubt what has been handed down as truth from generation to generation for hundreds of years? It may not be that *all* of us see it, but certainly some of us have, and at varying periods of time. Never a hundred years have passed since Donald of the Strong Hand died, but the creature has appeared to save some one of the race in return for his merciful action. Your grandfather saw it and sprang aside as the bullet of his enemy, Murdoch, whistled past his ear. It appeared to your uncle Kenneth when he was cast ashore at Ledaig, half drowned. You see I have good reason for my belief, and had you been a genuine Highland lassie, Moya, there could be no doubt in your heart. But you are half English, and the hot Highland blood has got somewhat cooled, I think."

The old lady (she was a beautiful old woman, stately and graceful) sighed slightly, and the two girls, who stood ready equipped for some excursion, glanced swiftly at each other.

"But, grannie, I *am* Highland," the one who had been addressed said eagerly. "Father says I am 'real Hielan', and a true M'Intyre, with my red hair and grey eyes. If I had chosen my own lot, I should live here always and never set foot in London town. Please don't be cross because I did not believe about the Black Doe; I was never told about it before. Even Colina never spoke of it, and she has been here all her life."

"Well, well, child, you can't be expected to take in all our legends as another might," the old lady said mildly, "but a belief in the Black Doe has existed so long among us, that we are a little touchy about it perhaps. You may never see it any more than me, you may never be in peril (and I hope you never will be), but if a terrible danger threatened you, you would see it without fail. Only when death comes to the darkened room and the quiet pillow are we unable to see it. But never one of our race has met with a violent death since Donald Rua saved the 'Fiadh Dhu' of Glen Nant."

"I'll show you the very place where he found her; the waterfall to which he carried the wounded creature," said the girl called Colina. "There, too, is the stone he rested on after he had bound up her wound and let her go."

"It is all very interesting" said Moya. "But we had better start, grannie; trains don't wait for laggards, and I heard the whistle. Tell Angus to look after Peter, and we will be back by the afternoon train."

"Be sure you don't linger too long in the glen," said the old lady anxiously. "There may be no one else but yourself there at this time of year, and you know nobody at Taynuilt if you miss the train. It will be a four hours' wait if you do."

"All right grannie, we'll be careful." Moya called back; she was half way down the path and turned to smile and wave her hand. "Come along Cola, we are late."

They rushed down the steep hill to the station just in time, and Mrs. M'Intyre turned into the quaint drawing room to watch the train pass.

"She is a dear lassie, but not like the rest of us," the old lady murmured over her knitting. "I wish Alastair had told her all these family traditions, for she is a real M'Intyre. Red hair, indeed; its the bonniest hair ever I have seen."

"We are not likely to see the Black Doe to-day even in Glen Nant," said Moya, as they settled themselves in an empty carriage. "But do you know, Cola, I had no idea grannie was so superstitious; I thought a belief like that would be laughed at by well educated Highland people."

"Educated people in other places may be worse than superstitious" said Colina drily. "For instance they may believe in nothing at all, or they may be heartless, but the Highlanders are not only a religious people, they are tender, and true to the core. Their superstition has nothing cruel in it, deeply rooted as it is."

"I know that, Cola! Where could we find a more beautiful nature than grannie's? But it did give me a shock to discover that she was quite convinced of the existence of the Black Doe. Do *you* share the belief, Cola?"

Colina laughed at her cousin's persistence. She was very unlike the impulsive, outspoken Moya. Something of the sadness and silence of the grand hills seemed to rest on her quiet face and brood in the dark, serious eyes, though she could be as gay as Moya upon occasion. She did not answer for a minute, then she suddenly startled the other by a little cry of dismay.

"How stupid of me to forget! I wish I had remembered," she said vexedly.

"Remembered what?" said Moya in surprise. "Tell me quickly Cola, for the next station is Taynuilt."

"It is something Angus said yesterday when I told him we were going to the glen to-day. He remarked that if we were hard up for pocket money we might look for the Still the Excise officers are searching for in the neighbourhood. If we found it we would get the reward the Government gives, you know."

"Just like Angus!" said Moya in disgust. "He tries to spoil every excursion he is not invited to join. I told him we didn't want him, so he thought he would frighten us no doubt." "You are not afraid then?" Colina asked, a little uneasily.

"Afraid! not a bit of it," cried Moya decidedly. "We have about as much chance of seeing the illicit distillery as of encountering the Black Doe. What fools we should be to mind Angus! If he had told me, he would have got a flea in his ear."

"But Moya! what if we do see these men in the glen?" said Colina rather anxiously.

"Well! they wont run away with us, or eat us," her cousin laughed. "But here we are at the station, Cola. Come along! it is just the day for our purpose. What a lot of ferns and primrose roots we shall get to take home."

Glen Nant, though perhaps one of the smallest and least known of the West Highland glens, is for its size one of the most beautiful. It is entered a short distance beyond the scattered hamlet of Bonawe, and its scenery, if neither striking nor picturesque, is lovely in the extreme. In the tourist season it is frequently visited, but for the rest of the year it is not much traversed except by a stray traveller now and then, by sportsmen after the deer, or by country people going to the farms at its end. The river runs in a deep channel, now brooding in great brown pools, where the trout lie lazily under the hazels or willows, now prattling merrily over pebbly shallows, or tumbling over huge rocks in a hurry of foam and spray. The road follows the course of the river, rising into steepness, going down into deep hollows, or running smoothly along the margin of the water, while on either side the hills and rocks rise to a considerable height. Rare ferns and many

lovely wild flowers grow in clefts and nooks, and over all, the purple, heath-clad pine-belted mountains look grandly down, their distant peaks snow-crowned all the year round.

Into this fairy scene the two cousins made their way, and soon both the fear of meeting with the lawless Still workers, and the vague dread of seeing the phantom guardian of their race had vanished. For the month was April, the first pale green sheen of spring was over the silent glen, and waving fern fronds or star like primroses seemed to beckon to them on every side. They gave themselves up to the spell of the time and place, they wandered on, digging up roots and collecting specimens till the sun had left the water and gone behind the western isles. Then, as the first faint chill of afternoon came down the glen, they remembered that it might be time to retrace their steps.

"I have forgotten my watch, Cola! will you look and see what the hour is?" said Moya at length.

Colina looked and gave a cry.

"My watch has stopped! I have not the least idea of the time," she exclaimed in dismay. "But it must be late! I think the sun is very far west, for we can't see it here."

Both girls scrambled hastily to their feet. Sure enough the sun was invisible, and as they turned their faces towards Bonawe a cold clammy wind met them, making them shiver. Colina grew very pale, bred and reared in the Highlands she was well acquainted with the weather signs, and knew too surely what that damp puff of air meant. They had left the road and crossed the river by a narrow plank bridge some time before, so her steps were hastened to reach this bridge. She broke into an actual run, and, followed by Moya, bounded down the hill towards the river. But the bridge was still far to their left, and they had boggy, uneven ground to cross ere they could reach it. They made some progress, however, but a distressed call from Moya made Colina pause.

"Oh Cola! my shoe is off in this hole! Do stop till I find it."

But when the shoe was found, and after much difficulty thrust on, a queer greyness had crept up; the hills were growing ever minute darker. Colina's face was grey too as she grasped her cousin's arm to steady her. "Make haste, Moya! the haar is rolling up the glen. We must reach the road," she cried. Moya understood; but as they pushed on breathless and eager, they knew it was a race in which their defeat was a foregone conclusion. Nearer and nearer the foe crept in upon them, and soon they had to stand in helpless dismay as it reached them, passed them and went rolling majestically forward on its way, leaving them numb and

bewildered, as though an unseen hand had touched them and turned them to stone.

They were brave girls, active, ready-witted, but the disaster had fallen so swiftly upon them that, at first, thought was paralysed. Had they kept the road there would have been little to fear; losing their train would have been the worst calamity. But in their search for roots they had crossed the treacherous Nant, there was no pathway where they were, and the tiny plank bridge with its one guiding rail was still far distant. They might follow the river till they found the bridge, but any attempt to regain the road would be fraught with peril, owing to the bogs and hidden springs. Colina was the first to recover herself and speak.

"I wish we had brought Peter, he would have helped us," she said a little tremulously.

"I was afraid he would chase the deer or rabbits if he saw any," Moya answered. "We must just stand still till the mist lifts."

"Stand still! we dare not do that—it would be death," said Colina quietly. "We must keep moving on; we may strike the right path to the bridge."

"We can but try," her cousin answered. "But we had better join hands or we may lose each other."

Hand in hand, very cautiously they began to feel their way forward. At first the tinkle of the water told them they were still near the river, but soon the sound was lost and they failed to regain it. On, on, dragging their weary limbs over dank ferns, sloppy moss, or black sharp fragments of rock, they made their way painfully, for how long they could not tell. The mist shewed no signs of lifting, its wet, chilly folds held them, their serge skirts hung limp and drenched, they were cold to the very marrow. As they struggled on, the ground began to slope, as they were on the hill side, but neither was conscious of the fact. A sharp cry from Colina made Moya pause. A projecting rock, keen edged as a razor, had cut through shoe and stocking, wounding the foot badly.

"What is it? are you hurt, dear?" Moya asked anxiously.

Colina could not at once reply; the pain had made her catch her breath, and brought the tears to her eyes. Ere she could collect herself a sound as unexpected as welcome reached their ears. From above them, high overhead apparently, a shout came down as though answering the cry of pain, and several others followed, each coming nearer as it seemed. Moya grasped her fainting cousin and screamed loudly in reply.

"Help! help! we are here!" she called, and the muffled cry must have been heard she was sure. But no further shout came, and they

stood waiting in agonised suspense for some minutes. At last Moya spoke, half sobbing in her anxiety and misery.

"They must have missed us somehow. Let us go straight on, the sound was right above us. Do try to walk Cola, and lean on me."

Colina obeyed, and the painful march was resumed. She could use her foot with care. Up a steeper incline than they had yet mounted, they made their way, and now they could hear water again rushing over rocks noisily. Then a high black rock was skirted, an abrupt corner turned, the mist suddenly grew red in front of them, and they were standing at the entrance of a yawning fissure in the rocks, before a blazing fire that leaped and cracked against the rock behind it.

It was a weird scene the roaring fire revealed. Beyond its circle of light lay utter darkness. All around the illuminated space smooth stones were scattered, and before it reposed the largest wolfhound the girls had ever seen. The beast lifted its head and regarded them fixedly, but made no motion to rise. And so, for almost five minutes, the three stared at each other. Then with a low moan Colina sank on the nearest stone.

"Oh Moya, I can go no further! I must rest!" she panted.

"There is nobody here, let us go into the corner behind the dog," returned Moya peering round. "Some shepherd must have lighted the fire, he won't hurt us when he comes back. He has been seeking us I know."

(To be concluded.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST."

The Editor, *Celtic Monthly*,

SIR—I see that in this month's *Celtic Monthly* Mr. Mackay (Hereford) follows Dr. Forbes' lead and calls Highlanders "*Children of the mist and the fell*."

Will Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor give us some more "*words of wisdom and truth*," and tell us, on some better authority than Sir Walter Scott's very erroneous deduction in his introduction to the "*The Legend of Montrose*"—not "*Rob Roy*"—when and why the term "*Children of the Mist*" became the exclusive property of the Macgregors to the exclusion of the Mackays, Forbeses, Campbells, etc.? If there be anything in the name, I ask are the hills of Sutherland and Argyll less misty than the braes of Balquhider?

I certainly think the Colonel is slightly in the mist, both as regards deduction and orthography, in his reference to the ancient name of his clan and the Gaelic name applied to Scotsmen generally.

Yours etc.,

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

Surrey.

THE CLAN "SKENE."

THE Skenes' designation in Gaelic is, "*Sìol Sgìine*," or "*Clann Donnachaidh Mhàr*."

Tradition has it that they are descended from one of the Robertsons of Struan; hence their designation, "*Clann Donnachaidh* (or Robertsons) of Mar.

The progenitor of the Skenes was one of the suite of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, during a royal hunting party in the forest of Stocket, in Aberdeenshire. On that occasion the King was attacked by a large wolf, whereupon young Robertson, seeing the monarch's peril, wrapped his plaid round his left arm and thrust his arm into the wolf's mouth. At the same time with his dirk or sgian (hence the name "*Skene*"), Robertson stabbed the beast to the heart. As a reward for the brave deed performed by Robertson, King Malcolm offered the young Highlander the choice of two things, viz: as much land as was encompassed by a hound's chase, or what would be covered by a hawk's flight. The latter was chosen by Robertson, and this formed the ancient barony of Skene in Aberdeenshire.

The above tradition is borne out by the armorial bearings of the Skenes; their shield has emblazoned on it three wolves' heads, impaled on dirks or sgians, while one of the supporters of the shield is a Highlander who holds a drawn dirk in his right hand.

Rangoun.

FRANK ADAM, F.S.A. SCOT.

IN NOTRE-DAME.

A VAST cathedral, grey and old,
Rich altars decked with gems and gold,
Dim aisles and pictured windows fair,
Priests in their brodered vestments rare,
The scarlet-robed acolyte
Swinging his censer burnished bright.
And while on high the incense floats,
The Jubilate's thrilling notes
Arise triumphant to the sky.
Soon from the carven pulpit nigh
I hear the priest's soft southern speech:
What easy lesson will he teach?
"Oh, rough the road and stern the strife
Ere ye shall win the gate of life;
I bid you agonize and pray
For grace to tread the narrow way."

Ah me! the solemn words have power
To work a spell this quiet hour—
With swift-winged memory for guide
I seem to sit by Migdaleside,
My vaster dome the arching sky,
The sombre pines for pillars high,
The myrtle gives its incense sweet,
Their organ-fugue the waves repeat,
And softly down the summer breeze
Are borne the strange sweet cadences,
The plaintive psalms I love so well.
What message does the preacher tell?
Yes! the same lesson, there as here,
In stately faune, by Highland mere,
"Christ's grace go with you day by day,
So shall ye tread the narrow way."

R. F. FORBES.

LINES TO THE BOXWOOD.

(CLAN CHATTAN'S BADGE.)

NOT with colours bright and glowing,
Or with blossoms sweet and fair,
In the southern sunlight blowing
Shedding fragrance on the air;
Nor 'mong roses, palms, and lilies,
'Neath a smiling summer sky.
Dost thou, evergreen, unfading,
Hardy boxwood, charm the eye.

But when flowery, sunny summer
Like a dream has passed away,
And her robes of leaf and petal
Mingle with the sodden clay;
And the giants of the forest
In the tempests naked mourn,
Thou, in all thy vernal beauty,
Woodland glade and lawn adorn.

Evergreen, compact, and hardy,
Braving winter's fiercest blast,
When the lofty oak and larches
Leafless to the earth are cast,
A green speck 'mid desolation,
Where the weary eye may rest,
When the angry storms are sweeping
Over moor and mountain crest.

Throughout ages dark and stormy
Brave Clan Chattan's badge wert thou,
In the fiery front of battle
Decked the trusty clansman's brow.
Strewed the bloody field of Harlaw,
And Culloden's swampy plain,
Where the conflicts raged the fiercest,
And where thickest lay the slain.

And in memory of their fathers,
Ever dauntless, ever true,
With thy sprigs the loyal clansmen
Still bedeck their bonnets blue;
And behold in thee an emblem
Of their race in days to come,
Hardy, evergreen, enduring,
That no storm can overcome.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

WHY JEWS ADOPT HIGHLAND NAMES.—An esteemed subscriber, in the United States, in writing us the other day on the subject of the forthcoming work on the "Minor Septs of Clan Chattan," made the following interesting remarks in regard to Highland names in America. "The Clan Chattan names are frequently assumed by the Jews. Strange as it may seem to you, the following names, especially the first, are often assumed by Jews: Gordon, Rose, Ross, Maxwell, and Wallace. Of course, the Jew is a most adaptive creature, and from Rosenheimer or Rosenstein is not much of a wriggle to Rose, or from Rossbach, Rossberger to Ross, Wallach to Wallace, and so on. I have not known of one who has displayed the hardihood of assuming the name Mackay, but it would not astonish me some of these days to find one bearing the name Morgan. From the German or Jewish names Morgen, Morgenstein, is not much of a leap to Morgan."



D. MACMILLAN, M.A.

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D. MACMILLAN, M.A., ST. ANDREWS.

THE subject of our sketch belongs to the Glenquhart branch of the clan, whose quaint old-world traditions and lore have been so well related by Mr. William Mackay of Inverness, in his delightful work on "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," recently published. Mr. MacMillan was born at Kintail, Ross-shire, where his father was parish school-master. The family having later on removed to Grantown-on-Spey, he attended the local Grammar School, and afterwards the Fordyce School, from which he entered Aberdeen University, taking his M.A. four years later. His parents were anxious that he should study for the ministry, and "wag his head in a pulpit," but his own inclinations were to follow the teaching profession. He secured a situation at Clifton Bank School, St. Andrews, where, after a period of twenty-one years, we still find him. Eight years ago he, along with Mr. Lawson, took over the institution, and under their able management it is considered to be one of the foremost private schools in the country.

Mr. MacMillan himself attributes a great deal of his success as a teacher to his splendid reputation as an athlete, being able to gain the sympathy of the boys in their out-door exercises. He recognises the truth of the saying that a "healthy body produces a healthy mind," and every form of manly sport is encouraged at Clifton Bank. The boys leave school with a sound constitution, and equipped with a scholastic training that will be of immense advantage to them when they go out into the world to make a position for themselves. Indeed, for health purposes there is no place that can equal St. Andrews.

There is hardly a form of out-door sport in

which Mr. MacMillan has not excelled. As a footballer he has played for St. Andrews University, the Midland Counties, and the North of Scotland, and at present he is President of the Midland Counties Rugby Union. At cricket, tennis, and bowls, he has a good reputation, being recently President of the local Bowling Club. Angling, cycling, and mountain climbing all find in him an ardent devotee; nothing gives him greater delight than to spend a holiday among the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Mr. MacMillan, curiously, does not himself play golf, although the boys at Clifton Bank are adepts at the game, and produce teams which are hard to beat anywhere. In September last one of the '96 school team won the South of Ireland championship, while another of this year's team won the Border Counties Trophy.

Naturally, many of the boys enter the Universities, Edinburgh principally, where they invariably distinguish themselves. Some are officers in the army, while others occupy good positions in all parts of the world.

Of course, Mr. MacMillan is a life-member of the Clan MacMillan Society, an organization which deserves the hearty support of every clansman.

ROB DONN MACKAY.

BAIRD OF LORD REAY'S COUNTRY.

BAIRD of the warlike North! to thee
For mellow strains of other times we go,
We feel the stirring breath of mountains free
And catch the fire that in thy soul did glow
Aloft in pinions light thou now dost soar,
Now for the dead the mournful notes do flow.
Deep drank thy soul from the rock-bound shore
And the woods and the valleys clad in snow;
Sweet singest thou to us for evermore
Though silent now beside the wild Atlantic's
 roar.

H. G.

TRAPPED IN GLEN NANT.

AN ARGYLLSHIRE STORY.

BY JANET A. McCULLOCH.

(Continued from page 39.)

THEY crept round to the corner unmolested by the dog, and crouched close together in the deep shadow. The warmth of the fire was grateful to their chilled bodies, it induced a soft languor; they were out of reach of the cold mist, and as the dog did not resent their intrusion, they lost their fear of him. As their eyes got used to the semi-darkness, they noticed a heap of dingy garments behind one of the stones, and a pile of something bright in a recess farther back. The genial heat began to make them drowsy, once or twice Moya's eyes closed, but suddenly Colina touched her.

"Look at the dog! what can be the matter?" she said in a terrified whisper.

The great beast trembling in every limb, had raised his head and was glaring at them, his eyes full of rage and terror, every hair of his rough coat bristling. He made no sound, his gleaming teeth, bared to the gums, were locked together, but there was as much of fear as of wrath in his aspect. The cousins, clinging to each other, gazed at him powerless with horror. But frightful as the dog's aspect was it did not alarm them so much, or in the way that the next object that attracted their attention did. The great heap of clothes began to move and presently rose up, and they saw that what they had taken for a quantity of foul garments was in reality a man of a stature so gigantic, that his massive proportions almost obscured the fire, as he rose slowly between them and its leaping flames.

They were in a terrible position, and they knew it. The man—a young one—was a ruffian of the lowest type, coarse, debased, hideous. He was not a Highlander either, they saw that at once; no native of the solemn mountains or glens would look at defenceless women as he looked at them. Instinct bade them flee, but how could they hope to make their escape? They were pent in between two awful dangers, a ferocious man and a furious dog, and without was the cold dense winding sheet of the mist, and fast falling night. But better a thousand times to be swallowed up and meet death by exposure in the mist, than remain where they were and run an infinitely greater risk. Still clinging to each other they struggled to their feet, and shrank into their corner as far as they could. The man, after staring for a minute, took a step forward, thrusting out a huge hairy

hand to grasp Moya (who was nearest) a cruel leer upon his repulsive face.

"Wenches! two on 'em," he chuckled with a grin. "We be in luck for sure. Hi, Jake, Tim! where be ye, mates? Here's sport for us! come along." His loud, coarse voice rumbled like thunder in the cavern beyond. It had an accent Moya recognised, the common low-class English tone, that made her shudder, and brought a deadly faintness over her. He laughed hoarsely as she eluded his grasp, and the laugh was echoed by another close at hand. At the end of the rock-wall two other men appeared, and though not so gigantic as the first, they were quite as repulsive in their looks.

"Why Dan! where did ye get sich beauties?" cried the foremost wretch as he took a flying leap over the fire and landed beside the giant. "I say, Jake, look 'ere!"

The third man pressed forward to pass the dog and reach his companions. But, as he put out his foot to kick the animal aside, the big beast flew at him with a strange sound half snarl, half yell, and both fell. The man uttered a shrill cry and poured out a volley of blasphemous oaths, but the dog ran wildly past him, a picture of frenzied terror, and disappeared, heedless of the calls the man Tim sent after it.

"Curse ye!" roared the giant furiously, "stow your noise ye fool." And as he spoke he made another clutch at Moya (who had screamed), while Tim tried to seize Colina.

A blast of wind swept down from the far recesses of the cavern, scattering the embers and filling the place with suffocating fumes. The ruffians recoiled for a moment, spluttering and coughing, but the girls could hear their coarse words of triumph, their oaths and foul jokes on the situation. Jake had groped his way up, they heard him answering his companions, and in mute despair they pressed into their corner, resolved to make a stand to the last. Moya had the broad knife she had used for digging up the ferns, and this she drew from her pocket. It might avail them but little against the wretches, but at least it could be used by a hand nerved by resolution and desperation. If nothing else could rescue them, she would turn it against Colina and herself, and she grasped it with fingers as firm as the rock she leant upon. The smoke curled and twisted, hiding the men from view, but that they were trying to beat it back and so see their victims Moya knew, for, strange to say, though dense as a thick curtain around the tramps, it was but a thin vapour where the girls stood. Once or twice the mighty fist of Dan was so near her shoulder that she almost shrieked, but she had sense to realise that just then silence was safety, and she set her teeth hard as she whispered to

Colina of what she meant to do if there was to be no escape but death.

Again the wind swept down the cavern, and again the smoke became black and sulphurous, rising and falling, but never nearing the girls. Then it rolled back from the entrance with sudden velocity, a cool air blew into their hot eyes, and they saw that the path was clear. Hope sprang up in their despairing hearts. There was no time to hesitate, they darted forward, hearing still the oaths and gaspings of their invisible tormentors, and, heedless of all but flight from that foul den, they plunged into the mist, thankful for its shelter.

They struggled onward blindly, stumbling often in their haste, but finding the ground dry and not difficult to get over. Panting with the speed at which they ran, they rushed along, keeping fast hold of each other, lest they should be separated in the lonely wilderness of the misty glen. They had no idea of the direction they were taking, they only knew they were fleeing for their lives from that horrible den. At length Colina spoke, panting with the effort, terrified and almost voiceless.

"Moya! the dog has tracked us from that awful place; I have seen him several times. See! there he is in front."

"He is not following us, he is leading us!" Moya answered as well as her pace would allow. "He joined us outside the cave, I have kept him in sight all the time."

"Don't let us lose sight of him! he must be friendly," said Colina, and no other word was spoken as they peered before them to be sure that the dog was still leading the way.

The animal kept straight on just a little in front, dimly seen, but never entirely out of sight. They felt comforted by its friendly presence, for they knew how sagacious the dogs trained in the hills always were. If a doubt now and then crossed Moya's mind as to whether it was the dog she had seen at first, she kept her doubts to herself, for she knew Colina's highly-strung nature, and that the creature was friendly there could be no question. So, silently and thankfully, she followed it, and Colina, sustained by her cousin's high courage, held on also, as well as her swollen, wounded foot would permit.

It might have been half an hour or half a day, for all the count of time they had during that terrible experience, when at last a large distorted shadow loomed through the mist and a voice addressed them in the dear familiar Gaelic.

"Co tha sin?" (Who is that?), and a man in a keeper's dress became visible, looking at them with pitying eyes.

"Eh! but I hev been seeking you for long. Did ye not hear me whateffer!" he asked,

reverting at once to English when he saw that they were strangers.

"Was it you who called when we heard shouting a long, long while ago?" asked Moya tremulously.

"Aye! it was me," he answered, "and we hev been looking and looking. Duan an' me, but we'll thought you did not hear us."

As he spoke a splendid black and tan collie came to his side, gazing at them with eyes quite as friendly and honest as his master's.

"Your dog led us to you all the way from the cave on the hill," said Moya gratefully. "He found us when we ran away from the wretches there."

The man looked incredulous.

"It would not be Duan," he said slowly. "He wass leading *me* through the glen. Aad the time he hass not left me."

At that moment, between the man and the girls, a dark shape, vague, shadowy, but perfectly visible, passed. It crossed the line of vision swiftly, and was engulfed in the mist almost as soon as seen, but a thrill passed through Moya's heart, a strange, new sensation she had never felt before. Neither their new friend nor Colina observed the creature, for the keeper was listening in surprise to the account of their escape from the cave, and Colina was too much excited during her narrative to pay any attention. Her foot pained her too, she had to support herself by the aid of the man's arm, so she was in no condition to notice anything Moya saw, and was thankful. The bridge was reached, and they were preparing to cross when an unexpected and unwelcome interruption occurred. A confused noise made up of shouts, calls, and whistles, mingled with the deep baying of a dog, rang through the mist. Colina, already wound up to a high pitch of hysterical tension, shrieked wildly and clung to their protector, while Moya, pale as ashes, could neither move nor cry.

"They have found us! oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?" wailed Colina, holding the keeper's arm tightly. The young fellow had only a stont stick, but he grasped it firmly.

"Na bi eagal ort" (Don't be afraid), he said quietly, "Duan an' me, we will not be leaving you. Let them come—aal of them."

He placed the girls behind him, holding his staff clubbed, while Duan sprang in front of the little group, his white fangs gleaming. And so they waited in mortal terror of what was coming upon them.

More shouts and halloos, a muffled tramp of feet upon the bridge, and despair suddenly gave place to frantic joy. Two figures stood before Moya, figures familiar, and oh! how welcome—her cousin Angus, Colina's brother, and his friend Douglas Baird. Then there was a wild

bound, and she was nearly upset as dear old Peter, the faithful retriever, dashed against her in his delight. What a swift reaction it was! utterly regardless of dignity, propriety and all else, Moya threw herself into her cousin's arms, laughing, sobbing, and giving vent to her overwrought feelings in broken sentences and incoherent words of thankfulness. She was the least collected of the two at that minute, for Colina had grasped the situation at once.

All was soon explained to the new arrivals. The wandering in the mist, the terrible fate that had menaced them, their flight, and the keeper's opportune appearance. And as they bent their steps towards the hotel where the dog-cart had been left, a few words from Angus to his cousin cleared up the mystery of his own and Baird's presence there.

"We drove up, meaning to surprise you," he told her. "But when we saw the haar we knew we had first to find you. It was well we had Peter, he really discovered you, for we just followed his lead."

"As Duncan says he followed Duan," she replied quickly. "But oh, Angus, I shall never laugh and scoff at Grannie's legends again, for I have seen the 'Fiadh Dubh' that Donald Rua saved, the phantom that comes to the help of those M'Intyres that are in extremity. You and the others may give the credit to the dogs, but I know better, and Grannie will understand too when she hears my story. I saw it the instant the smoke was blown through the cave, it was waiting for us when we rushed out, and it guided us straight to Duncan, and then to you. It is wonderful to reflect that in these days such a thing should happen to us, but I believe now, and nothing can change my belief."

"I believe too," he responded gravely. "It is a trite saying perhaps, but 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and we have proved it to-day, Moya."

His ready sympathy soothed Moya; she felt that he understood her conversion better than his sister could, though Colina had shared all the peril and deliverance with her. As they drove home under the clear starlight, while Mr. Baird and Colina chatted gaily behind, Moya sat very silent beside Angus in front. If the others had remarked it, they had no clue for its cause; they would have set it down to her thoughts being with the friendly keeper and the police, then on their way to capture the English tramps in their hiding-place. But Angus knew the truth, and respected her silence by being silent himself. Once only he interrupted her brooding. As they drove through a lovely, straight part of the road, between high, pine-clad banks, he clasped her hand and pointed before them. And in the soft semi-darkness a

dim, graceful form stood as if waiting their approach. But ere they reached it, it melted into the gloom gradually, as though lingering to the last, and Moya knew that the Black Doe had appeared for *her* and her only. To convince her fully it had come again, and her eyes were bright with tears as she returned the pressure of her cousin's hand.

Did Moya really see the "Fiadh Dubh?" or was she the victim of an illusion such as some nervous, highly-imaginative natures are prone to? Who can tell? We are not far enough advanced in psychical science, we know too little of its mysteries to offer an opinion, or assert that she was deceived. Neither then nor afterwards did she doubt. The animal was as real to her in its shadowy essence as the flesh and blood deer had been to her ancestor, Donald of the Strong Hand, when remorseful at having wounded such a beautiful creature, he bound up the hurt his arrow had given and let her go.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE BADGES OF THE CLANS.

THE OAK.

CLAN CAMERON'S BADGE.

MAJESTIC, verdant grows the oak
On Arkaig's rugged shore,
Behind its fastnesses of rock,
The clansmen's fort of yore.
Its branch is green, its heart is sound,
Though centuries have pass'd,
Since from an acorn in the ground
It rose to meet the blast.

When gathered on the valley floor
With claymore, axe, and shield,
To sail the loch, or tread the moor
To foray, feud, or field;
Of Arkaig oak Clan Cameron formed
The galley, skiff, and barge,
And with its leafy twigs adorned
Their bonnets as a badge.

And like the oak, from bark to core
Enduring, tough, and sound,
Clan Cameron from days of yore
Have ever leal been found;
On tented field or rolling wave,
Behind the burnished steel,
"For King and country," true and brave,
Come bitter woe, or weal.

THE DEER-GRASS.

MACKENZIES' BADGE.

WHEN brightly rose Mackenzie's star
On lofty Tullochard.
And of the Chiefs renowned in war
In rapture sang the bard,



WILLIAM M'QUEEN.

The deer-grass, waving wild and free
On mountain ranges long,
That skyward rise, from sea to sea,
He wove into his song.

Prophetic of the coming day
When brighter still would shine.
From green Kintail to Dingwall Bay
The star of Gerald's line,
And over hill and glen would wave,
Emblazoned with the stag,
A symbol to his clansmen brave,
Mackenzie's stainless flag.

The deer-grass, since, has oft adorned
The hero's fearless brow,
On fields where Albyn proudly scorned
In troubled days to bow,
And still Mackenzie's dauntless race
On seas and fields afar,
For "Queen and country" foemen face.
And reap the "bays" of war.

THE PINE.

CLAN GREGOR'S BADGE.

With twigs of hardy northern pine,
That grew on Katrine's shore,
The sons of Alpin's regal line
Their bonnets decked of yore.
A badge unfading, hardy, green,
In sunshine and in storm,
That never by the foe has been
Of martial glory shorn.

The storms of troubled times it braved,
A symbol of the strong,
And in the front of battle waved,
Through ages dark and long.
Though bent beneath oppression's weight,
Uncrushed it always rose
To startle from their sleep the great,
And strike with fear its foes.

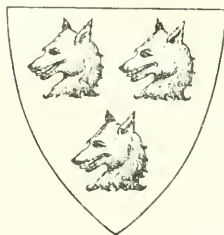
And like the pine on northern hills
That braves the winter's blast,
MacGregor aye shall brave all ills
Where e'er his lot be cast,
And yet shall see his scattered race
Return to strath and glen,
When loyal men shall take the place
Of grouse and deer again.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, RENFIELD STREET, has just despatched complete outfits of the Highland dress for the pipe band at Cape Town, South Africa. The uniforms and accoutrements are of the finest materials. The pipe band is intended to parade for the first time on St. Andrew's Day, while the steamer is only due at Cape Town on the previous evening, so we can well imagine the disappointment of the Highlanders should any untoward circumstance delay the steamer one day beyond the usual time! Mr. Forsyth has had quite a number of such orders from foreign climes of late.

WILLIAM M'QUEEN, NORWICH.



IN no English provincial town is there a Scottish community so enthusiastically patriotic, so thoroughly devoted to the cultivation of kindly feelings amongst its members, and so keenly alive to the necessity of maintaining the best of our national characteristics, than in Norwich, the ancient capital of that distant province of Great Britain known as East Anglia. To this Scottish community belongs Mr. William M'Queen, whose portrait, with those of his two elder sons, William Alexander and Donald, appears in our present issue. Mr. M'Queen, who has done much to foster those principles to which we have referred, comes of an old stock of agriculturists who settled in Wigtownshire during last century. He was born on May 2nd, 1846, at the farm of Nether Barr, Newton Stewart, which for many years was in the occupation of his father, Mr. Andrew M'Queen. After receiving his early education at the Newton Stewart School he passed thence to Minnigaff School, of which the Rev. George Scott was then the principal. On leaving school Mr. M'Queen seriously entertained the idea of emigrating to one of the colonies, two of his brothers having already gone beyond sea, one to America where he prospered as a farmer and merchant, and the other to the gold mines of Coolgardie. Eventually, however, he was apprenticed at the age of seventeen to a well-known Scottish trader in Norwich, Mr. John Mitchell, in whose service he remained for some years. In 1872 Mr. M'Queen married the eldest daughter of his employer, entered into business upon his own account, and is now one of the most prosperous warehousemen in his trade in Norwich. Of a retiring disposition and preferring the privileges of a private life, Mr. M'Queen has refrained from entering into the turmoil of politics, and from engaging in the work of public bodies. But he is by no means unmindful of his duties as a loyal citizen. For several years he has been a deacon of the Presbyterian Church under

the ministry of the Rev. W. A. Macallan; he was one of the founders of the Norwich Credit Drapers' Society, in which he has successively filled every honorary office; and he is now Vice-President of the London and South East of England District Council in connection with the same trade. One of the original members of the Norwich St. Andrew Society—an excellently managed institution, which for twenty-one years has been instrumental in cultivating the spirit of patriotism and in relieving distress—Mr. McQueen filled in 1884 the office of Vice-President and in the following year that of President. He is now a member of the committee and one of the most energetic supporters of the society. His charitable aid has frequently been given in materially assisting distressed fellow countrymen, and this admirable trait, associated with the hospitality which he dispenses in his beautiful home, The Cedar, renders him one of the most popular Scotsmen in Norwich.

C. M.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN.

 THE Annual Social Gathering of this flourishing Society was held on 18th November in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, the Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., Chief of the Clan, and Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland Assembly, occupied the chair, and was supported by Sir Andrew Maclean, Messrs. Donald MacMillan, President, James P. MacMillan, Paisley, Archd. MacMillan ("Jeems Kaye"), Donald MacMillan, Treasurer, Dr. John M. MacMillan, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, Archibald MacMillan, Secretary, David MacMillan, Calvine, and others, including representatives of other clan societies. There was a very large attendance, the hall, which was artistically decorated with clan tartan, flags and evergreens, being quite crowded. Indeed, the MacMillans always provide one of the most successful and enjoyable of the many Highland gatherings held during the season. On rising to deliver his address, the Chief received an enthusiastic ovation. Through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. MacMillan we have much pleasure in reproducing extracts from his address which will be of interest to all Highlanders, as well as to our many readers of the clan name.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen—

When glancing over the "Times Atlas" the other day, my attention was arrested by seeing our clan name clearly printed in two places in one of the maps. The MacMillans, as we all

know to our sorrow, are landless in their own country. The cradle of our race has passed into the hands of the Campbells; and the stone that bears our charter to the lands of Knapdale has disappeared in the sea. That region of the race may well be called Knapdale, or Sleepy Hollow; for our forefathers must have been in a bewitched sleep to have allowed their possessions to go out of their hands in that easy-going manner. But it is gratifying to know that other parts of the world besides the solitary wing of Castle Sween, on the shore of Loch Sween in Argyllshire, have the clan name associated with them. There is a thriving town in the United States, situated on a river that flows into the south-eastern extremity of Lake Superior, called MacMillan, doubtless, after the pioneer of that name who first marked it out in the wilderness—and erected on the site the first dwelling, round which others in course of time gathered. Perhaps he was an emigrant from Campbeltown or some other part of Kintyre. In British Columbia there is a range of high and picturesque mountains, considerably loftier than any in our own country, called the MacMillan mountains, covered almost with perpetual snow. Among the recesses of these mountains rises a large river called MacMillan river. After forcing its way through wild ravines and mountain gorges, this river joins the magnificent Yukon river, which flows through the whole territory of Alaska and falls into the Behring sea. I was specially interested to notice that a part of the same great range of mountains is called the Glenlyon mountains, named after the romantic Perthshire glen. I do not know what adventurer of our name first explored this region, and called these grand mountains and rivers and glens after the name of the clan that he bore, and the scenes that he loved best in old Scotland. I indulge the pleasing fancy, from the conjunction of the name of Glenlyon with MacMillan, that it must have been some one of my own kith and kin, unknown to me, who went out from Breadalbane, and explored these wild territories in pursuit of game or in search of gold. And who knows what fond thoughts of his far distant home in the Highlands of Perthshire may have passed through his mind, and made the exile weep beside his camp fire in the loneliness of the forest. Of all the pathetic things in connection with the first emigration of our Celtic people to the backwoods of America, the most touching was this naming of the alien scenes, that had no interest or associations to them, after the spots where their childhood had played, and which they should never see any more in this world; as if by this tender baptism they should be able to dispel their terrible novelty, and make them part of the old and well-remembered home. It is a

curious reflection, that scenes in this way, once associated with the deepest and tenderest sentiments of the heart, should now give rise only to thoughts of commerce and money making. Alaska has recently had the attention of the mining world directed to it, and it bids fair to become the Eldorado of the modern world. Bands of adventurers are prospecting the MacMillan mountains, and panning the sands of the MacMillan river in search of that precious dust, the possession of a little more of which would have kept those who named these wild places in their original home in a state of contented happiness.

ANGUS MACMILLAN OF SKYE.

In this connection I may mention a fact which has passed too much into the back-ground of history—and which probably few here know—that the discoverer of Gipp's Land, an extensive and fertile region in Victoria to the south-east of the Australian Alps, was a clansman of ours, Angus MacMillan, who was born in Skye in 1810. He is mentioned in Meunell's Dictionary of Australian Biography with great praise for his brave and indomitable qualities; and his claim to the gratitude of the people of Australia was recognised by a public dinner being given in his honour in Port Albert in March, 1856. Angus MacMillan endured much privation in his exploring expedition, which he undertook alone, and with the help only of a pocket compass and a chart of the coast. Starting from Sydney he crossed the extensive range of mountains south of that romantic city and harbour which were altogether unknown at the time, and reached the beautiful region now called Gipp's Land, which no European had ever seen before. He called the new country Caledonia Australis, from some resemblance which he discovered in its mountains and valleys to his native land. Many persons, in spite of this, insisted for a while upon calling it MacMillan's Land. But unfortunately for this the discoverer was followed soon after by a large and well-equipped expedition, conducted by an Austrian called Strzelecki, who, ignorant of MacMillan's claims of priority, called the land which he thought he had discovered Gipp's Land, a name which superseded that which MacMillan had given, and by which the well-peopled and most productive region is now known to the world. Angus MacMillan settled down on a sheep-run of his own in the district which he had discovered, where he died in 1865.

A BREADALBANE CLANSMAN.

Speaking about our clan name having acquired a geographical importance, I may mention another curious association with it. Two years ago, I

happened to be staying for a few days near Crianlarich, and spent an afternoon in visiting the ruins of the old Priory of Strathfillan, founded in commemoration of the pious St. Fillan, who was the apostle of this part of Perthshire in the eighth century. Near the sacred well in a field outside, I found a small mound of masonry, with the fragments of a broken memorial stone on the top of it. I put the pieces carefully together, and proceeded to read the long inscription carved upon them. You may judge how very startled I was when the first words I deciphered were: "Sacred to the Memory of Hugh MacMillan"! This man I had never heard of before, although my forbears had lived in Breadalbane from time immemorial. He was a mason belonging to the district, who, less than a hundred years ago, had drowned himself in the sacred pool of the river, where lunatics used to be bathed in order to be restored to their right mind. The tombstone recorded that he was a man of exemplary character, and was highly respected in Strathfillan; and yet, in spite of this eulogium, his remains, according to the barbarous custom of the time, were refused admittance to the churchyard, because, doubtless in a state of temporary mental aberration, he had taken his own life. But even of this the people did not seem to have been quite sure. There was a probability that he had only fallen into the river by accident. But our stern forefathers would not give him the benefit of the doubt, but laid him in unconsecrated soil outside the wall, like a social leper even in death. Had there been a MacMillan Society in existence in these days, this outrage upon humanity would not have been committed.

THE HIGHLANDER REPRESENTS THE EMPIRE.

Having thus sufficiently magnified my own clan, let me in a few concluding sentences take a somewhat wider outlook. In this year's Hachette's Almanac—which is in France what Whitaker's Almanac is in this country—you will find an engraving representing the different nations in characteristic dress and attitude, bearing the respective burdens of their national debt. In this picture, England, with its enormous debt, is sketched as a Highlander, with plaid, and kilt, and sporran, and *bonnet chirveal*, holding in his hand a child's jenny whistle with a small inflated balloon of india-rubber attached to it by a tube, through which the air is passing slowly into the whistle with a gentle squeak. It is a very clever skit; and conveys admirably the idea how easily and with but very little grooming our country can pay the national piper. But the reason why I mention this caricature is, that the French, in representing in this manner the whole of Great Britain in a figure wearing the "Garb of old Gaul", clearly show who, in their

estimation at least, is the "predominating partner" in the national alliance; and in this we must all believe that they prove their good sense, as well as their Celtic sympathies.

While there is thus a boom in all things Scottish on the Continent, in America, and indeed everywhere, is it a time to debate seriously in a Celtic Society—as was done the other night in this city—whether Gaelic should be allowed to die or not? The sad thing is, that, in spite of every effort, the dear old mother-tongue, which has baptized all our rivers, and proclaimed on the hill-tops the names of all our mountains, and that has given us language for all our poetry and imagination, for our deepest and tenderest feelings, is dying away like an echo among the glens. But who would hasten its end, or give it its euthanasia? Who would not rather breathe upon it between his hands, and, with his own vitality, try to warm it to fuller life? All the members of the MacMillan Society will, I am sure, wish to perform this filial task, so that the dear mother-tongue may long speak to them in tones full of holiest memories and tenderest associations. And we shall hope that the recent renaissance of Celtic fiction, and Highland Mods and gatherings, and Gaelic music, will grow and spread, and bring back some of the old glamour of romance that has been too long banished by the prosaic spirit of Sassenach commerce and merchandise. I hope our Society will long live and flourish to help to do this and other such good work as is needed in connection with our beloved "Tir nam Beann."

We have never as a clan, I think, produced a real live lord, or even a baronet! We have had, and still have, some exotic Honouables in Australian and American parliaments, but never a peer in our own country. In this respect our record is exceptional, for almost every other clan can number one or more titles in its annals. I have no doubt our young men who are coming rapidly to the front will wipe off this reproach, so far as it is one; for one does not altogether like to be the only *bourgeois* clan—although the rank is but the guinea's stamp. Perhaps I see before me to-night, some ardent young soul bearing our name, who will lift the high plateau of our clan's history to this empyrean height, and, like the Chinese mandarin, enable all his ancestry. You will then be upsidies with the Mackays and Macdonalds. You will have a chief who will be worthy of you, and from whom you will expect great things; and you will look back with wonder upon the primitive time when you were content to have for your head my own humble self!

Mr. Donald MacMillan, president, also addressed the meeting, and stated that the membership was now 310, and the funds exceeded £80. He

extended a very hearty welcome to the representatives of the other clan societies present; to which Sir Andrew Maclean suitably replied.

TALES OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY FIONN.

NO. I.—MACPHEE'S BLACK DOG.

TILL about the middle of the seventeenth century the MacDuffies or MacPhees were lairds of Colonsay. Colkitto MacDonald (*Colla Ciotach*) is generally credited with having disposed of the last of the MacPhees of Colonsay. There is a Gaelic proverb—"Thig iatha 'choin dàibh fhathast" (The Black Dog's day will come yet), which denotes that the person spoken of may yet do something worthy of note. The "Black Dog" which gave rise to this saying belonged to MacPhee of Colonsay. It seems he was most anxious to secure this dog when a pup, and on receiving it he was told to take good care of it as it would be of signal service to him some day.

The black dog grew a handsome whelp and was admired by all who saw it. What was very peculiar about it was its love for home. When MacPhee and his hounds went out hunting the black dog showed no inclination to follow. MacPhee several times called the black dog when about to proceed on such expeditions. The dog would reach the door, look about him, shake himself, and return to the house. Several followers of the chase advised MacPhee to destroy the dog as a worthless animal, but his reply always was "Let him alone, the Black Dog's day has not come yet."

On one occasion MacPhee and a number of friends arranged to go to the Island of Jura to hunt. Jura was then, as its Gaelic name (*Dùnra*) implies, the home of the deer, and uninhabited. The hunters expecting to remain in that island for some days, arranged to take up their quarters in the Big Cave—*An Uamh mhór*. They made ready a boat in which to leave Colonsay for Jura. When leaving the house MacPhee and his thirteen guests each in turn called the black dog, who responded by coming to the door and returning to the fireside. "Shoot him," said young MacDonald of Islay. "No," replied MacPhee, "his day has not come yet." They proceeded to the shore, when all of a sudden a tempest arose which prevented their sailing. On the following day the storm had abated and they made ready to sail. They called the black dog as before, and he behaved in the same peculiar manner. "Kill him for a lazy hound,"

said young MacAllister, "who would be feeding such a good-for-nothing brute?" "I will not kill him," replied MacPhee, "his day has not come yet." They proceeded to the shore, but were once more prevented by the violence of the storm from reaching Jura. "That dog knows more than we give him credit for," says MacDonald, "he's not canny." "He evidently knows his own time, and is prepared to bide it," replied MacPhee.

The morning of the third day opened beautifully and they all proceeded to the shore, not one venturing to call the black dog. Just as they were launching the boat the black dog made his appearance, looking unusually fierce, and sprang into the boat as it touched the water. "The black dog's day is approaching," said MacPhee. They took with them food and provisions for a week's stay in the *Uamh mhòr*. They slept that night in the Big Cave, its vaulted roof responding to the eerie sounds without. Next day they went out to hunt the deer, returning to the cave as the shadows fell. They prepared supper which they ate round a blazing fire, while the black dog lay slumbering in the darkest recess of the cave. There was a peculiar hole or shaft in the roof of this cave which acted as chimney and ventilator. After supper they lay down to rest, being tired after the labours of the day. Just as MacPhee was going to bed he noticed that the black dog's sleep was a disturbed one. As he was falling asleep he saw a procession of thirteen beings in long loose garments enter the cave. In the flickering light of the fire he saw one proceed to the side of each bed. A dreadful silence reigned, broken only by the fitful breathing of the black dog. As the embers gave a dying flicker he perceived that a tall female form clad in black stood over his bed, with a "*sgian dubh*" or dagger in her boney hand, as if intending to plunge it in his bosom. Just as he was about to shout for help the black dog bounded from the dark recess in which he lay, and leaped with a growl at the figure which stood by his master's bed. Instantly the whole of the mysterious figures disappeared through the mouth of the cave, the black dog in pursuit. He did not go far, however, but returned and lay down at MacPhee's feet. Just as MacPhee was recovering from his fright, he heard a peculiar noise above him, as if some one was trying to descend by the hole in the roof of the cave. There was a terrific noise, and for a time he imagined the cave was falling. A flash of lightning enabled him to see the hand of a man coming down from the hole, as if to catch him by the throat. Instantly the black dog gave one spring and caught the hand above the wrist and hung on to it. The fight between man and dog was awful to witness. The black

dog at last chewed the hand off, and it fell to the ground. The owner of the hand withdrew through the top of the cave. The black dog rushed out and continued the fight, but MacPhee did not venture out to witness the fierce contest. At dawning of the day the black dog returned wounded and panting, and having reached his master's side he lay down and expired.

When daylight came MacPhee ventured to look about him, when he found the companions that had slept with him in the cave, still and dead. He was in terror. He seized the mangled hand which lay on the floor—and went to his boat. He returned to Colonsay unaccompanied by anyone—man or dog. No man in Colonsay saw such a hand as MacPhee brought with him. They sent a boat to Jura to bring over the bodies from the cave. Such was the end of the black dog, and the origin of the well-known Gaelic proverb—"Thig latha 'choin duibh f'hathasd."

MESSRS. JOHN WIGHT & Co., 105 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH, have just published a most charming art catalogue of their ladies' tartan specialties. This firm have earned a world-wide reputation as the designers and manufacturers of the popular "Dunedin" tartan capes, and we venture to think that those of our lady readers who see these beautiful art representations of those attractive goods, and do not already possess a tartan cape, will be tempted to send Messrs. Wight an order at once. The garments can be had in a variety of attractive forms, such as a rich brown vicuna outside, and the wearer's own tartan woven inside; or they may be had with the hunting tartan in military colours outside, and the clan or dress tartan inside. When we mention that Messrs. Wight stock the tartans of some two hundred clan and sept names, some idea may be had of the popularity which these goods have attained. Indeed, we believe that they have as many customers in distant lands as they have in this country. Messrs. Wight have made these capes the specialty of their large business, and have done wisely in only using the best material, all their vicunas being hand-woven in Scotland. During the coming winter weather nothing could be warmer or more tasteful for outdoor wear than these clan tartan garments. Our readers should write to Messrs. Wight for a copy of their artistic price list, in which fine process representations are given of the various forms in which these specialties can be had. We also refer our readers to our advertising pages for fuller particulars.

ROB DONN'S "SONGS AND POEMS."—We have a new edition of the works of the famous Sutherland bard, with the music of 50 of the original melodies, in the press. The response to our circular has been most encouraging, and we hope this month to be able to add many more names to the list of subscribers. Particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1897.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

September issue completed Volume V. The annual subscriptions (4s. post free) are now overdue, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. We trust our readers will give this matter their immediate attention, and obviolate the necessity of another notice. We are greatly indebted to those subscribers who have already forwarded their subscriptions.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Deputy Inspector-General Andrew Maclean, Army Medical Department, (retired); Captain Crawford McFall, V. K. O. Light Infantry, and Mr. W. C. Munro, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand.

VOLUME V.—We now offer a few copies of the yearly volume, tastefully bound, for 10/- post free. As we are only able to offer a very limited number of complete sets those who desire copies should apply at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Two copies each of the last two volumes may still be had, Volume III., 20/-; Volume IV., 10/-, post free.

JEWS AND HIGHLAND NAMES.—I read the last paragraph in last month's *Celtic Monthly*, and with reference to what is there said as to Jews adopting Highland surnames it may interest you to hear that a certain Jewish family, Cohen by name, some years ago cast about for an aristocratic Scotch equivalent and finally decided to be known as Colquhoun! Perhaps by this time they may have got the length of adopting the tartan.

W. M'H.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Gathering takes place in Edinburgh on 7th December, Sir James L. Mackay, President, in the chair. Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., Chief of the Clan, is to deliver an address. The ancient *Bhratach Bhàn* of the clan, the famous "White Banner" of song and story, will be exhibited in the hall. The Mackay flag is also interesting on account of the fact that it is one of the very few (some four or five) old clan banners now in existence.—The following have just been elected Vice Presidents of the Society:—Messrs. James H. Mackay, London; James R. Mackay, and John Mackay, S.S.C., Edinburgh. The total funds of the Society now amount to £1132. Now that the Bursary of £20 per annum is completed, the Society is devoting itself to its charitable objects. At last meeting a sum of £8 was voted for the relief of necessitous Mackays, similar cases being assisted at every meeting.

CLAN MACLEAN GATHERING.—This Annual Re-Union took place in the Waterloo Rooms on 22nd October, Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., Chief of the Clan, in the chair, and among those present were Major J. B. Maclean, Montreal, Hector A. C. Maclean of Coll, Walter Maclean, President, Rev. John Maclean, D.D., Dr. Magnus Maclean, John Maclean (convener of finance), Lachlan Maclean, Neil MacLaine, Peter Maclean, Secretary, and many others. The large hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The gallant chief, who was accompanied by his charming lady, delivered a rousing address, in which he referred to the excellent progress made by the Society, the literary activity of its members, especially in regard to historical research, and to that gallant young clansman who lost his life in attempting to rescue a wounded comrade, in the war now raging on the Indian frontier, and who, had he survived, would have been decorated with the Victoria Cross. The speech was heartily applauded, as were also those afterwards delivered by Major J. B. Maclean and Mr. Walter Maclean. A very enjoyable Concert and Assembly followed. The continued success of the Society must be gratifying to every clansman, and we desire to congratulate our friends, the Macleans, on their splendid gathering, and wish them further prosperity.

CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—The following have just enrolled as life-members,—Miss Finovolo M. E. Maclean of Duart, daughter of the chief; Captain Wm. Maclean, Southampton, and Mr. J. A. Maclean, Forfar.

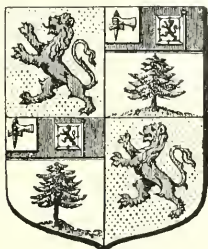
ANOTHER distinguished Highlander has just passed away in the person of Surgeon-General Sir W. A. Mackinnon. Sir William was a native of the Isle of Skye, and was deeply attached to his romantic birth place. He was a typical Highland soldier, taking part in many engagements, and earning renown on every field. Indeed, he gloried in the excitement of battle, many interesting stories being told of his desire on all occasions to be in the thick of it. Sir William was one of the outstanding men of our race, Highland to the core—no one ever ventured twice in his hearing to disparage the sons of the north. A portrait and an appreciative sketch of the deceased, by Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, appeared in our issue of August, 1896 (Volume IV. Part II.).

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. V.—THE SHAWS.

PART II.—THE SHAWS OF TORDARROCH.



SPACE forbids dealing with the Shaws of Rothiemurchus, the parent stem, after the loss of the estate, but this is of minor importance, as particulars will be found in the valuable works of the late Rev. G. Shaw of Fortar, and Mr. Alexander Mackintosh Mackintosh. I find, however, one of them as late as 1583, when William MacFarquhar vic Iain Ciar renounces to Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh his occupancy of the farm of

Ruthven, in Strathdearn. William Shaw could not write, and the renunciation is signed for him by William Cumming, Notary Public, Inverness, at the Isle of Moy, on 6th June, 1583, in presence of John Kerr, burghess of Inverness, Lachlan Macqueen, in Easter Urchill, James Innes, Servitor to Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, Donald MacDoull Macpherson, in Essich, and Gillie Callum Macpherson.

Closely connected with Clan Chattan were the Shaws of Tordarroch, otherwise Clan Ay, allied to and forming a prominent part of Clan Chattan so long as clanship was legally recognised. The ancient good feeling still prevails, and has found marked expression in the writings of Mr. Alexander Mackintosh Mackintosh, formerly Shaw, above mentioned, Cadet of Tordarroch.

As already mentioned, the Tordarroch Shaws descend from Adam, second son of James, second Shaw of Rothiemurchus. Adam Shaw's grandson,

J.—Angus, settled in Strathdearn about 1468, his posterity remaining in Tordarroch as wad-setters under Mackintosh for three centuries, and in course of time acquiring in heritage the Davoch of Wester Leys. From the above Adam the Tordarroch Shaws were styled Clan Ay, a barbarous spelling of the Gaelic Aodh, and down to and including Governor Alexander Shaw, the last possessor of Tordarroch, no tribe of Clan Chattan was more staunch and devoted to the chief than the Shaws of Tordarroch.



TORDARROCH HOUSE.

By the sale of Rothiemurchus, and the outlawry of the son of the last owner, the Rothiemurchus Shaws went down, while the descendants of Adam, the second son of the second Rothiemurchus, were enabled to consolidate themselves, and be recognized in 1609 as one of the Clan Chattan, and acknowledged as the chieftain of the Inverness-shire Shaws. Adam was succeeded by his son,

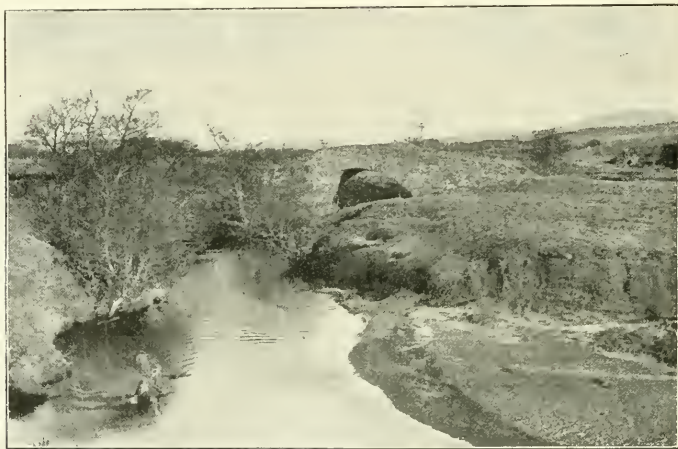
II.—Robert, who was father of Angus and Bean.

III.—Angus is found in 1543 a leading man in the clan, but is not designed Shaw, merely Angus Mac Robert. He was the first wadsetter of Tordarroch. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by his brother,

IV.—Bean, or Benjamin, who had two sons,

Adam, who succeeded, and Angus, who succeeded his brother, and one daughter, Effie, who married Donald Mac Gillie Callum (Macpherson Essich).

V.—Adam Shaw of Tordarroch, known as Ay Mac Bean vic Robert, signing the Bond of Union among the Clan Chattan in 1609, "for himself, and taking the full burden of his race of Clan Ay," establishing, as pointed out by Mr. A. Mackintosh Mackintosh, that the Tordarroch Shaws had by this time attained the position of a distinct sept of Clan Chattan, under their own chieftain. Adam Shaw died 1620-1621, having married Agnes, daughter of Alexander Fraser of Farraline, by whom he left an only daughter, Margaret, married to Donald Mackintosh, law-



TORDARROCH BRIDGE.

ful son to William Mackintosh of Rayag. He was succeeded by his brother,

VI.—Angus, who, besides Tordarroch, possessed the lands of Knochnagail and Wester Leys. He married Katherine, daughter of Angus Macbean, 1st of Kinchyle. Angus was succeeded by his son,

VII.—Robert, regarding whom there are numerous references during the period 1666-1691. Robert Shaw is one the subscribers of the Bond given by the Clan Chattan to their chief, Mackintosh, dated Kincairn, 29th November, 1664. By his wife, Agnes Fraser, Robert had, according to Mr. Mackintosh Mackintosh's account, four sons, Alexander, John,

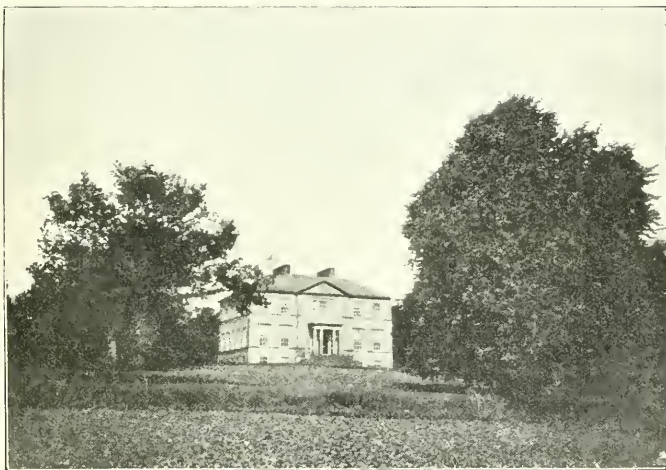
Donald, and William; also one daughter, Edie. I find, however, a note of Robert Shaw, younger of Tordarroch, in 1710. Robert Shaw was succeeded by his eldest son,

VIII.—Alexander, who married Anne Mackintosh of Kellachie, and is found during the period 1679-1716. In the rising of 1715 the Clan Chattan put forth nearly all its strength. Alexander himself was too old to take the field, but his son Robert was Captain, another son, Angus, Lieutenant, and his brother, William Shaw, Quartermaster. The conduct of the clan in that memorable rising has been highly commended, and even the Reverend Repegade, Patten, speaks of "their good order and equip-

ment." Another writes that "they were the most resolute and best armed of any that composed the army." Another that the "regiment was reckoned the best the Earl of Mar had." Robert Shaw was taken prisoner at Preston, and died at Newgate, and one of his letters from prison I have the good fortune to possess. John, the youngest son, was a prominent Writer in Inverness, and the confidential adviser of the Mackintosh family. His son William, styled of Craigfield, was possessor of considerable lands in Strathnairn, whose descendants in the male line are extinct.

IX.—Angus Shaw, second son of Alexander Shaw, succeeded his father. Warned by the fate of his elder brother, in 1715, and helped

by the wit of his wife, Angus did not take a part in the rising of 1745, and was thereby enabled to befriend many of his kin. He was at his house in Wester Leys the day of the battle of Culloden, and thus unaware of the Prince's hurried call at Tordarroch House, lost the opportunity of ministering to the Prince's wants on his flight to the West, a matter of regret to himself and to his descendants, even to this day. The steep and narrow bridge near Tordarroch, over which the Prince then rode, still stands, a photo-reproduction of which is here given. Angus married Anne Dallas of Cantray, and of their numerous descendants Mr. Mackintosh Mackintosh gives a full account. His eldest son,



NEWHALL, ROSS-SHIRE—SEAT OF CHARLES F. H. SHAW.

X.—Alexander, commonly known in his late years as "Governor Shaw," from having held the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man from 1790 to 1804, succeeded. Governor Shaw had a distinguished military career, chiefly in America, and notwithstanding his early leaving the North was very clannish and popular with his numerous connections in the Highlands. He married first, Charlotte Stewart of Inverness, and secondly, Anne Elizabeth Blanckley. He had issue by both marriages. Governor Shaw died at Bath in 1811. He was succeeded by his son,

XI.—John Shaw, who also had a distinguished military career, chiefly in India, and died a

Major-General in 1835. His portrait is here given. He married Anne Nesbitt, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XII.—John Andrew, born in 1797, who, after many years' service in India, succeeded in 1842 to the estate of Newhall, in the combined counties of Ross and Cromarty, through his paternal grandmother adding the name and quartering the arms of Mackenzie to his own. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by his nephew,

XIII.—Charles Forbes Hodson Shaw, eldest son of Alexander Nesbitt Shaw, second son of John 11th hereof, the present representative of the old Shaws of Tordarroch and Clan Ay, and

probably of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus. Mr. Shaw Mackenzie was long a judge in the Bombay Presidency, and his portrait, with a representation of the place of Newhall, is here given. Mr. Shaw Mackenzie takes a deep interest in his property, and in county affairs, and has lately obtained much and deserved credit by prominently advocating the construction of a railway from Cromarty to connect with the Highland system, thereby developing and opening up that important district of the Black Isle, which faces the Cromarty Firth. By his wife, Ellen, daughter of Major General John Ramsay, he has seven sons and two daughters—Vero Kemball, B.A. Cantab, John Alexander, M.D., London, George Maleolm, Charles Frederick Dillon, Andrew Crockat, Grenville Reid, Alexander Nesbitt Robertson, Anna Catharine, and Ellen Isabella.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SHAW



CHARLES F. H. SHAW

(To be continued).

SCENES FROM "OSSIAN'S POEMS."

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MOYR SMITH.



"Lorma seeks the body of Erragon."—*The Battle of Loda.*

SUTHERLAND NURSING ASSOCIATION.—Last autumn, when spending a holiday in Sutherland, Mr John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, had an interview with Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, and secured a promise that she would deliver a lecture in Glasgow in aid of the Nursing Association. A large and influential gathering took place in the Berkeley Hall, under the auspices of the County of Sutherland Association, Lord Provost Richmond in the chair. Her Grace delivered a most interesting address, and was followed by Lord Overton, Sir James Bell, Bart., and Bailie Alexander Murray. From the proceeds the Association has realised

a net balance of nearly £70. A truly handsome contribution to the funds of the Nursing Association.

"WHEN A MAIDEN MARRIES," BY ANDREW DEIR. LONDON: DIGBY, LONG & Co. We have already had the pleasure of favourably noticing two works from the pen of this rising novelist, and we are glad to find that in his most recent effort he has fully justified the promise of his earlier literary labours. The scene is laid at Roseneath, on the Gairloch; and the story is told with a graphic power which enchants the reader. It is a tale of love and adventure, qualities which the author has handled with skill and discrimination. Mr Deir deserves to be congratulated on his latest work.

**LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CAMPBELL,
OF INVERNEILL AND ROSS.**

LIEUT. COLONEL DUNCAN CAMPBELL, of Inverneill and Ross, J.P. and D.L. for Argyll, is the representative of one of the oldest branches of the Argyll family, tracing an unbroken descent from Dugald Campbell, A.D. 1160, younger son of the third knight of Lochow, and seventh in descent from the renowned Diarmid O'Duine. He is Hereditary Chief of the Clan Thearlich.

In ancient days his ancestors possessed the estates of Craignish; they afterwards settled in Perthshire, where they were renowned as

warriors, and finally returned to Argyllshire, residing at Inverneill.

Among the many distinguished soldiers of this family may be mentioned Sir Archibald Campbell, K.B., who fought in the American War of Independence, was Governor of Jamaica and later of Madras. He raised the 74th Regiment. Also Sir James Campbell of Inverneill, Bart., the present laird's grand-uncle, who was made a baronet for his services as Governor of the Ionian Islands, etc., and Hereditary Usher of the Black Rod to the Kings of Scotland. Both of these celebrated officers are buried in Westminster Abbey.

The present laird was a Lieutenant in the Argyll Volunteers when first raised. He after-



INVERNEILL HOUSE

wards served in the 89th Regiment, then the Highland Borderers Militia, and is now Lieutenant-Colonel in the 5th Volunteer Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. In his younger days he figured in the prize lists at Wimbledon and other rifle meetings. He is an ardent all round sportsman, and a well known figure at the Argyllshire Gathering. He was a pioneer of the annual regatta before the Highland Yacht Club existed, of which club he is Vice-Commodore. He is especially fond of the bagpipes and indeed everything Highland, and has been selected to assist in judging the pipe playing at the Oban Games for the last eighteen years. He has always taken great interest in county

affairs, and served on many boards and committees during the last twenty-five years. Inverneill is situated on the shores of Loch Fyne, and is surrounded by magnificent timber, especially silver firs of enormous size. The garden is said to be the oldest walled garden in the county, and has curious serpentine walks, quaint circular turrets and high stone archways.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell married Isabel, daughter of J. Aspinall Tobin, Esq., of Eastham, Cheshire, a lady of Graham descent, and well known amongst a large circle of friends for her kindly sympathy in weal or woe. They have six children, the eldest son, Duncan, being seventeen years of age.



LIEUT. COLONEL DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

CUMBERLAND'S DEFEAT AT LAFELDT.

NO portion of the British Isles, proportionate to its population, has contributed so much to the extension of the British Empire as the Highlands of Scotland, or shed greater lustre upon British arms on the field of battle, or in quarters amongst the people where they may have been located. In this respect their conduct in quarters was as remarkable as their valour in battle. The wide area over which their services extended, in common with other British regiments, embraced the four quarters of the globe.

The gallantry displayed by the "Black Watch" at Fontenoy under the leadership of their brave Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, their peculiar mode of fighting, as apt with the sword as with the bayonet, their attacking by rushes, their picturesque uniforms, singled them out to be the theme of universal admiration throughout England and the Continent of Europe. The English and French officers who, on this day of very severe fighting, witnessed their bravery, their intrepidity, and their dash in attack, were loud in their praises. The eulogies thus bestowed upon these deeds of arms so gallantly performed, caused the "Black Watch" to become the most popular regiment in the British army, the effect of which in a few years was, that it made the service popular, and greatly facilitated the raising of the many regiments in the Highlands, either for foreign or home service in succeeding years. Even in the '45 year, a regiment of 1450 men was enrolled in a few months by Lord Loudon, which served with great credit in Flanders and North America.

After Fontenoy the Highlanders did not fight under the command of Cumberland, whose knowledge of the art of war was in no way equal to that of Marshal Saxe, who again defeated him at Roucoux in 1746, and again in 1717 at Val, in spite of the noble gallantry of the English soldiers, and the remarkable audacity and bravery of the Scots Greys and Enniskillins, who in both battles overthrew the French, though victory crowned not their efforts with applause. At Val, or Lafeldt, it is recorded that the Scottish and Irish brigades in the service of France, seeing that Cumberland was repelling every attack made upon him by the French infantry and actually gaining ground upon them, solicited Marshal Saxe to permit them to charge Cumberland, and avenge Culloden. The permission was granted. On came these Jacobite Irish and Scottish brigades in the service of France, and descended into the plain in a vast, dark, dense column of ten battalions in front and seven deep. The blaze of the morning sun

upon the arms of these masses produced a magnificent effect, as they came on like a living tide rolling on wards against Cumberland's troops round Lafeldt, a village of only five farm houses, and around which the whole fury of the battle lasted for five mortal hours.

As these brave men advanced the English field batteries opened upon them with terrible effect, the gunners plied well their deadly work among the dense battalions of infantry and also upon the glittering squadrons supporting them on each flank. The attack was made with all the usual *elan* and impetuosity of French troops, and was met with equal bravery by their opponents. Smollett states that "the French suffered terribly in their advance from the cannon of the confederated English, Austrians, and Dutch, which were served with surprising dexterity and success, and they met with such a warm reception from the British musketry as they could not withstand, but when they were broken and dispirited, fresh brigades succeeded with astonishing perseverance."

Overpowered at last by the succession of fresh masses the British regiments round the hamlet were compelled to retire, leaving heaps of dead behind them, but being reinforced the brave fellows returned to the attack, and after renewed carnage the hamlet was retaken, several French regiments being ruined. The Irish brigades suffered extremely and lost a standard.

Fresh troops were now and again hurled upon the position of which Lafeldt was the centre. Again the British troops were driven back, but again they retook it, and the carnage around this position was frightful beyond description.

Cumberland sent to the Austrian commander-in-chief on the right for reinforcements, who informed him that he himself was attacked in force, but eventually sent a part of his reserve under Count Daun (Downe), the celebrated Irishman, who afterwards defeated Frederick the Great at Hochkirken.

Cumberland now ordered the advance of the whole left wing upon the enemy, whose infantry began to recoil so fast that Marshal Saxe was compelled to resort to the unusual expedient of placing cavalry in their rear and on their flanks, to drive them forward with their swords.

The centre now began to advance under the Prince of Waldeck, but the Austrians were slow in coming into line. The French reserves, including the Scots and Irish brigades, led by Saxe in person, then came up, and the conflict became more close and deadly, while the roar of the musketry deepened over the plain. Five battalions of the allies were completely overthrown by the gross misconduct of the Dutch cavalry posted in the centre. These troopers suddenly gave way, went threes about, and at

full gallop bore down upon these five battalions and trampled them under foot.

The French cavalry now penetrated to Cumberland's centre, and defeat became imminent. The Dutch cavalry refused to rally. Saxe then attacked the left with some of his reserves and the Scots and Irish brigades, "who fought like devils, they neither gave nor took quarter. Observing Cumberland to be extremely active in defence of his position, they in a manner cut down all before them, with a full resolution, if possible, to reach His Royal Highness, which they certainly would have done had not Sir John Ligonier observed the danger the Duke was in and came to his rescue." These infuriated men vowed to get at him to take him prisoner or slay him, in revenge for the horrid and wanton cruelties he perpetrated at, and after, Culloden.

The gallant Ligonier advanced with the Scots Greys, the Inniskillins, and three other regiments of British dragoons. These gallant troopers galloped forward, and instantly the first line of their opponents was broken, then charging on, speedily overthrew the second. The British horsemen mingling fiercely with the French cavalry used their broadswords with terrible effect, but pursuing too far they received the fire of a battalion of French infantry posted in some low ground behind a hedge. The undaunted dragoons instantly attacked and routed the infantry, but being charged by a new line of combatants they were forced to retreat, and their brave commander was taken prisoner, saving the Duke at the cost of his own liberty.

The British cavalry in this attack captured several standards, but the enemy took many men and horses. In an account of the battle, written by an artillery officer, it is stated that the Scots Greys and other dragoons gave the French cavalry "a prodigious stroke" and took several standards, but the enemy by superior numbers obliged them to retreat. "This day's action is looked upon as most glorious on the part of the allies who were engaged." In another account "our cavalry, led by Sir John Ligonier, charged the French with such success that they overthrew all before them."

Here, as at Minden, Waterloo, and Balaclava, the Scots Greys and the Inniskillins rode side by side.

At last the infantry began to give way on all hands, and the "hero of Culloden," defeated here, as at Fontenoy, thought of making good his retreat to Maestricht about 3 p.m. In the "Memoirs of Cumberland," the loss sustained by the French is given at 10,200 killed and wounded, and of the allies at 6,000. The British soldiers, infantry and cavalry, fought splendidly, and were again the victims of unskilful leading.

In the defence of Hulst, and Bergen-op Zoom in North Brabant, the "Black Watch" and Loudon Highlanders greatly distinguished themselves in the defence of those fortresses. In retiring from Hulst and embarking for South Beveland 300 of the "Black Watch," the last to embark, were attacked by a large body of the enemy. The Highlanders, regardless of the great superiority of the French, instantly attacked them, and behaved with so much bravery that they beat them off, though from three to four times their number, killing many, wounding more, and taking some prisoners. —(*Hague Gazette*.)

A few days after the battle of Lafeldt, Bergen-op-Zoom was besieged by Count Lowendahl with 25,000 French. The place was strongly fortified, and having never been stormed was deemed impregnable. It was garrisoned by 3,000 men, including the Loudon Highlanders and some officers of the "Black Watch," who had volunteered with their Colonel, Lord John Murray, to assist the garrison. After nearly three months' siege it was taken by storm, after the springing of 41 mines by the besiegers and 38 by the besieged, in one of the latter 700 French were blown into the air. The Dutch commander, a deaf old man, never anticipated an assault. Obtaining possession of the ramparts the French entered the streets of the town. They were met by the Highlanders, who attacked them with such impetuosity that the enemy were driven from street to street and back to the ramparts, until the French receiving large reinforcements, compelled their opponents to give way, disputing every inch of ground with desperate resolution till two-thirds of their number were killed on the spot, the remainder then abandoned the town, carrying the old governor with them, and joined Cumberland at Ruremonde.

A good story is told of the fidelity of a Highland officer's servant at this siege. A party from the lines of the garrison was ordered to attack and destroy a battery raised by the French. Captain Fraser of Culduthel, an officer of the "Black Watch," accompanied this party. He ordered his servant to remain in his quarters. The night was pitch dark, and the party had such difficulty in proceeding that they were forced to halt for some time. As they moved forward, Captain Fraser felt his path impeded, and putting his hand down to discover the cause, he caught hold of a plaid, and seized the owner, who seemed to grovel on the ground. He held the caiff with one hand, while with the other he drew his dirk, when he heard the imploring voice of his servant, who was his foster-brother.

"What the devil brought you here?" he asked.
 "Just love of you, and care for you."

"Why so, when your love can do me no good,
and why encumber yourself with a plaid?"

"Oh! how could I see my mother had you
been killed or wounded, and I not there to
carry you to the doctor, or to Christian burial;
and how could I do either without my plaid to
wrap you in?"

Upon enquiry it was found that the faithful
foster-brother had crawled out on his hands and
knees between the sentinels, then followed the
party at some distance till he thought they were
approaching the place of assault, and then again
crept in the same manner to the ground beside
his master, that he might be near him
unobserved.

The faithful adherent soon had occasion to
assist at the obsequies of his foster-brother, who
was killed a few days afterwards by an accidental
shot, as he was viewing the operations of the
enemy from the ramparts.

Hereford

JOHN MACKAY.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

By SURGEON LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACGREGOR.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Officers and
Men of the said regiment)

THE path was rough, the rocks were high,
And hard it was, I ween, to scale them,
And woe to those who climbed Dargai,
If that last try should likewise fail them;
A dreadful space was placed between,
Swept over by the foemen's firing,
And those who dared to cross that scene,
The moment next might lie expiring.

For there, upon the topmost height,
Were hordes of warlike tribes assembled,
Beneath whose deadly aim and sight,
The stoutest hearts might well have trembled;
Concealed among the rocks so sure,
And well inured to toils and dangers,
They vainly deemed themselves secure,
Against the rudest brunt of strangers.

Again, again our brave troops tried,
But failed to climb those rocks and boulders,
Till to his men Mathias cried.
And thus addressed his Highland soldiers:
"The General says that yonder post,
(However hostile they may make it),
Must taken be at any cost—
The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

Then rose the slogan loud and shrill,
On Scotland's heath that often sounded,
And to its wild and warlike thrill,
The true and brave right gaily bounded;
The bagpipes skirled with all their might,
And Milne fell down both limp and gory,
But still strove on to cheer the fight,
And played his pipes for death or glory.

The hissing shot came down like hail,

And promptly killed or lamed full many,
But yet must not the remnant fall

To force their way while spared was any;
On, on—though panting, do not pause,
And let your arms brook no denial,
For victory forsakes the cause
Of those who pause in hour of trial.

"Cock o' the North" the war-pipes blew,
"Cock o' the North" the rocks repeated,
Which when they heard, the tribesmen knew
Their troops were doomed to be defeated;
A trackless route, a steep, steep climb,
With gallant comrades dead or dying,
Till now arrives the wished-for time,
The Gordons charge—their foes are flying!

Blest be the dead who bravely died,
To keep alive fair Scotland's glory,
Blest be the brave who still abide,
To tell their fine heroic story;
We bless you for your valour's sake,
With all the praise that we can make it,
And trust, when there's a prize at stake,
"The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

"AT ANY COST."

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT DARGAI,
OCTOBER 27TH, 1897.

COLONEL MATHIAS said: "Men of the
Gordon Highlanders, the General says the
position must be taken at any cost. The
Gordon Highlanders will take it."

"At any cost," the General said,
But ah! what fearful price to pay
Ere the grand shout of victory
Went up above the gallant dead.
A hero band, by heroes led,
Their's the high duty to obey,
The laurel wreath, the thistle grey,
Alike to dye with honour's red;
No doubt, no faltering lay between.
Their country dear, their noble Queen
Bade loyal Scotland lead the way.
Then pibroch wild, and slogan grim,
Swelled in that mighty battle hymn
That swept thy conquered heights, Dargai.

Wolverhampton.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

"HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACRAE."—Clansmen
and others who have subscribed for copies of this
exhaustive work by the Rev. Alexander MacRae,
will be pleased to learn that the volume is nearly
through the press, and will be published at the
beginning of the year. The work is being got up
in a tasteful style, and will be a welcome addition
to our Highland library. Orders should be sent to
the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, price 21s.

THE TAKING OF DARGAI.

20th OCTOBER, 1897.

ALL day from the sangars had tribesmen kept
raining
Their musketry's thunder like hailstones of
fire,

While line after line leapt our troops uncomplaining
To scale the grim precipice higher and higher.

But still, ever backward, battalions were driven
And brave British blood dyed the valley in vain,
The foemen prevailed and asunder lay riven
The laurels that victory alone could regain.

Then look! 'tis the General's brief heliograph
flashing:

'That fort must be taken whatever the cost!'
And two thousand bayonets stand ready for dashing
At call of their Colonel when conquest seems lost.

'The Gordons will take it!' for 'Bydand,* their
slogan

Of old, still is true of the Gordon to-day,
With heart of the hero and strength of the Trojan
To follow his Leader and rush to the fray.

'The Gordons will take it!' On, on to the skirling
And blare of the pibroch, 'the Cock o' the North,'
They're out and they're over the fiery zone whirling,
The ridges are reached, and the rebels swept
forth!

And wherefore? To clansmen that question were
treason,

From Delhi and Lucknow and wild Waterloo,
The blood of their forefathers gives back the reason
Because where they're sent will the Gordons
prove true.

And into the ages will pass down the story
How, shot through his feet, where the bullets
whizzed by,
That piper crouched piping, still urging to glory
His comrades who captured the heights of Dargai!

* Steadfast, the clan slogan motto.

MAJOR ALLAN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

HIGHLANDERS IN THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

To the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR—About three years ago I inserted a notice in the *Oberlin Times* requesting information concerning any MS. journal kept by an officer in any of the Highland regiments in the American Revolutionary War. I never received any response to the notice. Evidently there are such MSS. in existence.

The object I had in view was to use such MS. as a basis for a history of the Highlanders in said Revolution. Histories devoted wholly both to Germans and French have been published. Also every obtainable diary has been given the public, notably among which are the diaries of Hadden, Digby, Pausch, and Riedesel, officers under Burgoyne. In short, everything relating to the Revolution has been caught up with avidity in this country. Hadden's journal was found in a New York bookstore in 1875, and published in 1884. Digby's in the British Museum in 1883, and published in 1887. Pausch's in the State Library at Cassel, Germany, and published in 1886.

In 1882 "The New York Historical Society" published the "Letter-Book of Captain Alexander McDonald of the Royal Highland Emigrants, 1775-1779."

A history of the Highlanders, engaged against the Americans, in the service of England, such as I propose, would be fraught with great labour, and at a sacrifice of both time and money. Yet I am willing to undertake the same, provided an unpublished journal can be obtained. As the British look askance at American Revolutionary history, even to the discredit of their own heroes who engaged in that struggle, such a work must, as have all others of this description, come from the American side of the Atlantic.

Whilst Highlanders were fighting in the service of George III. there were other Highlanders, born in Scotland, who gained immortal renown by their espousal of the cause of the oppressed. By leave of the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly* I will present outline sketches of some of these distinguished men.

Ohio, U.S.A.,
October 11, 1897.

J. P. MACLEAN.

HIGHLAND NOTES.—THE CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY have started a singing class, and collected £40 to inaugurate a pipe band.—"ALEXANDER MACKINNON AS POET SOLDIER" was the title of an address delivered at last meeting of the Clan Mackinnon Society by Mr. Alexander Macdonald.—CLYDEBANK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION met on 26th November, when Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, delivered a lecture on "The Banners of the Clans," and exhibited photographs of those belonging to the Mackays, Macphersons, and Stuarts. At next meeting Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane lectures on "Gaelic Bards of the present time."—THE CLAN COLQUHOUN SOCIETY have now in the press an interesting little volume, treating of the Traditions of the Clan and Loch Lomond side, edited by Miss F. Mary Colquhoun and Mr. Niel C. Colquhoun, Hon. Secretary, illustrated with a number of fine process portraits and views of the clan country.

THE MACCORMACKS.—In reply to Mr. William MacCormick's enquiry, we may say that Mr. Frank Adam, in "What is my Tartan," places this name as a sept of the Clan Buchanan (*Nu Canonach*), whose badge is the bilberry, and slogan "Clar Innis" (an island on Loch Lomond). The Murrays are an old Perthshire clan, and derive their name from the district; the Cunninghams in like manner take their name from the district of that name in Ayrshire.



SURGEON GENERAL ANDREW MACLEAN.



KAID MACLEAN.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 4. VOL. VI.]

JANUARY, 1898

[Price Threepence.



DEPUTY SURGEON GENERAL
ANDREW MACLEAN OF DRIMMIN.



DEPUTY SURGEON GENERAL MACLEAN is the representative in this country of an ancient and distinguished branch of the Clan Maclean—the Macleans of Drimmin. His great-grandfather was Charles Maclean of Drimmin who led the clan at the battle of Culloden, and was killed, together with his three eldest sons, in the battle or subsequent massacre. His grandfather, Allan Maclean of Drimmin, eldest surviving son of Charles, married Miss MacLaine of Lochbuie, who it is interesting to mention was the last child born in Moy Castle, Mull, which is now a ruin. His father was Donald Maclean of Kinlochscriden, Deputy Lieutenant of Argyllshire, and his mother was Lillias, youngest daughter of Colquhoun Grant of Grant, Lieutenant of Prince Charlie's bodyguard at Culloden.

The subject of our sketch was born in Edinburgh, 10th April, 1812, and studied in the High School and University there, taking the

M.D. degree in 1832. The following brief summary of his services, and particulars of his family, will doubtless prove of great interest to our readers, and particularly to the members of the Clan Maclean.

Gazetted, Surgeon 64th Foot in 1833, his commission bearing the signature of King William IV. Served in Jamaica, returned home; transferred to 11th Light Dragoons, Lord Cardigan commanding. The 11th Light Dragoons formed escort to the late Prince Consort on his first arrival in England, hence their designation changed to 11th "Prince Albert's Own Hussars;" was serving with 11th Hussars at Hounslow when H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge joined the regiment as a Cornet. Subsequently served in Malta and various staff appointments at home, and retired from the service as Deputy Inspector General in 1878.

Andrew Maclean was the youngest child but one of a family (counting those who died in infancy) of 24. All his brothers were bred either to the army or the law. Two brothers were killed; one at the battle of Toulouse, in the 79th Highlanders, and the other, Colquhoun—in the navy—off the West Coast of Africa in taking of a slave dhow. Through his sisters he is connected with many Scotch families. His elder brother, Charles, was the only one besides himself who married, and he went to America and settled there.

By Her Majesty's gracious permission Andrew Maclean at present resides in one of the Queen's houses, Church House, Kew, Surrey.

On 12th December, 1838, he married Clara, only daughter of the late Mr. Henry Holland Harrison, and by her has had a family of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters.

SONS:—

1. Henry, died in infancy.
2. Harry Aubrey de Vere (Kaid Maclean, Morocco), born 15th June, 1848, noticed separately.
3. Donald Grant, died, aged 22.
4. Fitzroy Beresford, born 13th June, 1854. Studied medicine at Guy's Hospital; gazetted, Army Medical Staff, 6th March, 1880, served

in India, Baluchistan, and Burma; now quartered at home in medical charge of "School of Gunnery," Shoeburyness. Married, 28th November, 1889, Mary Norris, eldest daughter of Rev. J. Erskine, M.A., of Wycliffe Rectory, Yorkshire.

5. Allan Bruce, born 10th March, 1858, Consul in Her Majesty's Consular Service, served as a volunteer in Zulu, Secocœeni, and Boer wars. Awarded South Africa medal with clasp, several times mentioned for distinguished services; wounded (never severely) five times, and in addition received bullets through his helmet, coat, and the leg of his boot; was one of the survivors of the battle of Ingogo, where he was acting as "Galloper" to the General Officer commanding. Married, 17th August, 1893, Anna Margaret, second daughter of Rev. J. Erskine, M.A., of Wycliffe Rectory, Yorkshire, and has one daughter.

6. Charles Gordon, born 25th October, 1859. Coffee planter in India. Holds a commission as Lieutenant in "Coorg Volunteer Rifles" (practically mounted infantry and one of the smartest volunteer corps in India). He is a good shot and a keen sportsman.

7. Archibald Douglas, born 18th September, 1862. Awarded Humane Society's medal at the age of twelve for rescuing a child in sixteen feet of water. Studied at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Artillery, July, 1882. Served at home, and in a field battery in India; resigned his commission 1889. Married Amy Theodora Maxwell (1st cousin), youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Harrison and Mrs. Margaret Maxwell Harrison. Issue—one son and one daughter.

DAUGHTERS:—

1. Clara Rosa, resides with her parents.
2. Alice Lillias, wife of Surgeon General C. D. Madden, C.B., Q.H.S.—two sons.
3. Edith Kathleen, wife of Colonel C. W. Fothergill—two sons and five daughters.
4. Louisa Flora, dead. Married late General Sir Duncan A. Cameron, G.C.B.

5. Minnie Margaret, died of cholera, 31st December, 1895, while in camp with her eldest brother, Kaid Maclean, in Morocco. Buried, Casablanca, Morocco.

—:—

KAID MACLEAN, MOROCCO.

HARRY AUBREY DE VERE MACLEAN, eldest surviving son of Deputy Inspector General Andrew Maclean, was born 15th June, 1848. Studied

for the army. Gazetted Ensign in the 69th Regiment of Foot, January, 1869, served with his regiment in the "State of Maine" in connection with the Red River expedition; in Canada, Bermuda, and Gibraltar. Resigned his commission in 1876 to take up an appointment in the Sultan of Morocco's army as "Instructor in Drill and Discipline;" designated Kaid (Chief) in the Sultan's army.

The experiences, dangers, escapes, and adventures of Kaid Maclean during over twenty years' residence in Morocco, would fill many volumes.

He has crossed the Atlas Mountains four times; is the only Christian, as such, who has crossed the mountains by the Glauia Pass; and is the only Christian or European who has visited the very sacred—to the Moors—Tomb of Mullai Ali Shereef in the Tafilet District. In November, 1893, he carried an important despatch from the coast to the Sultan of Morocco, when no one else would venture to do so. On this occasion in fifteen days, riding from twelve to fourteen hours a day, he traversed nearly four hundred miles, in a country without roads and over the Atlas range of mountains, through very threatening and hostile tribes, so that, practically, for twelve days and nights, out of the fifteen, his life was not worth at any time five minutes' purchase, before he reached the Sultan in the Tafilet District. Nobody would venture to take back the reply, so Kaid Maclean gallantly carried it back himself, and went through much the same experiences.

From the life he has led, he has not visited Scotland much. He is Scotch in all his tastes. He plays the pipes (when home on leave about eight years ago, he took lessons on the pipes from the late Mr. Donald Mackay, the Prince of Wales' piper), and has a piper, John Macdonald Mortimer, from Aberdeen. The Sultan and the Moors have taken a great liking for pipe music. Six Moors are now being taught, and are making very promising progress. All the pipes are decorated with Maclean tartan and ribbons.

Her Majesty's Government have twice recognised Kaid Maclean's service to his native country by presenting him, in 1892, with a Gold Watch with the Royal Arms enamelled on the back and suitably inscribed; and again, in 1894, with a large Silver Inkstand, inscribed with the Royal Arms and his family (Drimnin) Arms, and a suitable acknowledgment of his services.

He is a good horseman, a splendid rifle shot, notwithstanding having lost the sight of his right eye (he shoots now from the left shoulder) through a trivial accident when out of reach of any medical advice, full of energy, bold and

fearless to a fault. The Moors—a brave race—constantly talk among themselves of Kaid Maclean's brave deeds. His duties with the army lead him under fire sometimes two or three times a year. He has had many marvellous escapes, but has never been hit.

He married in 1875, and has had eleven children; seven died during their infancy in Morocco. Three daughters and one son, Andrew de Vere, survive. He was born 17th October, 1882, and is studying at Wellington College for the army.

REVIEW.

OLD SHETLAND DIALECT, AND PLACE-NAMES OF SHETLAND.

THIS is the title of a book recently published by Messrs. T. & J. Manson, Lerwick, consisting of two lectures by Dr. Jakobsen of the Copenhagen University. The work cannot fail to be of interest to Celtic students. The place-names of Shetland are practically the place-names of North Sutherland and the Western Isles. The name Shetland itself (Hjaltland) has not yielded to the Doctor's research, nor indeed has the writer contributed much to our previous knowledge of the occupation of the islands prior to the Norse invasion. He has also left the question of the real builders of the *brochs* an open one, although he inclines to the belief of their Pictish origin. Still, the book is one which the future writer on Scottish topography and Scottish Gaelic dialects cannot ignore. He claims that about 10,000 words, derived from the old Norse, still linger in the dialect of Shetland. Of course he is able to discuss only a few of that number, and from the instances given it is clear that the larger portion is by no means confined to Shetland. They are well known in Caithness, and other Norse districts in Scotland. Some of them again survive in the Gaelic dialects of Lewis and the Reay country. For instance in the fireside language of the Shetlander no word is oftener used than *de lesshie*, the common basket made from straw, or dried docken-stems (from Norse *kassi*, a basket). This is the Scotch *cassie*, a straw-basket, which may be large enough to contain a boll of meal; the same is used in Orkney for a corn-riddle. The Reay country Gaelic has it as *casaidh*, now nearly obsolete, but retained in the *saw* "ith moll a casaidh," eat chaff out of a cassie; and in Lewis it is found as *kissan*, the basket for the meal. Similarly, Shetland skepp (Norse *skeppa*, a dry measure equal to one-eighth of a barrel) is applied to a large basket for rubbing corn in, and in the provincial Gaelic of Lewis as the bag for carrying grain *sneap*.

Trulliet is the Shetlandic for a trowy-like, silly creature. The Ayrshire dialect has *trullion* for a foolish fellow; and the Reay country Gaelic is *trollan*, an awkward creature, and *troll*, a blockhead (N. troll, a goblin).

A *foosi* is the Shetland word for a goblin (O. N. *thusi*). This may very well be the origin of

the Gaelic *dois*, a blockhead. So also Gaelic *rabhd* (from *ronn*), applied to signify a foolish fellow, may come from *rudra*, a whale. It is well known that most of our vituperative vocabulary has been picked up from our Norwegian neighbours.

It is, however, in the sphere of place-names that the work will prove of most value to the Celtic student, and no one can read the lecture on this subject without receiving a good deal of side-light on Scottish coast-names. For three years (1893-95) the learned Norwegian doctor investigated the Norse remains in Shetland, and the result of his labours, other than contained in this book, is to be found in an essay entitled "Det Norske Sprog paa Shetland."

Durness.

ADAM GUNN.

THE BULRUSH.

CLAN MACKAY'S BADGE.



WHERE Hope and Clebrig raise their heads
Toward the northern sky,
And in the summer sunshine smiles
The country of Mackay,
In every breath of wind that blows
O'er river, lake and rill,
The bonnie bulrush waves its fronds
By waters clear and still.

Its rustle speaks of vanished days
When clansmen stout and true
Were wont with badges green and gay
To deck their bonnets blue,
Of brawny arms to wield the sword
And draw the shafted bow,
Of springy feet to tread the sword
And scale the mountain's brow.

Of plaided warriors bold and stern,
 The very "sons of fire,"*
 In combat, or on battle field,
 Resistless in their ire,
 Who with the claymore held their own
 In war-like feudal times,
 And since, in peace or war, renown
 Have gained in other climes.

On distant fields their tartan waved
 Amid the battle storm,
 The cannon's fiery mouth they braved
 And led the hope forlorn,
 The spirits of their sires who slept
 In clachans far away,
 Who ne'er in conflict knew defeat,
 Were with them in the fray.

Till on their native land there dawned
 A bitter day, and cold,
 When leal and dauntless Highland men
 Were swept away for gold.

And they the loyal and the brave,
 Their country's stay in war,
 Of land and hemesteads were deprived
 And scattered wide and far.

But still where e'er the exile sees
 The bonnie bulrush wave,
 In vision he beholds the land
 Where dwelt of old the brave;
 And coming days in which shall flee
 To misty heights the stag,
 And o'er reseeded straths shall wave,
 Again, Mackay's white flag.†

* The name Mackay (Macaoith) is derived from the Gaelic word *Aodh*, meaning sons of fire, or hospitality.

† The White Banner (*A' Bhraatach Bhàn*), the ancient war flag of the Clan Mackay, now in the possession of the Clan Mackay Society.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.



A GLIMPSE OF BONNIE STRATHNAVER—MACKAY COUNTRY.

JEWS AND HIGHLAND NAMES.—About a quarter of a century ago, a German Jew came very prominently before the London public, in the person of the notorious financier Baron Grant. This man had a tobacco shop at the door of the Stock Exchange, and by stock-jobbing made some money; whereupon he returned to his native land and purchased the title of Baron, at same time complimenting the shrewdness of Scotsmen by fetching the gracious pseudonym of Grant.

'Kings may give titles, but they honour cant,
 Title without honour, is a barren grant.'

Celtic Societies should put an ear-mark on all Semites with Scottish clan names—this in all love,

however—for have we not a Society existing to demonstrate that the clans of Scotland are lineally descended from the lost tribes of Israel? K. M.

THE LATE EX-PROVOST MATHIESON, DUNFERMLINE.—A notable Highlander has recently passed away, in his 81st year, in the person of the late Ex-Provost Mathieson of Dunfermline. This gentleman was the second son of Mr. Kenneth Mathieson, a native of Culbokie, in the Black Isle, Ross-shire, and a fellow apprentice, and life long friend of Hugh Miller. Mr. Mathieson was the seventh in continuous succession in his family called Kenneth. He had a warm appreciation of all people and things Highland.



DR. JAMES SHAW.

DR. JAMES SHAW, WADDESDON.

THE subject of our sketch, a notable representative of the Clan Chattan, is the only surviving son of Mr. John Shaw of Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, and was born at Glasgow in 1857. He was educated at the High School and University there, and after a distinguished career graduated M.B., C.M., in 1884, and M.D. in 1890. Proceeding to Sheerness he became associated in practice with Dr. Charles Arrol, brother of the famous builder of the Tay and Forth bridges. Sanitary work formed a considerable part of his duties, and applying himself he sat for and obtained the Diploma in Sanitary Science of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. He also made important contributions on that burning question of the day, viz.:—water analysis. In ambulance work he was an early and enthusiastic worker, and some years ago his efforts in this direction were recognised by the public presentation, at the hands of H. S. H. Prince Leiningen, of a beautifully illuminated address. On leaving Sheerness, Dr. Shaw practised in various parts of England, discharging with ability the duties of responsible offices. In 1892 he settled in Waddesdon, that picturesque spot in Buckinghamshire, near to which stands the superb mansion Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild has erected for himself. Dr. Shaw is a frequent contributor to the press of his profession, and is the author of several racy tales of Scottish life. He is Surgeon to the 1st Bucks Rifles, the crack English shooting corps. Dr. Shaw is an ardent cyclist and amateur photographer, and a good many matches have demonstrated his powers as a chess player.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. V.—THE SHAWs.—PART III.

NOTWITHSTANDING the downfall of the head family of Rothiemurchus, the name of Shaw became numerous and flourishing in Badenoch, Strathnairn, and the Leys, some branching off to the Black Isle in Ross. Dealing with these branches I take:—

I.—THE SHAWs OF DELL.

Sir Robert Sibbald, writing in 1680, speaks of the Shaw's as being then numerous, with Alexander Shaw of Dell as their head, acknowledging Mackintosh as their chief, and fighting under his banner. The first Shaw of Dell was

I.—Alasdair Og, second son of Alexander Ciar, 3rd of Rothiemurchus. He was succeeded by his son

II.—James, and he by

III.—Alasdair, who in turn was succeeded by

IV.—Alasdair Og. In 1594, the name of

V.—John Mac Alasdair Og, in Dell, is found, who obtained a heritable right to Dell, his son VI.—John is infeft in Dell in 1622. This infestment, which included John's wife, Grizel Stuart of Kincardine, proceeded in disposition by John (No. V.), dated 17th November, 1627, Ferquhard Shaw alias Mac Allister, in Innervie, acts as Bailie, and Alexander Shaw, son of John Shaw, Senior, is one of the witnesses to the infestment. This last mentioned Alexander Shaw was infeft, 25th July, 1635, in the part of Gaislich called Camlusmore, on Charter by John Grant of Rothiemurchus; amongst other witnesses to the infestment are John Shaw, brother german to Alexander, James Shaw in Dell, James Shaw of Kinrara na Choille (otherwise Kinrara of the Woods), Mackintosh's Kinrara. In 1635, I have note of a James Shaw in Dunachton beg, and later on the name spread over the whole parish of Alvie.

The next Shaw of Dell I find is, in 1681, VII.—Alexander, probably grandson of John VI. As Alexander's son,

VIII.—James Shaw, is mentioned as of full age in 1711, and frequently referred to, up to the year 1758.

James Shaw of Dell was one of the leading men of Clan Chattan, and much trusted and favoured by the Mackintoshes, while he on the other hand was their devoted supporter. He married Marjory Mackintosh of Balnispick, and had, at least, one son, Alexander, who, prior to 1736, married Anna Mackintosh. In the marriage contract Alexander is designed Younger of Dell. There was no issue of the marriage, as James, the father, was served heir to his son. I am inclined to think that Alexander was one of the officers of Clan Chattan regiment who fell at Culloden.

I have a deed in 1750 signed by James Shaw, in a feeble hand, which narrates that he, James Shaw of Dell, was then possessor of the fief of Dalnavert. The deed is signed at Dalnavert, 8th January, 1750, in presence of Patrick Shaw in Dalnavert, and Angus Shaw of Dalnavert, the writer. Angus Shaw was long Chamberlain over the Mackintosh estates.

Mr. Mackintosh Mackintosh says in his history that James Shaw is the latest Shaw of Dell of whom he has found trace.

Of the Shaw's of Dell was the well-known Reverend Lachlan Shaw, Historian of Moray. Although Mr. Shaw is not now looked upon as an accurate antiquarian, yet his industry and

capacity merit the highest respect. What he had honestly seen, he records clearly and correctly, and as his life (1691-1777) extended over the two risings of 1715 and 1745, he had ample opportunity of observing and recording with accuracy events in the North of exceptional interest and importance. Mr. Shaw was son of Donald Shaw, alias Mac Robert, residing in Rothiemurchus, and I observe that Donald Mac Robert and his son Duncan, get a lease from Mackintosh in 1717 of Achnabechan of Dunachton, with the Reverend Lachlan Shaw as their cautioner. Mr. Shaw was minister of Kingussie 1716-1719, of Calder 1719-1734, and of Elgin 1734-1774. He demitted his charge in 1774, dying in 1777, in his 86th year. For an account of his descendants reference is made to Mr. Mackintosh Mackintosh's Genealogical Account of the Shaws, pp 71-72. Inhumanity on the part of Mr. Shaw in connection with the shooting in cold blood of young Kinrara after the battle of Culloden, is hinted at by Robert Chambers, and had some credence. There

really never was the slightest foundation for the charge, as the Reverend Lachlan Shaw was at the time minister at Elgin, many miles distant from Culloden. The wrong doer was Mr. Eneas Shaw, then minister of Petty. Mr. James Grant, merchant in Inverness, on the authority of Lauchlan Grant, writer in Edinburgh, the original narrator of the story, distinctly charges the inhumanity upon "Mr. Angus Shaw, Presbyterian teacher at Pettie." Bishop Forbes, determined as was his wont to be strictly accurate, wrote to his informant, the Reverend George Innes of Forres, on the subject, who in his reply to the Bishop, under date 29th April, 1750, says "Mr. Shaw's name is Angus, and not Laughlan, as your gentleman very rightly told you. My mistake proceeded from my thinking upon one Laughlan Shaw, Presbyterian minister at Elgin;" truly a lame excuse.

II.—SHAW'S OF DALNAVERT.

This family derives from James Shaw, 3rd

*which is written beside Donald Mackintosh (Cair) was the
fulfilled these promises at Dunachton the twenty fourth day
of December one thousand seven hundred & eleven years
before these witnesses Master Lachlan Shaw minister at
Kingussie and Master Alexander Thomas schoolmaster at
Lachlan Shaw Minister
Alex. Thomas schoolmaster*

FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURE OF THE REV. LACHLAN SHAW, THE HISTORIAN.

son of Alexander Cair, 3rd of Rothiemurchus. They were in Dalnavert from the time of its coming into possession of the Mackintoshes, a part of the Assythment lands obtained from the Huntly family. Alexander Shaw of Dalnavert is noted, probably grandson of James above noticed, founder of the family. The next Shaw of Dalnavert found is William, noted in 1635-1648. His son Donald is mentioned in 1679 as joining in the Clan Chattan expedition to Lochaber. John Shaw, son of the above Donald, succeeded, and in 1710 Robert Shaw is found. In 1723 Donald, son of the deceased Robert Shaw of Dalnavert, is found, and in 1724-29 Alexander Shaw, younger of Dalnavert. Angus Shaw is next found, long Chamberlain on the Mackintosh estates, many of the family writs being either written or witnessed by him. William, son of Angus, is of full age in 1751, and occupied Dalnavert till his death, being succeeded by his brother Thomas, the last Shaw of Dalnavert. Thomas died without issue in

1810, and is interred at Rothiemurchus. William Shaw's daughter, Margaret, married Captain Alexander Clark, of which sept in its order.

In 1791 I find note of Captain James Shaw at Dalnavert, James Shaw in Iosal, Thomas Shaw in Keppoch, Robert Shaw in Rie-Aitchachan, and Thomas Shaw in Rie-na-bruaich, both of Glenfeshie.

The Shaws monopolized all Mackintosh's lands east of Feshie Braes, and the Spey from Glenfeshie to Rothiemurchus, but at the present day there is only one tenant of the old stock remaining, Mr. John Shaw of Tolvah.

III.—THE SHAW'S OF KINRARA.

John Shaw, styled of Kinrara, was one of the leading men in Badenoch during the first half of the eighteenth century. He was descended of the Shaws of Dalnavert, and married an Aberdeenshire lady, Elizabeth Stewart. He does not appear to have been "out" in 1715,

and a permission by General Wade, dated Inverness, 26th August, 1728, allows him to carry arms, his loyalty to the Hanoverian Government being certified by the Lord Advocate and Colonel Farquhar. In 1723 Mackintosh lets to John Shaw, Tacksman of Kinrara, his woods in the parish of Alvie. Continuing in favour with his chief, he in 1726 obtains a tack of that part of Dalnavert called Iosal of Croftbeg, and of Achleam-a-choid in Glenfeshie, reserving the portion occupied by

John Macpherson, relict of John Shaw, sometime of Dalnavert. In 1734 John Shaw gets a new lease of the three ploughs of Kinrara-na-choille, presently possessed by him, and of Rienna-bruaich in Glenfeshie. Mr. Shaw had three sons, James, Thomas, and John, and two daughters married in Aberdeenshire. James and John Shaw fought at Culloden. Of the latter, already referred to when alluding to the Reverend Lachlan Shaw, the following heart-rending account, from the Jacobite Memoirs,



From R. R. M'Lean's

[Class of Scotland.

FARQUHAR SHAW OF THE "BLACK WATCH"
(Who suffered death for alleged desertion, on 18th July, 1743.)

being absolutely authentic, should not be omitted.

THE SLAUGHTER OF SHAW, YR. OF KINRARA, AT CULLODEN

"The most shocking part of this woful story is still to come—the horrid barbarities committed in cold blood after the battle was over. The soldiers went up and down, knocking on the head such as had any life in them; and except in a very few instances, refusing all manner of relief to the

wounded, many of whom, if properly taken care of, would doubtless have recovered. A little house into which the wounded had been carried was set on fire about their ears, amongst whom was Colonel Orelli, a brave old Irish gentleman in the Spanish service. One Mr. Shaw, yr. of Kinrara, had likewise been carried into another hut, with other wounded men, and amongst the rest a servant of his own, who being only wounded in the arm, could have got off, but chose rather to stay in order to attend his master. The Prebyterian minister at Petty, Mr. Lachlan Shaw (should be Mr. Angus

Shaw) being a cousin of Kinrara's, had obtained leave of the Duke of Cumberland to carry off his friend, in return for the good services the said Mr. S. had done the Government, for he had been very active in dissuading his clan and parishioners from joining the Prince, and likewise, as I am told, sent the Duke very pointed intelligence of all the Prince's motions. In consequence of this, on the Saturday after the battle, he went to the place where his friend was, designing to carry him to his own house. But as he came near, he saw an officer's command, with the officer at their head, fire a platoon at fourteen of the wounded Highlander whom they had taken out of that house, and bring them all down at once; and when he came up he found his cousin and servant were two of that unfortunate number. I questioned Mr. Shaw himself about the story, who plainly acknowledged the fact, and was indeed the person who informed me of the precise number, and when I asked him if he knew if there were many more murdered that day in the same way, he said he believed there were in all twenty-two."

IV.—SHAW'S OR M'AYS OF THE BLACK ISLE.

Some of the Tordarroch Shaws or Clan Ay moved, voluntarily or compulsory, into Ross-shire about the beginning of the 17th century, settling in particular in and about Tarradale. They signed their name "McCay" and "Mackay," but had no connection with the Sutherland Mackays. I have some documents early in the 18th century under the hand of Donald McCay, Notary Public in Redcastle. The arms on the tombstone in Kilchrist of Duncan M'ay, dated 1707, clearly show that he was of the blood of Shaw and Mackintosh. Some correspondence on this branch of the Shaws appeared in the Northern newspapers a few years ago, but did not lead to anything. It would be well if some of those specially interested followed out an accurate enquiry into the history of the McCays of the Black Isle.

(To be continued).

THE CLAN SENTIMENT.

"*Stemmatta quid faciunt?*"—JUVENAL.

THE fundamental idea, which underlay the social life of the Highland clan was a curious and interesting one. It was held that every clansman was the kinsman of his chief. It followed as a natural corollary from this axiom that every clansman was a gentleman. These two ideas will be found running through the whole history of the Gaelic race. During the Fifteen, the Earl of Mar proposed that certain measures should be taken by consent of the majority of the gentlemen in the army. Sir John MacLean haughtily

declared that all his regiment of eight hundred men must be admitted to vote, "since every MacLean was a gentleman." The Chief of the MacLeans was merely asserting of his own clan what might be asserted of every Highland tribe. The clansman, no matter how poor, was always, in common belief and theory, a gentleman. What reader of *Rob Roy* has not smiled at Iverach's description of his cousin, "the gentleman who brought eggs from Glencroe?" Iverach was making no extravagant claim for his cousin. "Blood of my blood, brother of my name," ran the Gaelic saying. "It made no insolent in camp or castle," it has been said,* "but it kept the poorest clansman's head up before the highest chief." Sometimes indeed the Highland pride was exhibited under circumstances, verging on the ludicrous. Alexander Macleod from Skye died suddenly in Glenorchy. When he found his end approaching he requested that he should be buried in the *burying place of the principal family of the district*. He could not die in peace, he said, if he thought his family would be dishonoured by his being buried in a mean or unworthy manner. Alexander Stewart, a wandering Highland gaberlunzie, always refused money and never took anything but food and shelter, because he bore a king's name and claimed descent from the Scottish monarchs. The power of the chief was wielded not by right of conquest or as feudal superior. He possessed it as the patriarch or father of the clan. The clansmen were, in theory, his brothers and his sons. When the feudal and patriarchal claims conflicted, the latter invariably prevailed. In the Fifteen, when the MacLeans in Mull were called upon to choose between their chief, who lived in France, and the Duke of Argyll, their feudal superior, no less than seven or eight hundred of them joined the chief. One of the secrets of the great Lord Lovat's popularity and influence was his subtle appreciation of this Highland axiom. He called his clansmen consins and dined them daily at his table. It is true that he never allowed the claret to go below a certain point on the board. It is true that his consins at the foot got small ale only. The drink was drunk at the table of the chief. The social claims of the clansmen were sufficiently recognised. In truth, the sentiment of kinship was sometimes carried to an extent almost fantastic. In the early part of the seventeenth century when the succession to the headship of the Clan Fraser was in dispute, a section of the clan sent a message to Lord Saltoun requesting him to become the chief of the name. Lord Saltoun was not even a Highlander. He represented the Frasers of Philorth, an Aber-

* *John Splendid*, c. 2.

deenshire family, whose connection with the Inverness-shire Frasers was so remote that it could not be historically traced. Yet the mere fact that Lord Saltoun bore the Fraser name was considered sufficient proof of kinship to justify the clan in accepting him as their head. About 1740 the Grants and the MacGregors met at Blair Atholl to consider a proposal for uniting the clans. The ground of the proposal was their reputed common descent† from Gregory the Great, King of Scotland, a thousand years before! These facts may raise a smile. But the sentiment, which underlay them, was a truly noble one.

It is the fashion amongst many in these days of millionaires and vulgarity to sneer at the old Highland sentiment of clan kinship and pride of name. The man who mourns when he sees old Highland families disappearing before the Beer Trade and Cockney plebeians expelling the descendants of Prince Charlie's followers to make way for the deer, is regarded as a reactionary or a revolutionary. We have outlived feudalism and clanship, it is said, and men are not now respected for their descent but for themselves. Such talk is foolish. Pride of clan and name should be encouraged rather than repressed. Charles Lamb tells a pathetic tale of a certain old London clerk:—"He had the air and stoop of a nobleman," says Lamb. "You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy." He was poor in money, obscure in station, lacking in mental attainments. But his wife was of kin to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This, says Lamb, was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought, the sentiment, which cheered him in the obscurity of his station. This was to him instead of riches, instead of rank. He insulted none with it, but while he wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach him through it. Many a life which would otherwise be poor and commonplace is rendered dignified and interesting by ancestral associations with the past. Many a man in poverty and humiliation has preserved his dignity and self-respect by remembering that he bore the name of some ancient Highland house. Humanity cannot afford to dispense with any means that can help to add interest or dignity to life or spread the feeling of brotherliness and kinship. The old clan spirit, in so far as it helps to bring into daily life an element of dignity, of romance, of

fraternity, should be encouraged rather than sneered at or repressed. Within recent years the old Gaelic sentiment of clan kinship has taken practical shape in a very happy way. The numerous clan societies which now exist, have as their aim the bringing together of those whose ancestors fought side by side in the brave days of old. These associations deserve the highest commendation. They can co-exist with any form of political organization and with every form of religious opinion. It should be their object to cultivate everything that was good in the old clan system. There is a great body of Highland thought and sentiment, of which they are the legitimate depositaries. Let the clan societies preserve the torch of Gaelic life.

It is considered by many that the proper mental attitude towards the clan spirit and everything Gaelic is one of pessimism. "The heroes that thou weepest are dead," said St. Patrick to Ossian, "can they be born again?" Popular talk is often but an echo of these words. This is not as it should be. Augustin Thierry has remarked that the renown attaching to Welsh prophecies in the middle ages was due to their steadfastness in affirming the future of their race. Renan has dwelt upon the profound sense of the future and the eternal destinies of his race, which has ever borne up the Kelt and kept him young still beside his conquerors who have grown old. The modern Gael would be none the worse of a little more of the ancient spirit. Pessimism is sometimes a crime, always a mistake. "Israel in humiliation," says Renan, "dreamed of the spiritual conquest of the world, and the dream has come to pass."

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

MESSRS. CAMPBELL & Co., 116 TRONGATE, GLASGOW, the well known bagpipe and musical instrument makers, have just published their new Privilege Price List for the season. It is a most artistic work, printed on superfine paper, and illustrated with a great variety of process blocks. Full particulars are given of the various musical instruments, including the Highland bagpipes. Those requiring a set of pipes, or any accessory, could not do better than place their orders with Messrs. Campbell. We notice that the music of the now famous tune "The Cock of the North," can be had from this firm for 1/3, post free. We do not wonder that it is having an extraordinary sale.

DR. K. N. MACDONALD, LATE OF GESTO, SKYE, well known among his countrymen as the compiler of the famous "Gesto Collection of Gaelic Music," delivered a learned address at the last meeting of Gaelic Society on "Gaelic Music," which was ably illustrated with examples by his wife, and Dr. Macdonald, Fife. We also notice he presided over the Social Gathering of Skymen in Edinburgh on the 9th ult., and treated them to a rousing address on *Eilean a' Cheo*. The "Gesto Collection" is now in its second edition, and can be had at this office, price 2/1/-, post free.

† This common descent, if we are to credit Skene, was wholly mythical. Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, 2nd ed., iii., 349-350.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1898.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Readers are reminded that the annual subscriptions (4/- post free) were due in September, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. We trust our readers will give this matter their immediate attention, and obviate the necessity of another notice. We are greatly indebted to those subscribers who have already forwarded their subscriptions.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Major Alexander McBean, Mayor of Wolverhampton, and Mrs. McBean; Colonel J. Macpherson of Glentruim; and Captain Alexander Burgess, Gairloch, Ross-shire.

VOLUMES IV. AND V., tastefully bound, can now be had from the Editor, price 10/- each, post free. The yearly volume would make a most suitable present to send to a friend at the New Year.

ROB DONN'S "SONGS AND POEMS."—We have a new edition of the works of the famous Sutherland bard, with the music of 50 of the original melodies, in the press. The response to our circular has been most encouraging, and we hope this month to be able to add many more names to the list of subscribers. Particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

"At Geddes House, Nairnshire, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Fergus, M.A., of St. Columba's Episcopal Church, Nairn, ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH MACKINTOSH, to AMY FLORENCE, eldest daughter of John Mackintosh-Walker of Geddes."

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Social Gathering took place in Edinburgh on 9th December, Sir James L. Mackay, K.C.I.E., in the chair. There was a large attendance, among those present being Sheriff Aeneas J. G. Mackay, LL.D., Q.C., Major A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth; James R. Mackay and John Mackay, S.S.C., Vice-Presidents; Dr. George Mackay, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, Hon. Secretary, Alexander Ross Mackay, Assistant Secretary, James R. Mackay, C.A., Treasurer, Donald Mackay, "Strathnaver," John Mackay, W. Preston Street, Alexander Mackay, authoress of "Sutherland Characters," Eric A. Mackay, Captain Morrison, Hew Morrison, J. L. Mackay, M.A., LL.B., Alexander Mackay, LL.D., etc. A Reception was held by the President at 7 o'clock, after which a most enjoyable concert was given, the well known Gaelic vocalists, Miss Kate Fraser and Mr R. Macleod, Inverness, who sang as a duet *Isabell Nic Aoidh* (Isabella Mackay), the clan "gathering," receiving a most enthusiastic reception. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Sheriff Mackay, Alexander Mackay, LL.D., and Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, who exhibited the ancient White Banner of the clan, which he had just secured for the Society, and gave an account of its history.

THE USUAL MONTHLY MEETING was held in Glasgow on 16th ult., Mr. Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, Vice-President, in the chair. The Secretary intimated that the Society's booklet was nearly ready and would be circulated among the members shortly; it was decided to hold a Social Meeting in Glasgow in February; and it was also resolved to arrange a clan ceremony on the occasion of the clan banner being deposited in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

"HISTORICAL NOTES" is the title of the latest production of that venturesome young man, Mr. D. Murray Rose. It treats of the '45 and other topics, but it may be correctly described as "guesses at history." For instance, his chapter on "James Roy Stewart" is perfectly ridiculous in the light of Mr. Andrew Lang's recent investigations in the same unpleasant field. Then, of course, Mr. Rose has his usual back-handed slash at the Mackays and their chiefs. We used to wonder how it was that he nursed a personal feud against the clan, but it was explained to our satisfaction when we learned that he claims to be related to a family in Sutherland, followers of the House of Sutherland, who on different occasions sustained rough treatment at the hands of the Mackays in the old fighting days—and why should not Mr. Rose revenge the deeds of other days by sheathing his dirk in the heart of every Mackay—no, blackening the good name of every Mackay whom he drags into his unsavoury pages. It will thus be seen that the age of chivalry is not past! and if Mr. Rose comes to grief, as he undoubtedly will if he carries on his present tactics, he will have to thank himself.

CLAN MACKAY.—Many members of this Society will regret to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. M. S. Morrison, Laurel Bank, Partick, one of the earliest life members of the Society. She had been in attendance at a Church Bazaar, and had evidently over exerted herself. She fainted in the hall, and died the next morning. Much sympathy is felt for her sorrowing family.

A TALE OF EILEAN BAN.

I.

THE long cloudless summer day was drawing to a close. The wind had fallen at sundown, and far out in the west the afterglow was filling the sky with a great peace. Staffa lay like a cloud floating in the lambent light; Lunga and Fladda had caught the reflected glory of sky and sea; and further out the Dutchman had put on his nightcap and gone to sleep, lulled by the booming that came across the sea from the caves where the Atlantic swell made summer thunder. The big skarts with outstretched necks came flying low and swift from the sea to make their resting-place on the rocks, and the soft calling of the guillemots sounded strangely far away on the still evening air.

Close in by the islands that lie outside Bunnass a boat was being rowed slowly along the shore. You could hear the drip, drip, drip of the oars, and the sound of the voices across the whole stretch of Loch Laithaith, so still was the air. The fisher sat in the stern of the boat watching the rods that trailed the big white flies through the water to lure the guileless saithe and laithe. Now the outside line would tremble and the rod would suddenly bend down until the top-piece touched the water, and the fisher, with a swift steady hand, secured his prize: and again almost before he could get the line out the other rod would dip in turn with a sudden tightening of the line: so that with plenty of fish about there was little time to admire the sunset.

But when Sandy had pulled out to the farthest point of the island, where an old hut can be seen standing by the shore, the nibbles became fewer and fewer until, thinking it time to turn, the Highlander ventured to say:

"Will you be for going back now, Sir?"

"Oh no, Sandy," replied the fisher, "just pull on a bit yet. It is a fine evening, and if there are no more fish out here there is at least something better than fish to get on a night like this."

So the boat went on past the hut and past the little bit of beach, gliding silently under the shadow of the overhanging rocks, while the measured dip of the oars made great dancing circles of amethyst and gold in the still water that had caught the reflection of the sunset like a mirror.

"Hullo, Sandy," suddenly exclaimed the fisher, who is that woman standing on the top of the rocks at the point over there? She seems to be looking for something out at sea, and if I am not mistaken she is muttering something in Gaelic to herself. Who is she?"

"Oh Sir," replied the boatman, "that is daft Ann Campbell. And did they not tell you at the inn about Ann Campbell? They say she will not be like the rest of weemen ever since Archie was drowned. It is a ferry strange story whatever. But it is Ann Campbell herself that the people here say will be in league with the fairies, and not at all in her right mind ever since Archie was drowned. Will you be for going back now, Sir?"

"Oh no, pull on Sandy, and tell me all about this Ann Campbell."

So the boat held on her course out to sea, and this is what Sandy told the fisher about Ann Campbell, the strange woman of Eilean Ban.

II.

Thirty years back from the night on which this tale was told, Ann Campbell was a winsome girl living with her mother on the solitary island of Eilean Ban. They were the last of the family that lived on the croft. The father was dead, and the two sons had gone down with their smack on the same night when they were beating up the loch in the dark against a frightful gale of wind and snow one January. So the Duke let the old mother and her daughter sit rent free on Eilean Ban.

They were very poor, and lived entirely from what fish they could get, together with the miserable produce that was wrung from their patch of croft—the only green spot on the whole island. Though living apart from their neighbours these two women were known far and wide for their kindness. They had the good word of all who knew them. Moreover, young Ann Campbell was comely as well as kind, so that it was little wonder that Alastair McLeod from Carsaig had already sought and won her. But Ann, while welcoming the tall gamekeeper to the island, refused to think of going away to live at the glen so long as her old mother required help. And so these two Highland sweethearts were content to wait. It was enough for Alastair that every week he should be allowed to row out in the boat to Eilean Ban and sit by Ann in the little cottage, or out on the rocks with the vast Atlantic spread out in front. Staffa and Lunga and the Dutchman were all theirs: the golden west was before them: what did they care how long they had to wait!

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."

One morning a strange thing happened. When old Lachlan of the boats was making his way down to the jetty in the grey light to get his ferry in readiness for the arrival of the steamer from the north, he saw a woman in

a boat pulling for the shore. She got out, and after mooring the boat, came up the rocks to wait for the ferry.

"A fine morning," said Lachlan.

"It is," replied the stranger.

"And hev' you come far in John Black's boat."

"Not very far," was all that she answered, and any further attempt to find out the time or the place of her setting out was of no avail.

The great steamer was soon sighted coming up the loch, and in a short time the woman was standing on the deck gazing wistfully at the grey island that was gradually disappearing behind a rocky promontary. At last it was lost altogether to sight. She turned slowly round then to go below, and the kindly sailor who lifted her bundle saw that her eyes were wet with tears.

That day, when the sun was shining on the dancing blue waters and the white-plumed birds were circling and whirling in mad delight above the grey rocks, Ann Campbell went down to the shore of Eilean Ban. She was going across to the village on some errand. The sunshine had got into her brain, and the bird-spirit within her was singing gaily as she stepped down the rocks to the black boat. The terrier that followed her gambolled with sheer delight at the prospect of the voyage to the mainland, and when the boat was at length got afloat, in jumped "Grizzly," and sat at the stern while Ann proceeded to row shorewards.

She was still lilting a Gaelic song as she pulled away from Eilean Ban. What was it about? Perhaps it was the lament of the forlorn maiden that had lost her lover at sea and stood on the rocks wringing her hands for him who would return no more. For the songs of the islands are mostly sad. However, Ann did not seem to be oppressed in any way by the spirit of the sad old song. She was apparently happy enough as she sat there and sang to the music of the waves.

But all at once "Grizzly" cocked his ears and barked. What was that sound that came from the shore? The bleat of a sheep, or the cry of a sea-bird? Ann stopped rowing to listen. There it was again—a long low cry, like the cry of a child in pain. But no one lived on the island but Ann and her mother. There was no child on Eilean Ban. Yes, there sure enough was the cry again, and "Grizzly" was now barking vigorously, with his fore paws on the gunwale and his ears cocked straight and stiff. So there was nothing for it but to turn the bow of the boat to the island again and solve the mystery.

As soon as the keel grated on the pebbles "Grizzly" jumped out and made for the heather. There was the cry again! Surely after all there

could not be a child somewhere? Ann's heart began to beat faster at the very thought as she hurried after the terrier. He soon came back, wagging his tail and looking up into the eyes of his mistress.

"Where is it?" she asked.

And immediately the dog turned and made for the hill again—always looking back to see if she followed. At length they came to a little hollow where there was a well. It was from this well that Ann and her mother drew their water; there was a path leading from it to the cottage; but she had not come along on this particular morning to fetch water. And here, at the side of the well, lay a little baby boy wrapped in a faded tartan plaid, and crying piteously because the sun had been shining on his face and awakened him.

Ann took the little waif up in her arms and began soothing him and cooing to him in the wonderful way that only a woman understands. She hurried along to the cottage and shewed the child to her mother, who took him in and gave him some warm milk. It was indeed a wonderful thing for Ann to see the little fellow looking at her with his big blue eyes, and kicking with delight when he was set in the great arm chair by the fire. And so after a deal of fussing and talking Ann returned to the boat and carried the tale across the loch to the village.

They could ill afford to bring up the child of another, but the kindness of these two women at once shewed itself in the readiness with which they determined to keep the little foundling. And so "Wee Archie," as he was called, became a fixture on Eilean Ban, and Ann became his nurse.

But as if to take away all the joy of this new interest, old Mrs. Campbell not long after the finding of Archie began to fail. She had served her day. The natural strength had abated and the time had come when she would no longer look across the loch for Ann returning, or go to the well in the evening, or tether the cow in the hollow behind the peat stack. At last the sunset came for her, and they laid her to rest in the glen, with her face towards the grey island lying out in the west. There she sleeps to-day.

But Ann—it was a lonely spot for her the island when the old mother was gone. The cooing of Archie sounded strange and eerie in the hut at night. Alastair came often to Eilean Ban in the dark days to help with the croft. How, she hardly knew, but the winter days wore by and the light began to go up again for Ann. That year the spring came early, and by the summer time she regained her old happy spirit and went out and in the cottage once more with a song on her lips.

III.

Alastair came over from Carsaig one summer evening and asked Ann when the wedding was to be. It was now a year since the old mother had died, and the girl with her young charge had lived on bravely at Eilean Ban. But now, surely, there was no need for her to be lonely any more; Alastair had asked when she would come over to Carsaig, and she was pleased enough to think of going to her new home.

That night they sat together on the rocks and talked long on their future plans. And Ann in her glee asked little Archie how he would like to go to another home with her, where Alastair would always be too: there would be no shore with stones to throw into the sea: but there would be the dogs to play with and the tame old stag that lived at the kennels.

It was then that Alastair began to say what he had been trying to say for a long time. Archie!—was Archie to come to Carsaig? Oh no, Archie could be sent away.

The thought of parting with the child was like a death wound to the warm-hearted and noble Highland woman. Archie—whom she loved better than herself? Where could Archie be sent? Who would take him? Then Alastair M'Leod gave utterance to the base thought that had lain on his heart for many a day. Archie could be sent to the parish!

The parish! It was like a dagger plunged into her heart. The hot blood sprang to her cheeks, and as she stood there on the heather with the light of a setting sun falling on her brown head, erect and stately like that of a queen, she drew the little child to her side and looked straight in the face of her lover.

"Alastair M'Leod, is it you that would ask me to marry you and yet tell me to send Archie to the parish. Is it you that have come to me all these years with these speeches of love, and will say to me now to send away him that God Himself has given to me? Was it not the last word of her that was my mother when she did tell me to be always looking after Archie? And is it a breaking of my word to a dying woman that you would like to see? If Archie does not go to Carsaig, then it is I that will stay on Eilean Ban."

Ann Campbell was like a queen. And it was her good woman's heart that was the queenliest part of her. She could not be her mother's daughter and do a base act. And so after many and terrible words Ann Campbell and Alastair M'Leod parted that night never to stand together again on the heather of Eilean Ban.

Alastair had made his choice and Ann had made hers. That night when little Archie was being put to bed she kissed him as she had

never done before. Then she went out into the summer night, and only the summer stars and the summer sea will ever know how wild was the cry that rose from Eilean Ban when the heart of Ann Campbell broke.

IV.

The sunlight was falling on the grey rocks as it had done long, long ago. The sea danced and sang in Loch Lathaith. Staffa was lying out in the west, the Dutchman was still sleeping with his cap floating in the Atlantic, and Fladda and Cairn-na-burg—there was no change that one could see anywhere in Eilean Ban or in its prospect. But Ann Campbell was an aged woman. And Archie!—Archie had come to manhood with all a man's strength. He was a sailor lad, and had been back to Eilean Ban more than once. The woman's whole heart was bound up in the lad: she lived on his visits: and those who knew her were sometimes afraid when they saw the hold that Archie had on her affection. They could not help thinking that perhaps she loved the lad too well.

It was one day in late autumn, when the winter wind was beginning to sweep across the sea with angry sighs, that bad news came to the little kingdom in Mull. Archie's ship had foundered. The lad was drowned. There would be no more home-comings at Eilean Ban. And who was to tell Ann Campbell? In all that little community there was not one—man or woman—who would venture to bear the tidings to Eilean Ban. The news gradually found its way to the manse. The old minister would go. Indeed he had no choice. So in the afternoon of that very day the old man was rowed across to Eilean Ban with a heavy heart. He had gone on many a strange errand before, but this one he felt had a peculiar sadness about it. He knew about Alastair M'Leod. Alastair had been living at Carsaig with a family of his own for many a day, and though Ann Campbell had been a silent lonely woman all these years, yet the sailor lad had always been a kind of anchor to her heart.

It was about all these things the minister was thinking on his way to the island. But his message that day to old Ann was her death blow. Eilean Ban had heard a voice lifted up in pain once before, and on that bleak day there came again the same wild cry from the door of the little hut:—

"Oh, the brave lad, the brave lad! And have they taken you away from me too? Oh, my Archie, that never did bring to Eilean Ban any grief, but always a blythe heart! Is it no more you will return to old Ann, or go out to the fishing in the loch? Oh, the brave lad, they

have taken you away and I have nothing left. Oh, Archie, my boy, my boy!"

When the minister came down to the boat it was dark. There was no light in the cottage. The wind had fallen, and a sea-bird was crying away out on the still waters. But—there was silence on Eilean Ban.

* * * * *

From that day Ann Campbell was never seen to leave the island. She spoke to no one, and if any of the people from the shore went out with a present of tea or bread she would fly from the face of them away to the rocks and the heather. So the little bundle was left on the shore. They said that Ann Campbell was mad, and that she lived like a wild cat in the cave of the island. The children when they looked at Eilean Ban always stopped laughing, and the fisher lads were glad enough to keep away as far as they could from the rocky island when the night was dark.

"It will be ten years now, Sir," said Sandy, "since Archie was drowned. But every night yet you will be seeing daft Ann standing out there at the point and looking away to sea. They say she will always be looking for Archie coming back. But it is a mad woman that Ann Campbell is, and it is I that would not care about landing on that island after dark.

Will you be for going back now, Sir?"

"Oh yes, Sandy, you can go back now," said the fisher in an absent sort of a way.

While he had been listening to the story, the sunset had gradually faded and left behind it one of those lambent twilights than can only be seen in the north, where the long midsummer nights hold no hours of darkness. And as they passed the shadowy rocks of Eilean Ban the stranger could not help thinking that what was accounted as madness to Ann Campbell by her fellow men, would yet be accounted to her as righteousness by God.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

THE SKYE RE-UNION was held in the Queen's Rooms, Mr. Reginald Macleod of Macleod in the chair, who was supported by Dr. Magnus Maclean, Colonel J. MacInnes, Colonel Macdonald-Williamson, Messrs. A. W. Macleod, President, Hugh Macleod, Alexander Bruce, President, Sutherlandshire Association, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, James Grant, President, Inverness-shire Association, Peter Grant, Kenneth Morrison, Samuel Nicolson, Secretary, etc. Most interesting addresses were delivered by the chairman, Dr. Maclean, and Mr. A. W. Macleod. An excellent concert was given, followed by a very successful dance.

THE CLAN GRANT SOCIAL GATHERING was a great success. Mr. James Grant, the popular President, occupied the chair, and delivered an interesting address. An enjoyable programme was submitted, and a dance followed.

DARGAI HEIGHTS.

CAPTURED 20TH OCTOBER, 1897.

"MEN of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it."—COLONEL MATHIAS.



"Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins," sair are the eyes to-day,

For wives and mithers mourn the lads whom war hath swept away.

"Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins," Auld Scotia's heart beats high, She sent them with her blessing, to conquer or to die!

Swift the response, though not in words—the clank of rattling steel

Flashed back the soldiers' answer to their leader's bold appeal:

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders," the Colonel's words rang clear,

"That ridge to gain, those heights to scale, of rugged boulders sheer."

Up sprang the kilted warriors, the cry from man to man

In ringing cheers burst forth and then, like mountain stags they ran,

Or, like the torrent's rushing speed of winter flood in spate,

So onward swept the tartan line, filled with the battle hate.

"The Gordon lads will take it!" aye, tho' hell those ramparts swarmed,

With pipes to lead them onwards, the Highlanders had stormed;

Wild the assault, and wide the gap the tearing bullets made,

Nor thrust of steel, nor treacherous knife, their daring onslaught stayed.

Failed they where others failed? the heights that day were theirs to win,

Their wounded pipes spurred them on, high o'er the battle din:

What mattered his disabled limbs! The ridge lay there in sight,

His skilful fingers still his own, to urge them through the fight.

Where dusky forms had shown above, now waved the tartan plaid,

And well the cheers of victory their noble deed repaid;

Dim was the claymore's glittering shine, ere yet
the ridge was crowned,
Dear was the the victory bought where thick the
tartan strewed the ground !

The lion rampant o'er them waves, sons of the
snow-capped North,
Whose gallant deeds this day but show the kilted
soldier's worth ;
Where'er the roll-call of the brave is read, their
deathless fame
On Dargai heights, for aye is linked with the
gallant Gordon's name.

Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins," sair are
eyes to-day,
For wives and mithers mourn the lads whom war
hath swept away.
"Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins," Auld
Scotia's heart beats high,
She sent them with her blessing, to conquer or to
die !

ALICE C. MACDONELL,

London,

Of Keppoch.

SCENES FROM "OSSIAN'S POEMS."

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MOYR SMITH.



"But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, his sword lopped off his head.
The son of Morni shook it thrice by the locks."—OITHONA.

GEORGE MACKENZIE MUNRO, LONDON



THE subject of this sketch is a true son of *St. Duthus*, having been born in the ancient and royal burgh of Tain, Ross-shire, thirty-three years ago. Educated at the Tain Royal Academy, Mr. Munro, after a preliminary training in Scots law, crossed the Tweed at the early age of seventeen, on the recommendation of the late Sir John Pender, the "Cable King," who was such a staunch friend to all Highlanders, and entered one of the commercial offices in London presided over with such conspicuous success by that pioneer of ocean telegraphy, and other kindred enterprises. Transferred after some time to the head offices of the Eastern Telegraph Company, Mr. Munro acquired commercial training in the various departments of that gigantic enterprise with its world-wide ramifications, so that when Colonel Gouraud (Mr. Edison's then European representative) early in 1888 applied to Sir John Pender for someone to undertake the commercial management of the then unknown "latest phonograph," Mr. Munro was appointed to the position, and is still connected with the exploitation of Mr. Edison's inventions in this country. The wonderful "talking machine," which is now becoming so universally used in commercial circles as a competent stenographer, was early utilized by Mr. Munro for the purpose which he always had in view—the preservation by its means of the "folk-lore, language, and traditions of the Highlands of Scotland," in *viva voce* form by leading living exponents. Indeed in Mr. Munro's hands the phonograph early in its career received its first Gaelic lesson, and successfully accomplished, at the first time of asking, the singing before a crowded meeting of the London Ross and Cromarty Association, the well-known Gaelic air "*Ho ro mo nighèan donn bhoidheach*." Of late years the tendency, unfortunately, has been to let the old traditions and the language of the Highlands die out, but now that the fleeting sound can be stored up and preserved for "generations yet unborn," a "Library of Highland Voices" is an accomplished fact, and already some of the old and quaint Gaelic songs, as so excellently rendered by Ex-Ballie Stuart of Inverness and others, have been added to this unique "Library," as well as the actual "voices" of prominent Highlanders, which Mr. Munro has secured at various times. Even in far off Scourie, Sutherlandshire, the inhabitants are made acquaint with the phonograph and other

scientific inventions of latter days through Mr. Munro's instrumentality.

Mr. Munro takes a deep interest in all the Scotch Societies and Institutions in the Metropolis, and was for many years the Honorary Secretary of the London Ross and Cromarty Association.

THE RECORD OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

"MEN of the Gordon Highlander!"
Colonel Mathias loudly cries,
"At any needful sacrifice
The General's orders are, to take
Yonder position! His, we'll make it,
The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

THIS spirited address, such as in all ages inspired the brave and undaunted to deeds of danger, daring and valour, the gallant Gordons, as they were wont to do, responded with their usual alacrity, and a ringing cheer that echoed away up to the Dargai heights. That eager and manly cheer was instantly followed by the martial "war notes" of the Highland war-pipes playing the charge tune of the Gordons, which animated them to many victories, foreboding defeat to the awe-stricken and doomed Afridis, for on every field of fight where such a cheer and such music were heard, they portended victory to British arms at any cost, at any sacrifice. They were the "war notes" that ever cheered and inspired Highlanders in many a difficulty and danger, and in many a charge in the Peninsula, at Quatre Bras under the valiant leader, Fassifern, who there closed a glorious career; that made the regiment so remarkable for deeds of successful daring, winning for their Colonel many a gold medal, and for the regiment many a laurel; who at Waterloo, though only 200 strong, did not hesitate, at the word of command, to charge and overthrow ten times their number of Napoleon's choicest troops, with an audacity that confounded the French, hurling them over the ridge and down the slope to become the prey of their countrymen, the Scots Greys, eliciting from Napoleon, whose keen eye was upon them at the moment, the admiring expression "*Les braves Ecosais*."

The "wild war notes" heard by the Afridis at the foot of the Dargai heights, were the same as those which awakened and frightened the French, in the grey dawn of a rainy morning, at Arroyo-de-Molinos, and scattered a whole brigade, to the tune of "Johnnie Cope are ye waking yet," that animated the gallant Gordons



GEORGE MACKENZIE MUNRO

in the face of immense odds to climb the Puebla heights, on the morning of the battle of Vittoria, to win the ridge by the bayonet, and keep possession of it for many hours till that battle was won, which liberated Spain from the domination of Napoleon.

The heroism displayed by the 92nd at the Pass of Maya was such as to become the object of deserved admiration of the whole army, a "stern valour that would have graced Thermopylae." For ten mortal hours they resisted five times their number, and when reinforcements at last arrived the remnant of these brave warriors, in disobedience to orders, headed the charge that sent the enemy rolling down the Pass, to the tune of "The Haughs of Cromdale," one of the Colonel's favourite airs. The gallant Fassifern had three horses killed under him on this awful day.

The 92nd were the first to cross the Nivelle in spite of the stubborn resistance of the enemy, who could not stand the killed and plumed lads with the pipes, who this day won additional laurels.

At the Passage of the Nive they acquired great distinction, in fording the river breast deep and defeating a heavy column of the French. In fording the river, Cameron, being on horseback, took the hand of his favourite piper to help him through the strong current. A ball from the enemy killed him. Stooping down to help him, Cameron saw he was dead, and mournfully said the loss of twenty men would not be so severely felt by him as that of this one man. The 92nd for their gallantry this day had further honours conferred upon them and their Colonel.

From the Passage of the Nive on the 9th December, 1813, to the battle of St. Pierre on the 13th, the 92nd were fighting every day.

The battle of St. Pierre was one of the most desperate of the whole war. Wellington said he had never seen a field so much strewn with dead, 5000 men being killed and wounded in three hours upon a space of one mile square.

General Hill commanded. His corps being entirely separated from the remainder of the army, Soult saw a chance of crushing him before aid could be obtained. A thick December mist on the morning of the 13th enabled Soult to form his columns of attack unperceived by Hill; they were extremely formidable. With dauntless hearts the little British army beheld the imposing array; they knew they could not expect any aid till the day would be far gone. At 8-30 the sun broke forth. Soult attacked the British centre with artillery and strong columns of infantry, playing with such effect that the centre was seriously weakened. Seeing this the enemy pushed forward a deep and heavy

column, and advancing with great vigour in spite of a crushing cannonade that tore its front and flanks, drove back the Portuguese and the 50th regiment, and won the crest of the hill in the centre. Upon this the Gordons were ordered up from the reserve behind St. Pierre. That noble corps advanced, charging down the highway, clearing away the skirmishers on either side. The main body pushing onward met the shock of the French regiments which were advancing up the causeway right in front. Now came the tug of war, bayonet met bayonet, the pipers played their best and loudest. The French soon wavered, broke, and fled, their pace accelerated by the Gordon bayonets, which with the "mountain plumes" became a terror. Soult instantly advanced his heavy artillery 12 pounders on either side, the shot from which plunged through the flanks of the killed pursuers, while fresh regiments were brought up to arrest their advance. Despite all their valour the Gordons were unable to resist this accumulation of enemies; they were borne back fighting to their old ground behind St. Pierre. The centre regiments still held their ground, fighting desperately. This gave time to the doughty Gordons to reform. Then was seen in its highest lustre what can be effected in war by firmness and resolution. The gallant Cameron quickly reformed his gallant corps, and again led them forth down the highway, with colours flying and pipers lustily blowing. "This," says Napier, "was to understand war! The man who in that moment, immediately after a repulse, thought of such military pomp, colours flying, and national music playing, as if going to a review, was by nature a soldier!"

At this the skirmishers on the flanks again rushed forward, but they were driven back, and the Gordons again charged down the highway at a rapid rate, until they met a dense, solid column of the enemy, marching up in all the pride of victory. For a while the dense mass stood firm a shock with crossed bayonets seemed inevitable. The fierce looks of the Gordons terrified the French, who suddenly wheeled about and retired across the valley to their original position.

In the first advance Cameron's horse had been shot under him, the sudden fall so completely entangling him as to disable him for a moment. His faithful servant, a foster brother, Ewen MacMillan, was soon at his side. A Frenchman rushed on Cameron with his bayonet, but MacMillan soon transixed him, liberated his master and led him forward till he reached his men, then suddenly turning round, he ran back through a hail of bullets to the dead horse, cut the girths and hoisting the saddle on his shoulders, rejoined his comrades, who laughed at him for his extraordinary performance. He

exclaimed, "They may have the carcase, but de'il the Frenchman shall sit in Cameron's saddle."

In all the operations of Hill's division, no regiment was more constantly engaged than the Gordon Highlanders. At Hilleet, and on the summit of Garris, they fought with their accustomed resolution and bravery. Here they lost the gallant Seton, who led them in the last charge in the bloody Maya Pass, but it was at Arriverette, on the banks of the Gave-de-Mouleon, they particularly distinguished themselves. Their Colonel, Cameron, was ordered to make a demonstration at some distance up the river, to induce the enemy to withdraw part of their force from the bridge by which it was requisite for the division to cross, and which the enemy held in great strength. Cameron asked permission to turn this feint into a real attack should he see the opportunity. This discretion was granted. Discovering a fordable place, he and his gallant men plunged into the river, under a storm of shot from the French. He attacked the village of Arriverette which was strongly held by the enemy, and rapidly routed them out of it. Without a moment's hesitation he ordered his men to face about, led them to the bridge-head, and by an impetuous charge drove the whole of the enemy from it, thus enabling the whole division, with its artillery and stores, to cross the river by the bridge.

For this splendid achievement Cameron and his Gordons received additional laurels from their King.

At the battle of Orthes, Wellington, by splendid generalship, bravely seconded by his gallant troops, gained a complete victory. Here Cameron and his men were foremost in the fray, and were again rewarded by a grateful sovereign.

The following week the French were found by Hill in front of the town of Aire, occupying a steep ridge, a very strong position. Hill determined to attack it at once, sending forward a Portuguese brigade, trained and commanded by British officers. On this occasion they did not show the valour they often displayed. They gave way, and the battle was on the point of being lost, when Hill ordered Cameron with his Highlanders, and the fighting 50th, to advance to the rescue of the Portuguese, restore the battle, and dislodge the enemy. The charge by these two fighting regiments was so fierce, so vehement, that nothing could withstand it; the stream of fight was at once turned, and Byng's brigade coming on in support, the French fled, pursued into the town, but were quickly driven out of it, and Aire was in Cameron's possession, with all its military stores and provisions. Further honours were conferred on Cameron

and his gallant companions for this splendid service, by a grateful country.

Cameron and his men held the town for several weeks. On their departure for Toulouse. Cameron, at the head of the Highlanders, had the honour of receiving from the Mayor and principal inhabitants an address, expressive of their gratitude to him and his regiment for the maintenance of discipline by which the town had been saved from plunder, violence, and destruction.

The preceding is a resumé of the exploits of the Gordon Highlanders in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. "The storming of Dargai" is simply the modern complement of what the old Gordons had done in past times.

Hereford

JOHN MACKAY.

PECULIARITIES OF THE REAY COUNTRY DIALECT.*

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

THE Reay country occupies the north-west portion of Sutherlandshire, and comprises the four parishes of Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachilles. From Cape Wrath, its western extremity, to Strathly Point, near its eastern boundary, is a distance of about forty miles; while it extends inland some twenty-four miles on an average.

Its remote position might lead one to suppose that its Gaelic dialect should be characterised by two things, the preservation of archaic forms, and comparative purity of diction. There is some truth in the first supposition, but with regard to the second, it is far otherwise. Quite a large number of English words, but slightly disguised, is in common use, and the inflections are mostly disregarded by the rising generation. Such expressions as *latia beautiful*, *gille gle ehleer*, are common, particularly on its Caithness side; and the disappearance of grammatical forms may be judged from our toleration of *thug mi leis e*, for *thug mi leam e*; *tional na caoirich*, for *nan caorach*. The present century is responsible for many of our corruptions, but there is every reason to believe that our dialect presented a good deal of foreign material from early times. A brief glance at the history of the place may help us in accounting for this, and will, at any rate, enable us to anticipate some of its leading peculiarities.

* Contributed to the recent Mòd at Inverness.

1.—It may be as well to state at the outset, that we are dealing with the dialect of a purely Goidelic district. Of the *Pits* and *Abers*, so common on Pictish ground, we have not a trace. In this respect, we present a remarkable contrast to the south-east portion of Sutherland, where these are common. The inference is inevitable, that the Reay country lay to the north and west of the line which separated the Brythonic and Goidelic elements. In this way, we may expect to find the dialect presenting more affinities to the Gaelic of Argyle and Ireland than to some of its nearer neighbours geographically. So far as any light has yet been shed on the early condition of Scotland prior to Macbeth, it would appear that there were two large provinces in North Scotland, or Pictland—the provinces of Moray and Catt. The latter extended from the Oykel to Caithness included. Both from topography and language, it may be fairly proved that the Reay country did not form any part of the district of Catt. It is not Pictish, but Goidelic; and so far as language, place-names, and morals are concerned, it must be viewed as a continuation of the Scots-Irish province of Argyle. This fact, we believe, is the real explanation of the divergence of the Reay country dialect from the other Northern dialects, in the case of the main test-sound (*é* into *eu*, and not into *ia*). We shall presently see how in regard to this sound, it must be classed with Argyle.

2.—The Norse occupation is responsible for a great deal of the foreign material in Scottish Gaelic; and judging from place-names, no part of the mainland, except Caithness, presents clearer evidence of their presence than the Reay country. Our proximity to Orkney accounts for this, and the name by which the district is known in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, is the “Dales of Caithness,” meaning, no doubt, the three or four principal straths, the Halladale, Strathly, Naver, and Strathmore valleys. *Kata-nes* extended to Cape Wrath; *Sudrland* embraced the modern *Cataobh*, or south-east Sutherland.

3.—In accounting for the larger foreign element in our district, one must not forget the proximity of Caithness, where a Teutonic race lived continuously from the ninth century. For the most part, it is true, that the *Gael* of the Reay country had little dealings with the *Gall* of Caithness (cp. proverbial saying—An Gallach glan, Smior a' choin: a real Caithnessian, a real dog); still in the course of centuries, more than blows were exchanged. More than three centuries ago, a Caithness colony planted themselves in the Reay country, in Strathly and Strathnaver, and played no inconsiderable part in the politics of the day, rejoicing in the name of Clan Gunn. The presence of a bilingual race in our midst

from such early times must have had no small influence upon our dialect.

4.—Account must also be taken of the gradual absorption of English words, through trade, army, law, and church. Of course, every district in the Highlands borrowed from these sources; but it is safe to say that nowhere did the army exert so much influence as in the Reay country. The martial spirit of the Mackays was called forth early by the part their chief took in the wars of the Continent. There was hardly a family in the district which had not one or more sons in the army, and this state of matters continued until the disbanding of the Reay Fencibles in the present century. It was thus, no unusual thing, 150 years ago, to hear a Reay countryman speak of *kissay* for *póg*, *comrad* for *companach*, *bell* for *clag*, words which did not become current elsewhere for a century afterwards. So far, then, as the preservation of a pure dialect is concerned, the remoteness of the district was no safe-guard against the pacific invasion of the foreigner.

Scottish Gaelic has two main dialects, a Northern and a Southern. The dividing line runs up the Firth of Lorn to Loch Leven, thence from Ballachulish to the Grampians, and thence along that range. The Southern dialect is the *literary*, is more Irish, and has better preserved the inflections. The chief distinction between the two appears in their treatment of *é* derived from compensatory lengthening. This *é* becomes in the North *ia*, in the South *eu*. Thus *seud*, *feur*, *breug*, of the South become *siad*, *fiar*, *brìag* of the North. As already stated, the Reay country dialect is an exception among the Northern dialects in respect to this test sound. We pronounce them as in Argyle. The few instances where we take *ia* prove nothing, for they are found to be instances where *ia* is general North and South; as *ciad*, *diag*.

The following groups shew how we stand in regard to the *é* sound:—

1.—When *eu* is flanked by *m*, there is no difference between the Northern and Southern. *Fèum*, *geum*, *leum*, *ceum*, *teum* are similarly pronounced in both dialects.

2.—We agree with the South in the following instances:—*seul*, *fear*, *breug*, *mend*, *leus*, *geug*, *fèuch*, *reul*, *beuc*, *ceus*, *gleus*, *eud*, *seun*, *eun*, etc., also in *dean*, *do*; *meathon*, *middle*; *eudach*, *jealous*.

3.—When *eu* is flanked by *l*, we agree with neither: *beul*, *sgeul*, *neul* become *beàl*, *sgeàl*, *neàl*, where the sound of *ea* is equivalent to that heard in *U'fhearr* (better). *Reul* seems to be an exception to the rule, as we have it in the plural *reultan* as in the South.

It should be stated that in the case of some of them our *eu*-sound is *deener* and *closer* than

eu of the South. Thus *breug* is sounded like *braig*, that is, like *ai* in English *pain*.

The above lists are not meant to be exhaustive, but enough is given to prove that our dialect follows the literary, as opposed to the Northern dialects, in regard to the main sound.

2.—Another distinction between North and South is the freer and opener sound of *ao* in the Southern dialect. In the North it has a thinner sound like *ee*. Here again the Reay country sides with Argyle. We pronounce *laogh*, *maol*, *caobh*, *gaol*, etc. exactly as written. Only two cases occur to me where we have a tendency to attenuate; *saoghal* and *fuadaidh*. *Aobhar* (reason, cause) is heard with the freer, open sound in both dialects, but we have an alternative *over*; the reason being that we vocalise *bh* into *u*; *aobhar* stands for *adhbar* O. I. *adbar*; hence our *over*.

3.—Diphthongisation is another feature of the Northern dialect, but not so good a criterion, as it is well known in the South. Thus *a. o.* (never long *a* and long *o*.) turn into *au* and *ou* in certain combinations. Examples are *bounn*, *rann*, *lom*, *cam*, *am*, into *bounn*, *raunn*, *loun*, *caum*, *aum*. This feature is true of the Reay country. But when *a* is flanked by *rn* as in *carn* (cart) we do not diphthongise as they do in some Northern districts.

The conclusion is, therefore, irresistible, that, so far as the test sounds are concerned, we must place the Reay country dialect with that of the South.

(To be continued).

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "Celtic."

 HAPPY, prosperous New Year
Be thine, my friend Mackay,
To interest, amuse, and cheer
The Gael both far and nigh.

Unfailing health to wield the pen,
In trusty helpers, strong,
O'er land and sea, through strath and glen
To send the tale and song.

The "Celtic's" pages to adorn
With portrait, crest, and shield,
And flags with sword and bullet torn
On rampart, dun, and field.

Again to man the castle wall,
The galley to unmoor,
And vanished clansmen leal recall
To tread the glen and moor.

From selfish hearts grown hard and cold
To strike old Highland fire,
And tongues whose only theme is gold,
With nobler theme inspire.

To strike heart-strings unstruck long,
The trammelled tongue to free,
With story, lullaby, and song,
Heard on our mother's knee.

To hold the Celtic banner high
With courage and "strong hand,"
Though dark at times may be the sky,
And wrapped in mist the land.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

A VISION OF YULE.

 WAS listening to the bells on Christmas morning.

As fast from my lattice fled the shades of night,

While in that all hallowed hush of happy dawning
Pealed aloud the birthday carols of delight.

And I thought of how through ever changing ages
That changeless symphony had re-echoed still,
"Peace on earth" as sang the angels, shepherds,
sages,

"Glory unto God and unto men goodwill."

And as there I lay, my eyes all idly ranging
O'er the grey spired churches to the clouds like snow,

Swift I seemed to see the heavenly canvas changing
To a sordid likeness of the world below.

I beheld cold Capital in haste progressing
Heedless o'er the trampled flower of simple faith,
In dark anguish rueing, tho' in joy possessing,
For the Wage of Sin is Death, the Scripture
saith.

O! I saw pale Hope, with hands uplifted, pleading
"As ye did unto these, 'twas unto me,"
And I saw proud Dives in rich luxury feeding,
With the hungry Lazarus dying at his knee.

O! I heard the sound of little children weeping,
And upon my ear thus fell a woman's sigh,
And I saw man bowed in Labour's bitter reaping,
While still Moloch's Cheaper! Cheaper! was the cry!

And I moaned alas! O! God! where is the glory
Of that Hymn of Praise which sang the Saviour's birth?

For goodwill to man is but a mythic story,
And there never *can* be "Peace upon the earth."

Then methought the golden Bethlehem rose before
me

Bathed in a bright aureola on high,
And the Holy Christ-child stood there beckoning
o'er me

To the crimsoned Cross which stretched from
earth to sky.

And I heard His sweet voice saying "Christian
fear not,

For the Right shall prove a weapon very strong,
And upon that Day when Doubt shall see or hear not,
It shall break at last the cruel steel of Wrong."

MAVOR ALLAN.



MAJOR ALEXANDER M^CBEAN.



MRS. ALEXANDER M^CBEAN

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MAJOR ALEXANDER McBEAN, J.P.,

MAYOR OF WOLVERHAMPTON.



WE have pleasure in presenting our readers with the portraits of Major Alexander McBean, J.P., Mayor of Wolverhampton, and of Mrs McBean, the Mayoress.

The Mayor, who was born on April 12th, 1854, and is therefore forty-three years old,

comes of a Haddingtonshire family, whose ancestors migrated south from Inverness-shire after Culloden. His father, Captain Thomas Hamilton McBean, served for many years in the "Scots Greys," and was with the gallant old regiment throughout the Crimean war. His grandfather, John McBean, was an officer in the Berwickshire Militia, and during the embodiment of that force in the early days of the century, had considerable service in different parts of the kingdom.

His grandmother's family—the Matthews—was one of leading position in East Lothian. One of her brothers and one of the last of the family, Mr. Alexander Matthew, Writer to the Signet, Haddington, was a gentleman of high standing and much respected in his profession. Another brother, who died in early life, was also a W.S.

On the maternal side of the house, our friend has an Irish connection, his mother, who is still happily living, being the daughter of the

Rev. Thomas Taylor, M.A., of Ballinure, County Wicklow, and afterwards of Kingston, Canada. Of his mother's family, while those on the paternal side followed the profession of the church, those on the maternal were soldiers, several of them distinguishing themselves in the service of their country.

Lieutenant Robert Hughes of the 30th Regiment, great-uncle of the subject of our sketch, fought in the Peninsular war, for which he received the medal and four clasps, was afterwards severely wounded at Waterloo, and eventually commanded the 1st West Indian Regiment. He reached General's rank, and died in 1855. Another great-uncle, John Hughes, who as a young doctor had gone to France and served in its army during the stirring Napoleonic wars, was also in that great decisive battle of the world (Waterloo), on the side of his adopted country. The family history relates that the two brothers met on the field, but as brothers and not in combat. Three other great-uncles were officers in the British army and saw much service.

His father's untimely death, while still in the army, having changed the family fortunes, Major McBean, as a young man in his teens, had to sketch out his own career. The family having settled in Birmingham, where he partly received his education, he went to Wolverhampton and entered the offices of a leading iron merchant firm, being in time taken into partnership while quite a young man of twenty-four. Three years later, on a dissolution of partnership, he founded his own business of an iron and steel merchant. Mr. McBean is well and popularly known in all the iron trade districts of the country, and has important business connections with most of them. He occupies a leading position in the trade, and is one of the best known men on the Birmingham Iron Exchange.

Mr. McBean is a member of the Council of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, and was President in 1896, an office he filled with dignity and credit.

Being thoroughly in sympathy with, and very popular amongst his "Brither Scots," the Mayor was in 1895 '96 President of "The Burns' Club," and has for several years taken an active part in the anniversary dinners.

As a citizen soldier, he has served for many years in the 3rd Volunteer Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment, and holds the rank of Major. His military instincts have made him a very keen and efficient officer, most popular with officers and men alike, as also with the Staffordshire Infantry Brigade. The Major is a fine, tall, stalwart man, with all the bearing of the soldier.

A member of the Masonic body, he has been

W.M. of two principal lodges in Wolverhampton, and is a past officer of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Staffordshire. He is also an honorary member of most of the Friendly Societies.

In politics, he has taken a very prominent part on the Conservative side for some years, has been one of the leaders of the local party, and is Vice-President of the Conservative Association.

In December, 1896, Mr. M'Bean was raised to the Magisterial Bench. In his municipal life, Mr. M'Bean was elected to the corporate body in 1890, and has always had the goodwill of his brother members of the Council. This was particularly evidenced when in October last he was unanimously invited to accept the



TYNINGHAME—SEAT OF MAYOR ALEXANDER M-BEAN

position of Chief Magistrate of the Boro', such invitation receiving the equally unanimous approval of the citizens. A great deal might be said in regard to his many public acts, but knowing the Mayor's modesty in such matters we refrain from referring more fully to them here.

The Mayoress, who is a Leicestershire lady, is of a graceful and pleasing presence and is very popular in the community. Altho' of rather retiring disposition, she has shown herself in sympathy with all philanthropic objects, and will no doubt in such directions, as in all others, be a real helpmate to her husband during his official life. Mrs. M'Bean, altho' not from the land

beyond the Tweed, is intensely Scotch in her sentiments.

The Mayor and Mayoress, who live at Tyninghame, Tettenhall, have a young family of two sons and four daughters, the elder son, Alexander Hamilton, a cadet of Malvern College, being articled to a legal firm in Birmingham, and is the Hon. Secy. of the Birmingham Law Students' Society.

Wolverhampton, the Metropolis of the so-called Black Country, is a town of great iron steel and hardware manufacturing reputation, its productions being known in all the distant markets of the world. Wolverhampton has a population in its Municipal Boro' of nearly

100,000, and in its Parliamentary Boro' of about 180,000, and sends three members to the House of Commons.

We are glad to claim the Mayor of Wolverhampton as a countryman, a worthy representative of the ancient Clan Chattan, and wish him good luck and God speed in the position of dignity and importance he has attained to in his adopted town—the highest position his fellow-citizens could bestow on him.

UNTO THE HILLS.

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

I.—THE FOUR PILLARS OF THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

WHEN I have elsewhere spoken of the country life of Highlanders a hundred years ago as a pleasant, peaceful, and rational condition when compared with their life in the back streets of Glasgow to-day, I have been several times taken to task by enthusiastic admirers of 19th century ways, as a fanciful praiser of the past, but if these advanced and critical persons will take pains to look a little more closely into the circumstances, employments, and habits which I have ventured to praise, they will find that these belong properly neither to the past nor to the future, but are in reality permanent conditions of human existence, whether in the Highlands or outside of them, without which the healthy continuance of the race, not to speak of its advancement, is simply impossible. We are so accustomed to confuse the notion of progress with the superstitions of our own time that we are apt to forget how progress may be made in many directions, as well as straight on into good health or good humour; but if instead of moving forward unto pleasant places our lines of advance end either at a blank wall or in a blind alley, we may as well perhaps think twice before glorifying so loudly the light railways, the motor cars and bicycles, that have brought us rapidly into the regions of dreary sights and disgusting smells, and judge fairly of the scribblers and talkers who want us in their own interest to clap our hands over the general mud-pie and call it, as the poor little street ruffians do, a plum pudding. But what is the use, ask the disinterested critics and the philanthropic clergymen, of fighting against the established state of things? why simply the certainty that it will some day be dis-established! Glasgow and Dundee exist and smell, and if it is necessary for some of us to live in Glasgow or Dundee, is it not better, they ask, to try and be as contented as we can in them. To amuse ourselves with concerts, and theatres, and technical colleges and bazaars (I stick at

the technical colleges and bazaars—but of them presently)! Then on "Sabbath" when the bells all toll and the very abomination of grey desolation settles upon the city, can we not go to one of the fine new spick and span churches and hear tell of the bright sunshine in heaven? As Paddy Docherty said about Purgatory we might say about cities, the visit is compulsory, since we may as well whistle over it, but my object in writing these papers is to advise you to make the visit as short as possible, and remember what Calum beg said to the pious Mr. Cruickshank, that Sabbaths of that sort "don't come above the Pass of Bally Brough."*

I am not going to enter here into the causes why the Highland people left the glens and came to live in the black holes called cities, these causes are many and complicated, and it is more than useless at this time to fall into recriminations regarding them. What is needful is to restore to some of their children by slow and sure steps the blessings of the old hill life. But first of all it is needful for them to believe that this life is better worth having than the one they now lead in Maclean Street or the Cowcaddens!

All cannot of course live in the Highlands, but by a return to simpler, warmer ways, and above all by the restoration and increase of country handicrafts, many more can do so than for the last hundred years past, and as the hand begins once more to remember its cunning the heart will glow with its former fire. While for those who remain in the streets the spirit of the hills may so stir in them as to cause doghole and pavement to be blown up, planted round and altogether transmogrified. More wonderful changes by far have been wrought in times when the great tide of sympathy flowed as it begins to flow again to-day.

Such changes of feeling as we here contemplate are not effected by individuals, neither can they be effected in a day or in a year, perhaps not even in twenty, fifty, or a hundred years. Though effected some day they must and will be by nature herself, both here and in other lands, if we are not to degenerate again into glutinous creatures resembling the primitive amoeba, or whatever the sticky-thing was that the Vivisectors say we were first squeezed out of. A fish, even country people know, can't live long out of water, nor a cow on a whinstone rock, and a man can't live long, like one of the hardy old Christian Saints tried to do, perched far from the sinful earth on the top of a column (to get out of the way of civilization, by the bye), nor yet can men, women or children live for many generations upon the lesser elevation of paving stones, for the good old gentleman had the

* See the great story of Waverley.

advantage of myriads of cubic miles of fresh air and possibly rather too much sunshine and rain, but the free and enlightened citizen is cut off from all the four elements at once. From the earth by "granolithic" slabs, from sun by chimney tops and smoke, from the dirty rain that might even less refresh him a little by a "topcoat" or one of Mr. Joseph Wright's umbrellas, while in the gaunt barns built by the School Board for the torture of his offspring the unrefreshing breezes from Tennant's stalk are measured out by a compulsory standard of cubic feet. In the old fashioned cottage schools of the Highlands managed to keep a crowded little room six foot square, full of eighteen year old lads, fresh by leaving the door half open, or taking a divot from the top of the wall, and they called it airing. But I suppose its some compensation for the admission of so large and accurately proportioned a quantity of stench to have freely given with it the long loved supposition—like the bogus presents which beguile unwary housewives to buy a large quantity of unsaleable tea at Mr. Cutemout's store of wholesale adulterations. What those estimable persons, whom an old and dear friend of mine in the Highlands aptly calls Cemetery Inspectors, would think of these heretical convictions of mine I dare not even figure to myself, and I am afraid we should hardly please them better when we come to deal a little more in detail with each of the four ministering elements of earth, air, fire, and water, which are the foundation and corner pillars of our house of mortal life, and if any one of them is weak or wanting that house cannot stand steady. But it is Christmastide and our thoughts are of warm corners, and of fair buildings, in flesh and in stone, not of three stories of rotten brickwork supported on a bar of cast iron and a sheet of plate glass: for though I hope that the gloomy Sabbaths and the "black fasts" will keep on the other side of of the Pass of Bally Brough, we would many of us welcome a few of the old festivals back again, with their sweet memories and their good cheer. Don't put down the magazine in wrath and cry "Hush ye Roman Catholics!" as some of our very Protestant countrymen do when they are overheated and want to find a more scorching epithet than "dirty trash." My Catholicism concerns itself with the permanent treasure hid in the depths of the dear old world everywhere, especially in the hill countries, though I see no reason for excluding the seven hills of old Rome since they they also are in the world. But when Donald who studied at the Technical College and Dugald from Barra, were tasting at Maclachlan's down by the Broomielaw, and Donald asked Dugald for what

he called a ferry serious opinion, "Whether was a bum-bee a beast or a bird?" Dugald just told him gravely "that he should be quate, and no speak of religious questions over a dram." So I won't interrupt you if you are for taking your wee drop toddy and having your Christmas Ceilidh somewhere on the South Side, only if you go over to the window to look at the night and wonder if the moon is shining also in the wee hollow below the peat stack far over at the back of Skye, where once you did a bit of courting, my spell has begun to work, and we will speak easier together next time, though I haven't, to my ill luck, got too much of the Gaelic. And before you go will you take this little verse for a Christmas Card, which I give to all my friends, since it carries just a far away breath of the things that the Ethiopian and uncivilized wild tribes still sometimes want to get nearer to.

"A Beautiful Babe once brought to earth
A secret all divine,
The wondrous love of the Father hid
In our common bread and wine;
Then on the Air, which the morning brings,
Was felt the brooding of soft white wings,
The living Water on every well
Enshrined a wonder too deep to tell;
From depths of darkness in mother earth
The Fire creative leaped forth to birth,
The Four shone forth as when God began
To fashion fair bodies for beast and man;
But from the world in our wintry day
That lovely secret has passed away.
Come back Baby! the world is old,
Come back Baby! its love grows cold,
Come back! bringing the days of gold,
The simple shepherds shall find thy bed,
And even wise men may at last be led
To the heart of the Little Child!"

"Nollaig mhath dhuibh."

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Of Barbreck.

WHAT I WOULD BE.

I'd be the brightest golden lock
Upon your snow-white brow,
I'd be the sweet look in the eyes
In dreams that haunt me now.

I'd be the sunniest, fairest thing—
Fair as the heavens are fair!
That I might seem as sweet to you,
As you to me, Miss Clare.

Norway.

A. STEWART MACGREGOR.

DR. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH has very generously offered to defray the cost of matriculating the Arms of the town of Inverness; and also to present the ancient stone dial of the burgh, if a suitable site is provided by the Council.



LIEUT.-COLONEL LACHLAN MACPHERSON.

COLONEL MACPHERSON OF GLENTRUIM.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LACHLAN MACPHERSON of Glentruim, in the County of Inverness, is the representative of an old and well-known family of Macphersons, closely allied to the family of the Chief. He is descended from Donald Macpherson of Noid (or Nuide) who in 1635 married Isobel, a daughter of Alexander Rose of Clova, and was the common ancestor of the following families of Macphersons, viz : Cluny, Ralia or Glentruim, Blairgowrie, Belleville, and the Macphersons of Philadelphia. On the death

in 1722, without male issue, of Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, the Chief of Clan Chattan, he was succeeded in the chiefship by his cousin and heir male, Lachlan (a grandson of Donald of Noid), great-great-grandfather of Brigadier General Macpherson of Cluny, the present Chief, and great-great-grand-uncle of Colonel Macpherson.

Lachlan Macpherson, last of Ralia—the Colonel's grandfather—possessed great influence in Badenoch, and was for a long period a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of Inverness shire. On the tombstone erected to his memory in St. Columba's Churchyard, Kingussie, he is described as a man "who feared God and honoured the King, and like a true Highlander



GLENTRUIM HOUSE.

was devoted to his Chief." He had a large family, and three of his sons by distinguished bravery and enterprise rose to positions of rank and affluence.

Ewen, a Major of the 42nd Madras Native Infantry, amassed a considerable fortune, out of which he purchased from the trustees of the last Duke of Gordon the estate of Glentruim in Badenoch, now possessed by his son, the subject of this sketch.

Duncan, a gallant officer, was a Captain in the 42nd Highlanders, and was severely wounded at Correlino in Batavia. He ultimately attained the brevet rank of Major.

James early distinguished himself by feats of surpassing gallantry and daring in the army,

which obtained for him the favour and patronage of the military authorities. At Badajoz he headed "the forlorn hope," and although severely wounded he slew the soldier guarding the French colours, hauled them down with his own hands, and substituted his red jacket on the crest of the enemy's citadel. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and the command of the Ceylon Rifle Corps.

On the maternal side Colonel Macpherson is descended from a brave and chivalrous family of Macphersons, his grandfather having married Grace, the eldest daughter of Andrew Macpherson of Banchor in Badenoch. The Macphersons of Banchor for a long time figured prominently in the history of the Central

Highlands. William and John Macpherson "in Benchar" were two of the Macphersons who, with the Chief at their head, joined in the expeditions of Montrose, and were (among others) appointed by the Provincial Synod of Moray in 1648, "in their own habit on their knees, to acknowledge their deep sorrow," etc.

Inheriting the military ardour of his ancestors Colonel Macpherson joined the 30th Regiment as Ensign in February, 1853, in the eighteenth year of his age. He landed in the Crimea on 14th September, 1854, was present at the battle of Alma; at the repulse of the *Sortie* of 26th October of the same year; at the battle of Inkerman; and served in the trenches throughout the siege of Sebastopol. He holds the Crimean medal with three clasps, the 5th class of the order of the "Medjidie," and the Turkish war medal. As a member of the Royal Company of Archers (the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland), he is a recipient of Her Majesty's Jubilee Medal, 1897.

In 1867 Colonel Macpherson married Catherine Louisa Miller, a daughter of Oliver Gourlay Miller of Ratho, in the County of Midlothian, by whom he has a family of four sons and two daughters. On the death of his brother Robert, without issue in 1868, he succeeded to the family estate of Glentruim. He has displayed so much good taste and judgment in the way of planting and otherwise improving the amenity of the estate that it is now universally acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and attractive residences in the Central Highlands.

Colonel Macpherson is an estimable and popular landlord. He is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of Inverness, and represents in the County Council the division of the parish of Laggan, in which Glentruim is situated.

Kingussie.

ALEXANDER MACPHERSON.

THE WIDOW'S CURSE.

WIDOW MACLENNAN was early in life bereft of her husband; and the croft which they occupied, along with many more, was added to an adjoining deer forest. She supported herself and her only child, Hector, by knitting and spinning. Her heart, as was natural to one in her circumstances, was filled with love of which a mother only knows the depth, for her child. As the long years passed on, and her bereavement lost its poignancy, a proud smile would sometimes light up her beautiful features as she saw Hector develop into a stalwart lad, full of the dash and daring of his race.

Their native glen was periodically visited by a blind piper, "Am Phiobaire Dall," a kind of latter-day minstrel who made his living by tramping from glen to glen; each cottage or farm-house he visited providing him with a guide until he reached the next. He was always welcome, and never lacked food or a bed wherever he went. Many a lively reel was danced on long winter evenings to the music of his pipes. In addition to his musical attainments he possessed a seemingly inexhaustible store of legend, song, and story, and many a tale of heroism and devotion connected with the risings of the "'15" and "'45." He could tell the part that the ancestors of the inhabitants of many of the glens he visited played in those stirring times, and young eyes flashed, and young hearts were fired as he told of the prowess of the great-grandfathers and great-grand-uncles of his hearers. None listened with more rapt attention to the blind piper than young Hector, whose ancestors were the bearers of the stag-embazoned banners of the High Chiefs of Kintail in many a stubborn and memorable fight. His mother's observant eye noticed this, and dreading after consequences, came to dislike the blind musician.

The love of sport, as characteristic of the Highlander as his love of adventure, one day got Hector into trouble. He went on a poaching expedition with "Alastair nan Damh," a famous old deer-stalker who had no scruples in breaking the game laws, and who looked with contempt on the southern sportsmen and their long retinues of gillies. While the two were creeping through the heather to get a shot at some deer they themselves were stalked by two foresters, and pounced upon just as they grassed a good stag. Their captors knew them, and could swear to their identity, so it was no use either fighting or running away. Summonses were served upon them to appear before the Sheriff at Dingwall, and this meant heavy fines or imprisonment. Before the day of doom dawned, however, Hector disappeared from the glen, and the first tidings heard of him came from Fort-George. He had enlisted in the 78th Highlanders.

His mother was unconsolable and seemed quite heart-broken. She would often sit by her cottage hearth for hours, after the untended fire had gone out, bewailing her absent Hector. Her sorrow at times would take the form of plaintive song, and to the tune of *Cumha Mhic-an-Toisich*, that she had learned in days gone by amongst her own clan on the banks of the Findhorn, she would in a low broken voice sing:—

Och nan och 's tursach mi
Och nan och 's tursach mi

Och nan och 's tursach mi
 'S Eachan air m' fhagail
 Tursach, 's gun fios domh
 Gun fios domh, gun fios domh
 Tursach, 's gun fios domh
 Am faic mi gu brath e.

The blind piper on one of his visits to the glen requested his guide to lead him to the widow's door that he might inquire about Hector, but the reception he got deterred him from calling again. Before he could utter a word, he was in a voice quivering with anger told to go away, and as he left the following malediction sounded in his ears:—"Mo mhallaichd agad, 's gum b' ann a bhios do theanga gu gheurr cho beag fèim ri do shùillean" (My curse be upon thee, and may thy tongue be soon as useless as thine eyes).

Hector meanwhile was not unmindful of his mother. Small sums of money saved out of his small pay found their way into her light purse. By nature a soldier, he was soon raised to the rank of sergeant. When the Crimean war began he longed for active service, but the 78th was not destined to take part in that struggle. Work, however, of quite as glorious a kind was in store for it. The roar of the cannon had hardly died away on the cold shores of Russia when the horrors of mutiny and massacre spread over the hot plains of India. The day of trial had come for the 78th, and the untiring feet, strong arms, and dauntless hearts of the sons of Ross-shire were equal to the test. As the brave fellows fought their way, after many a long hot march and struggle, through the streets of Lucknow to the relief of the beleaguered garrison, Hector, in one of the rushes made by the Sepoys where the streets crossed, got separated from his comrades. Before his assailants could close round him he sprang into an angle in the wall of one of the houses close by, and there defended himself. When his comrades came to his rescue seven dusky mutineers lay slain at his feet.

While Hector was thus acquitting himself far away, the mother at home had her long days and nights of fear and anxiety. She was often at the post office and manse in quest of news from India. One morning she saw the minister in haste approaching her cottage, waving a newspaper over his head. In he came with outstretched hand, and words of cheer and congratulation. Taking a seat he translated into Gaelic from the paper he held in his hand the news of the relief of Lucknow, and the endurance and valour of "Havelock's glorious Highlanders," but not until the anxious mother heard of the safety and valour of her son, of which there was special mention, did she breathe freely.

But the quelling of the mutiny was not yet accomplished, and in the course of the stirring events that followed the relief of Lucknow Hector got promoted step by step, until he attained the rank of captain. The generalship of Sir Colin Campbell at length overcame all opposition from the mutineers, and the surviving heroes of the 78th reached their natives shores.

The inhabitants of Hector's native glen got quite excited when they heard that the runaway stripling would, in a few days, be amongst them as a captain and hero, whose prowess and valour was not a whit behind that of the strong and valiant men of old, who were supposed to have no latter-day equals. Hector would fain have quietly and unobserved reached his mother's cottage, but an enthusiastic crowd met him on the way. The blind piper and Alastair nan Dàn, both become very frail, were in the front of the crowd. When Alastair saw him whom he named "*Gaisgeach a ghlinn againn fìin*" (The hero of our own glen) coming, he told the piper to blow up with all the breath he had. The old musician made a gallant effort, and although his breath was short, and his hands tremulous, "*Caber Feidh*" once more rose from his chanter and resounded through the glen. The mother awaited the arrival of her son at the end of the path that led to her cottage, and the pent up love of years found vent as she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. And yet she felt that something was wanting. At length her eyes rested on the frail form of the blind piper, and she remembered that she had sinned. In presence of all who had gathered to welcome her son she asked for forgiveness, and then her cup of joy was full.

A. G. M.

SHINTY NOTES.—The grand old Highland game has received a new lease of life, in most parts of the Highlands it is quietly edging aside football, which has for so long a time absorbed attention. The association cup is the object round which camanachd energy is centred, the semi-final stage being now reached. The most exciting contest so far was that between the Glasgow Cowal and Inveraray, which resulted in a draw of 3 goals each. Inveraray have never suffered defeat for 20 years, but the Cowal men are intent upon playing to a finish, and a great game will take place when these sturdy opponents meet in front of the castle at Inveraray, on Saturday, 29th January. The other clubs likely to take part in the final for the cup are Kingussie, Beaulieu, Lovat, and Brae Lochaber. The expenses connected with travelling to play the matches are very heavy, and the clubs deserve the support of everyone desirous of seeing shinty become again the national sport of the Gael.—We have to thank Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh for a donation of £1 towards the funds of the Cowal club.

TALES OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY FIONN.

NO. II.—THE SAD SEA WAVES—

A TRAGIC STORY.

DOUBTLESS many of my readers have heard a sad and simple wail known as "*Tuireadh bean Mhic-an-t-saoir*"—or the wail of MacIntyre's wife. The tragic story associated with this plaintive air is also known to many, but strange to say it has hitherto proved impossible to localise the seat of the tragedy or to fix on the rock on which the poor woman perished. True in some versions of the words there is a verse which begins—"Mach Caol-ile hug ó," as if the tragic event described occurred somewhere about the Sound of Islay, but the wail and its story is known throughout the Western Isles, and each island claims it as its own although we have never heard who the villain of the piece was. But to the story. A young woman, to all appearance happily married and the mother of a young family, is visited by her younger sister who is unmarried. The husband falls in love with the sister-in-law. The two take counsel together, how to get rid of the wife, who never suspected the devotion of her husband or the perfidy of her sister. One day the unsuspecting wife leaves her children in charge of her sister and goes down to the shore to gather shell fish and dulse. Tempted by the lowness of the tide she ventures out further than usual, and at last finds herself on a rock of the sea which is only dry at low ebb, and at high water is completely covered. She rests on this rock during the heat of the noontide, and is fast lulled to sleep by the undulating waves that gently break on this sea rock. The husband and his guilty paramour observe the position of their victim and immediately proceed to take advantage of the situation. They proceed quietly to the rock and plait the abundant locks of the sleeping woman with the rock tangle. Having accomplished their evil work, they retire to some distance, the sister taking up a position at the nearest point on shore, to watch the result of their inhuman action. The woman on the rock awakes to find herself fast bound to the rock, while the tide is rapidly rising around her. She is only able to raise her head sufficiently to see her cruel sister sitting on shore a short distance from her, laughing at her calamity. It is at this stage that the song begins. I take the liberty of quoting a free rendering of the Gaelic words by the gifted "Nether Lochaber." They

appeared in the Inverness *Courier* many years ago.

A TRAGIC BALLAD.

Sister that sittest safe on land
(Alas, and woe is me!)
Come hither and reach me a friendly hand
(Cruel and cold is the sea).

For a drowning wretch some pity have;
Alas, and woe is me!
"No pity have I, nor help to save,"
Though cruel and cold is the sea."

For my children's sake have pity I pray,
Alas, and woe is me!
They'll break their hearts that their mother's
away
(Cruel and sad is the sea).

Two years and a day is the age of one,
(Alas, and woe is me!)
Of my babe's life not three months have run
(Cruel and cold is the sea).

For his mother's breast he'll weep and pine,
(Alas, and woe is me!)
"Twill yield him to-night but the salt sea brine
(Cruel and cold is the sea).

O tell my sad and woeful case
To my darling brothers three,
But hide it from my mother dear
Who nursed me on her knee!

Sad my heart and low my head
(Alas, and woe is me!)
Wet and slimy my grass-wrack bed,
In the cold and cruel sea.

Wet, indeed, my sea-wrack pillow
(Alas, and woe is me!)
Wet, with my tears and wet with the billows
(Cruel and cold is the sea).

* * * * *
Manacled fast are my hands in the tightening
folds
Of the slimy eel;
The great brown crab as it crawls and crawls
On my breasts I feel.

The Gaelic verses go on to say how a boat will come a distance on the morrow with her father and three brothers, and that they will find how she was drowned by the sad sea waves. The prose narrative which usually accompanied the song goes on to relate how the guilty pair denied all knowledge of the tragedy, but speedy retribution soon followed the guilty pair. One night a terrific thunderstorm swept over the district. The lightning struck the cottage in which they slept and killed them both. In the other end of the cottage slept the innocent babes of the victim of their cruel hate—unhurt amid the war of elements.

The following is the air, and some of the verses of the wail.

FIONN.

TUIREADH BEAN MHIC AN T-SAOIR.

KEY F. *Beating twice in the measure, slowly.*

{	: s		s : — : s		m : —	}
	A		phiuthar		ud thall,	
	O!		sis -		ter dear,	

{	: m		d! : — : d!		s : m	}
	Na		hùg		ò,	
	Now		safe		on land,	

{	: m		s : — : s		m : — : s	}
	An		cois		na	
	O		stretch		to me a	

	d : — : d		m : r	}
	Hao		ri,	
	Friend		ly hand,	

{	: m		r : — : d		d : —	}
	Na		hoir - inn		ò!	
	A		friend - ly		hand!	

Nach truagh leat mise, na hùg o,
 Bean 'ga bàthadh, hao-ri na hoirinn o,

Thig a nall, na hùg o
 Sin do làmh dhomh, hao-ri, etc.

Cha truagh, cha truagh, na hùg o,
 'S beag mo chàs dhiot, hao-ri, etc.

'Sin do chasan hùg o
 Fair do làmh dhomh, etc.

Feuch bheil agad, etc.,
 Buille snàmh, etc.

'S daor a cheannaich, etc.,
 Mi na bàirnich, etc.

An duileasg donn, etc.
 'Rinn mo bhàthadh, etc.

Mo thruaighe nochda, etc.,
 Mo chuid phàisdean, etc.

Fear dhiu bliadhna, etc.,
 'S fear a dhà dhiu, etc.

'S tha fear eile, etc.,
 An ceann an ràidhe, etc.

Iarraidh esan, etc.,
 Cìoch a mhàthar, etc.

Ach cha 'n fhaig e, etc.,
 Ach an sàile, etc.

* * * *

Beir fios uamsa, etc.,
 Gun thruir bhràithrean, etc.

Ach dean a cheileadh, etc.,
 Air mo mhàthair, etc.

'S dìnnch mo chluasag, etc.,
 'S dìnnch 's cha nàir dhi, etc.

Fliuch le m' dheoir, etc.,
 Is fliuch le sàile, etc.

An easgann fhuar, etc.,
 Na glais-lainn dhomh, etc.

'S am partan donn, etc.,
 A' streap ri m' bhràghad, etc.

Thig an t-eathar, etc.,
 'N so am màireach, etc.

Bidh m' athair ann, etc.,
 'S mo thriuir bhràithrean, etc.

Geibh iad mise, etc.,
 Air mo bhàthadh, etc.

HERO-LAND.

Dedicated to the various Highland regiments
 at present on foreign service.

Where tower the mighty Bens in mist clouds hiding
 Storm-beaten brows, wreathed with eternal snow,
 Like Titans o'er a mystic world presiding,
 Watching to guard its borders from each foe.
 Where deep, dark loch and noble river pouring
 Make music in the moorland desolate,
 'Neath beetling crag whence the fierce eagle soaring,
 Seeks on some dizzy ledge his fiercer mate.

In glen remote—on purple hillside clinging,
 On island lone—by wild Atlantic beach,
 There lie the homes of men whose deeds are ringing
 Through alien lands, proclaimed in alien speech.
 Oh Scotland! stern thy sons, yet ever ready
 To champion the right—the wrong defy,
 Rugged, but true as steel, and staunch as steady,
 Their simple creed, to conquer or to die.

Dear land of Ossian!—of song and story—
 Of dauntless deeds of valour done of yore—
 A newer fame is thine—a fresher glory
 Crowns thee, and marks thee honoured evermore.
 Oh Hero-land! for thee brave hearts are glowing,
 The passing souls to thee last greetings send;
 Heroes, from heroes sprung, thy sons are shewing
 Their sires' proud motto "Faithful to the end."

JANET A. MACCULLOCH.

NATIONAL SCOTTISH PETITION.—We have received from Mr. Theodore Napier a most interesting New Year Card, being a photograph of the great national petition which was recently presented to Her Majesty protesting against the use of the word "England" instead of Great Britain in official documents. It contains 104,647 signatures, and extends to over three quarters of a mile in length. It expresses what is really the sentiment of the whole people of Scotland on a very important subject.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

There are still a number of subscribers who have not yet remitted their subscriptions (4 - post free) for the present volume, and we trust they will now give this trifling matter their immediate attention.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of General Sir Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine, Bart.; Major John Bayne Maclean, Montreal, Canada; and Dr. S. Hamilton Shaw, Liverpool. Portraits of Lochiel, Lady Margaret Cameron, and Donald Walter Cameron, Yr. of Lochiel, will also appear.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—We beg to acknowledge receipt of a donation of £1 from Kaid Maclean, Morocco, towards the Maclean Pipe Band, which we have duly handed to the treasurer.—A largely attended meeting of the Association was held on the 13th ult., when Dr. Magnus Maclean delivered an interesting address on his recent visit to Canada. At the next meeting, on 13th inst., Dr. Samuel Maclean, V.P., lectures on "The Macleans of the Ross of Mull—the Race of the Iron Sword."

THE GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE GATHERING takes place in the Queen's Rooms, on 5th February, Provost Macbean, Inverness, in the chair. The Inverness Select Choir, under the leadership of Mr. Roddie, are to appear, and the whole proceedings promise to be very attractive. Messrs. James and Peter Grant have the arrangements in hand, and are leaving nothing undone to even surpass the success of last year's concert.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—A Grand Concert is to be held in the Waterloo Rooms, on Tuesday, 15th February, Mr. Alex. Mackay, Charing Cross, in the chair. The Carlton Choir (24 voices) are to appear. The tickets are only 6d. each, and we shall be glad to supply any of our readers who may wish to be present. A Dance (tickets 6d.) is to follow.—Mr. D. Murray Rose, to whose recent reflections upon the Mackays we made reference in our last issue, has broken out afresh in a northern paper. This opportunity of refuting his fallacious assertions was at once taken advantage of by a clansman, and a pretty mess he has made of him! The exposure Mr. Rose has received will put a curious complexion on his pretensions as an historical authority. He will be of opinion now that it is safer to slang the clan in his books, where he cannot be answered, than in the public press, where his statements are immediately controverted.

MR. GEO. MURRAY CAMPBELL OF SIAM has consented to preside at the Re-union of the members of the Glasgow County of Sutherland Association, in March.

THE HAWKEE'S BAY HIGHLAND SOCIETY, N.Z., is making splendid progress. At the last meeting, presided over by Chieftain Hector Mackenzie, assisted by Chieftain W. P. Stuart, Councillor J. Neilson delivered a stirring address on his recent visit to Scotland, in which he conveyed the friendly greetings of the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, and the other Highlanders whom he met during his travels. The next meeting is to be held at Hastings, where the members will receive a Highland welcome from W. P. Stuart, a Gael well-known in Gaelic circles in Glasgow some years ago.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF INVERCARGILL have started a society which has already met with the most encouraging success, and a grand social gathering is to be held to revive memories of *Tir nam Beann*.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, AND FERRIER, EDINBURGH, the well-known publishers of Scotch books, have just issued a most interesting catalogue of their publications for 1897-8. In it the titles of hundreds of attractive volumes are detailed, ranging in price from a few pence to the more substantial guinea. The works cover the whole field of literature, but to our readers the most interesting will be those which relate to Scotland, of which there is a large and varied selection. A glance at their advertisements, which appear each month in our pages, will give an indication of what this firm has done to popularise Scotch literature. Their "Famous Scots Series" is a marvel of cheapness.

THE CLAN CAMERON GATHERING takes place in the Queen's Rooms, on 3rd February, Lochiel in the chair. In our next issue we will give portraits of the Chief, Lady Margaret Cameron, and Mr. Donald W. Cameron, Yr. of Lochiel.

THE KINTYRE CLUB DINNER will take place in the Windsor Hotel, on 31st January, Mr. David Macdonald, the genial President of the Club, in the chair. It promises to be a very enjoyable gathering.

STRATHMORE CELTIC SOCIETY.—A most interesting paper on "The Characteristics of the Gael," by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, which is to be read at the next meeting of this Society, will appear in our March issue.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. V.—THE SHAWs.

Part IV—THE SHAWS OF ABERDEEN, PERTH,
AND THE ISLES, ETC.

UPON the loss of Rothiemurchus and scattering of the family, the descendants of James Shaw of Tullochgrue, I.—Allister Roy, son of Achnahatnich, and nephew of Allan Shaw, previously mentioned as VII. and last of Rothiemurchus, come to the front.

II.—James married one of the daughters of Robert Farquharson, first of Invercauld; his elder son, also

III—James, settled at Crathinard on Deeside, and married his cousin, once removed, the daughter and heiress of John MacHardy of Crathie. His son

III.—Duncan, the most renowned of his house, was born in 1653, and died in 1726. Duncan was twice married, first to Miss Forbes of Skellater, and secondly to Miss Farquharson of Coldrach. He was Chamberlain to the Earl of Mar, and among other appointments was Captain in the original Black Watch. By his second wife, Duncan had seven sons, James, John, Donald, Duncan, Allister, Farquhar, and William, also several daughters, one of whom was Grizel, married to Donald Farquharson, grandson of Brouchdearg. As all, except Donald, were married, leaving issue, the descendants of Duncan became very numerous, and to this day there are very many Shaws proud to consider themselves as the offspring of Duncan Shaw of Crathinard. I particularly mention Lieutenant-General David Shaw, Indian Staff Corps (Madras), retired, who claims, and with some reason, to represent Rothiemurchus, being fourth but eldest surviving son of David, third son of David, eldest son of Duncan of Crathinard. This distinguished officer has three sons, the eldest—David George Levinge Shaw, Captain, 1st Punjaub Cavalry, now serving on the East Indian Frontier, and one surviving brother, Doyle Money Shaw, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, C.B., for services at the Siege of Alexandria, with medals for the Crimea, China, and Abyssinia.

Five of Duncan's sons, viz., John, Donald, Allister, Farquhar, and William, were all out in the '45. For an account of Duncan's family (styled himself "Reim aon," or the man of power), reference is made to the late Rev. W. G. Shaw's work, he having been great-grandson

of Duncan of Brouchdearg above mentioned, the fourth son of Duncan of Crathinard. About 1710, Crathinard, having met with severe losses, had to sell his estate, which was purchased by Invercauld. He then removed to Glenisla, where he rented Crandard from the Earl of Airlie. His circumstances improving, Duncan wished to buy Crathinard back, but Invercauld would not part with it. This embittered Duncan's latter days, and forced him to remain in Glenisla, where he died, his grave being still pointed out. A *fac-simile* of General Hugh Mackay's license to Crathinard to carry arms, dated 26th June, 1690, is now given. It may

High Sheriff Major General
Commanor in Chief of the
Chetani forces of the Kingdom
of Siam and one of the
States of the Kingdom
Siam

I have a friendly informed acquaintance
 whose doubts are the doubts of a man who
 knows to believe himself loyal and upright
 to the present Government and true to his
 country and yet who possesses high
 notions of the station King William and
 Queen Mary
 His own hereditary nobility and nobility
 all sorts and sizes of these Whig ghosts
 to trouble or unsettle the Government and
 family towards or for and in showing
 spirit or nobility in any of his - 1840-1841
 good honest nobility or other nobility
 to them for the good of our country and
 good of the King at the time of the
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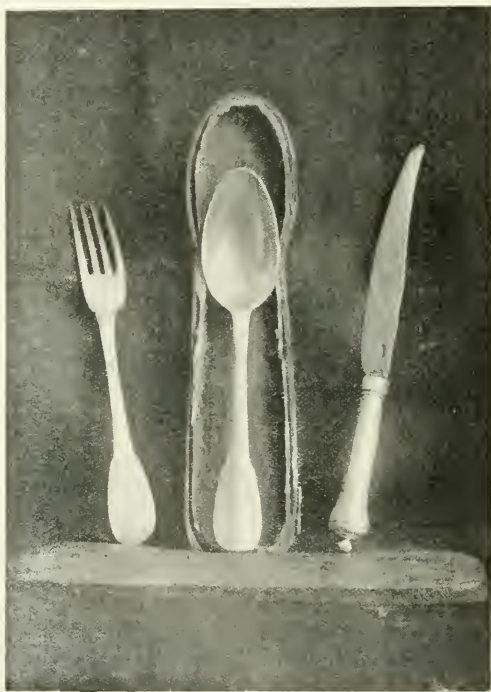
GENERAL MACKAY'S LICENSE TO CRATHINARD

be noted here that Crandard was long the possession of the MacComies, also a branch of Clan Chattan. Through

V—Duncan Shaw, of Balloch in Glenisla, fourth son of Crathinard, who was twice married, first to Miss Small of Dinnanear, and secondly to Miss Farquharson of Coldach, descended, with others, the family of whom the present Mr. Duncan Shaw, W.S., of Inverness, is a member, and as Mr. Shaw's family have again settled in Inverness-shire, where for nearly a century they have held honourable position, some account of Mr. Shaw's predecessors is given. Duncan Shaw of Balloch, fourth son of Duncan of Crathinard, both before mentioned, had four

sons and two daughters, of whom it is only necessary to mention his third son, VI.—William Shaw, who became proprietor of Dalnaglar, in Glenshee. William's eldest son, VII.—Duncan, sold Dalnaglar and left the district, having, about 1810, been appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Skye. Duncan married Anne, eldest daughter of Kenneth Macleod of Ebost, and through his grandmother's family Mr. Duncan Shaw has inherited the valuable

Prince Charlie relics, more particularly after referred to, and which he has kindly allowed to be copied for this work. After a residence of some years in Skye, Sheriff Duncan Shaw was transferred to the Long Island district of Inverness-shire, at same time filling the offices of factor to Lord Macdonald in North Uist, to Clanranald in South Uist, to Macneill of Barra, and on the estate of Harris. Sheriff Duncan Shaw resided at Nunton of Benbecula, and



PRINCE CHARLIE RELICS.

while there had the honour of entertaining Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum. This distinguished soldier was highly pleased with his reception in the Isles, and it is recorded that he was greatly taken with the beauty of one of the sisters-in-law of his host, Miss Macleod of Ebost, who happened to be at Nunton at the time. When South Uist was sold Sheriff Shaw removed to North Uist, to Sponish, near Loch-

maddy, where he died in 1844. Duncan Shaw was succeeded by his only son, VIII.—Charles, who in his youth passing as Writer to the Signet was appointed Chamberlain to Lord Macdonald at Portree, and afterwards settled in the Long Island, over which he was Sheriff-Substitute for forty years. After a long and honourable career, Sheriff Charles Shaw demitted office and took up his residence at

Inverness, where he died in 1885. He married Anne, eldest daughter of James Thomas Macdonald of Balranald, a family of long standing in Uist, leaving

IX.—Duncan Shaw, and several other sons and daughters. Mr Duncan Shaw is a member of one of the largest territorial and mercantile legal firms in the North, fills various public offices, and is an enthusiastic volunteer.

The knife, fork, and spoon (engraved), were in Prince Charles' daily use after the battle of Culloden and his wanderings in the Isles, and on 3rd July, 1746, were presented by him to

Dr. Murdoch Macleod of Eyre, younger son of the 8th Macleod of Raasay. Dr. Macleod gave them to his daughter, Miss Anne Macleod, and she presented this and other relics to her great-nephew, Sheriff Charles Shaw, and they now belong to his eldest son, the present Mr. Duncan Shaw. Prince Charles' portrait was given to Dr. Macleod at the same time by the Prince. The gold encasement was afterwards obtained by Dr. Macleod. The medallion of the Prince's mother, Marie Clementina Sobieski, was at the same time given. Mr. Shaw's sisters, in answer to enquiries connected with this book, mention



MEDALLION OF MARIE
CLEMENTINA SOBIESKI.



OBVERSE OF THE
SOBIESKI MEDALLION



PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

that they frequently heard their grandmother, Mrs. Duncan Shaw, a lady of singular acuteness and reliability, mention the facts connected with her grandfather Eyre, coming into the possession of these valuable relics.

Mr. Shaw married, in 1889, Elizabeth, daughter of George Gordon, Esq., and his eldest daughter, Katharine Douglas Gordon, born in 1889, is 9th in descent from James Shaw of Tullochgrue, nephew of the last Shaw of Rothiemurchus.

The descendants of Iver, youngest son of Alasdair, 3rd of Rothiemurchus, who removed

to the Isles, taking root in the Hebrides became numerous. I may refer to one family, that of Mr. Alexander Shaw, an influential merchant, banker, and magistrate of Inverness towards the close of last century. When the Macleod estates were being broken up, the Borony of Waternish was acquired by Bailie Shaw. He was succeeded by his son, James Shaw, who was also proprietor of Muirtown and Woodside in the County of Ross. Failing in his circumstances, all James Shaw's property had to be sold.

Of the Irish Shaws of Clan Chattan, the

present Sir Robert Shaw and his brothers hold high positions. Sir Robert is descended of Sir Frederick, brother of Sir Robert, son of Sir Robert Shaw, first Baronet. The first Sir Robert was son of Robert, second son of Captain William Shaw, of General Ponsonby's Regiment, *temp.*, William III. These Shaws, notwithstanding their long residence in Ireland, are very clannish.

The name of Shaw is numerous and influential in America. I understand upwards of three thousand heads of families are to be found in States Directories. Let the Shaws close up, and again becoming a power in the North, allow the *Bodach an Dune* to rest in peace.

Loch-an-Eilean, sad and lone,
Long has thy day of pride been gone;
Rothiemurchus knows no more
The race that dwelt upon thy shore;
Scattered now in every clime
Waiting the appointed time,
When they shall return to thee—
*Fide et Fortitudine.**
Yes, Loch-an-Eilean to thy shore
Shall the Shaws draw nigh once more,
And with a joy inspiring strain
Behold the Shaws arise again.

* The Motto of the Shaws.

(To be continued).

PECULIARITIES OF THE REAY COUNTRY DIALECT.

By REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

(Continued from page 80.)

FURTHER PECULIARITIES.—PHONETICS.

I.—THE VOWELS. A.

THIS vowel *a* is a great favourite, and readily takes the place of *o* and other vowels. It must be remembered, however, that in deference to Irish orthography, *o* is frequently written where *a* is the vowel in the living speech. Thus *acras*, *cas*, *calman*, *cadal*, *facal*, etc. are common in the North and South, although written *ocras*, *cos*, etc. The Reay country, however, excels in this peculiarity, as may be seen from the following list, which is by no means exhaustive. That some of the instances given appear elsewhere proves nothing; the fact remains, that in no other district in the Highlands is the vowel *so* often in requisition.

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
an (like article)	aon	one
	(but aon duine becomes ùn duine)	
arm	orm	on me
armail	ainmeil	famous

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
ail' (al)	eile	other
adar	eadar	between
bannach	bonnach	bauncock
brad	brod	choice of
balgach	bolgach	corpulent
bàth	baath	foolish
bragaidh	brogail	bold
caileach	coileach	a cock
calainn	colann	body
dàch'	docha	more likely
dau'	dona	worse
danas	donas	badness
darbhach	dorghach	{ work with { hand-lines
darus	dorus	door
fàd	fòid (fòd)	peat
faghair	foghair	harvest
falaich	folaich	hide
gail	goil	boil
gad	ged	though
lainid	loinid	churn-stall'
larg	lorg	foot-mark
las	los	so that
lagha	lughu	less
maladh	moladh	praising
manais	monais	slowness
plad	plod	clod
pait	poit	pot
pàg	pòg	kiss
raimhe	roimhe	before
salus	solus	light
seàmar	seòmar	chamber
saillear	soilleir	clear
sanndach	sunnach	hearty
stairm	stoirm	storm
traidh or traigh	troidh	foot

u becomes *a* in many instances:—

asa	usa	easier
farasda	furasda	easy
malchag	mulchag	kebbcock
crraithneachd	cruithneachd	wheat
To these add—		
saitheach	soitheach	vessel
tainneamb	toinneamb	twisting
raghainn	rogainn	choice
also list of words where eu is changed to à.		
beul	beul, bial	mouth
etc.	etc.	etc.

The following words have the *ai* sound heard in English *pain*:—

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
éid (d soft)	iad	they
eilean	eilean	island
Éin	Ian (Eòin)	John
éudach	eudach iadach	jealous
éun	eun	bird
séun	seun	charm

In some districts *sin* (this) and *teine* (fire) have a distinct a-sound, and *cha'n'eil* = *cha'n'ail*.

This feature of the dialect is the first to attract the attention of strangers; we shall, at the close, try to account for it.

THE VOWEL O.

With all our fondness for *a*, we refuse it in the following list and take o.

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
olt	alt	joint
oltachadh	altachadh	grace
oltruim	altruim	nurse
boinne	bainne	milk
boist	baist	baptise
bois	bas	palm of hand
cò-inn	caoin	weeping
fùlais	bulas	pot-hook
lopan	lapan	muddy place
deolt	dealt	dew
feòsag	feusag	whiskers
gobh	gabh	take
gobhail	gabhail	taking
gobhar	gabhar	goat
gobhal	gabhal	fork
ploide	plaid	plan
trosgadh	trasgadh	fasting
sobhal	sabhal	barn
sgeollag	sgeallag	wild mustard

This fondness for o, where Scotch Gaelic has taken *a*, may be called an Irish feature, e. g. Sc. trasg fast—Irish and Reay Country trosgadh.

THE VOWEL U.

It is a marked peculiarity of this dialect that we change all infinitives in *adh* and *amh* into *u*: deanamh, dean-u (like Manx and Irish), also *ibh* of Dat. Plur.—daoinibh daoin u. *U* takes the place of *o* and other vowels in the following:—

ubair	for	obair	{ work (also
tubar	"	tobar	{ Wester Ross)
cnù	"	cnò	will
drula	"	drola	nut
durra	"	dorra	link of chain
tù	"	taobh	more difficult
siu	"	sibh	side
mullachd	"	mallachd	yourself
null	"	mall	curse
mù	"	mò	chaff
an tu-sa	"	an taigh-sa	greater
tulgnadh	"	tolgnadh	this house
ùn	"	aon	sputtering
			one: adjective

Further examples are auinn river, ait-u thaw, aucaid (abheaid) jest, au-àr adhbhar cause.

II.—OTHER VOWEL SOUNDS.

Although we do not attenuate *ao* into *ee* so much as other Northern districts, yet we almost

invariably convert *ui* into *ee*, or long *e*, or Gaelic *i*. Thus:—

LITERARY.	REAY COUNTRY.	MEANING.
suidhe	sìdh	sit
ruith	rìth	run
suibheag } (subhag) }	sì-ag	rasp-berry
suiridhe	siridhe	courting
ruighe	righe	fore-arm
(Hence the rians in our topography.)		
ruithil	rithil	reel
fuair-lit	fì(r) lit	poultice
an uiridh	an iridh	last year

This may also be viewed as an Irish feature. In old Irish *i* was seldom infected by a *u*. Thus O. I. *rìth* run is from *rit-u*, *bìth* (world) is for an older, *bit-us* (Bituriges) *fid* (tree) for prehistoric *vid us* (O. H. G. *witn*) where we see that infection by *u* is absent. We shall afterwards refer to this peculiarity.

III.—CONSONANTS.

Generally, c. p. t. are softer than in other dialects. We are often not conscious of this ourselves, but a keen southern ear easily detects it. In loan-words, Scotch Gaelic often softens thus:—hat becomes *ad*, bonnet *bonneid*, bittock *bideag*, closet *closeid*. In a similar manner, in our dialect, there is a tendency to turn the *tenues* into *mediae*. Thus:—

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
teìlg	teilg	fishing-line
aodram	eutrom	light
butan	putan	button
biast	biast	beast
gluaran	cluaran	thistle
glag	clag	bell
briodal	briotal	chit-chat

We are accused even of pronouncing *bata* a stick, *bad*; and South Country *pùt(a)* young of moor fowl, and buoy, becomes *bùd* and *bùdach*. But *plangaid* and *plocan* show the reverse process, in case of initial *tenues*. This sinking of the *tenues* into *mediae* is also an Irish feature. So also is

IV.—ECLIPSIS.

As we proceed westwards, eclipsis becomes more manifest, culminating in *Assynt*, where *an duine* become *an nuine*. In Durness one hears of *gus an Leathad* pronounced *gus a Leathad*. Of course it is open for one to say that this is more a case of assimilation, but that eclipsis is present with us is clear from such expressions *an gù* for *an chù*, the dog; and may not our sinking of *c* into *y* in many instances be a result of it, thus *goireag* for Southern *còileag*, a cole of hay; *glag* for *clag*; *gluaran* for *cluaran*; and in some

parts *guag* for *cuag*; also *a fear so*, this man, and *gu de for ciod e?*

V.—METATHESIS.

This is a common feature of the dialect, and sometimes curious results are arrived at. Thus *adharc*, horn, becomes with us *arac*, *fradharc* seeing *frarag*, *amharc*, look, *auric*, *iomlag*, *iohnag*, *iomramh*, *iormadh*, *imirich*, *imich*, etc., *imiridh*, need, *irmidh*, *imlich*, *ilmich*, *lowradh*, fleeing, *lormadh* (hence *lormachd*, naked, where *r* has infixed itself in the root *lom*), *coimrig* becomes *coirmig*, *cha b' uilear* becomes *cha b' uireal*, *toinise*, *toisin*, *uaigneach*, *uinigreach*, etc. In cases where *rg* do not change places a short vowel is thrown in; thus the monosyllables *garg*, *calg*, also *borb*, become dissyllables *garag*, *boròb*,

etc., a feature of modern Irish, according to O'Donovan.

VI.—PROSTHESIS.

The following words have acquired in our dialect prothetic *f*:—*feagal*, firmidh, I must, *facan*, complain, *fraineach*, fern, *fradharc* while some have lost initial *f*; *ath* for fath, mole; *astail* for *fastail* (?) dwelling; *abhrad* for *fahrad*, eyebrow; *aile* and *faile* are used for *smell*. Aspiration accounts for the uncertainty here; *fh* being silent, in some dialects the oblique cases prevailed; and, by analogy, words which have no right to it adopted initial *f*.

(To be continued).

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER BURGESS,
GAIRLOCH.

England during the wars of the Roses, in the

CAPTAIN BURGESS requires no introduction to our readers, for his name is favourably known to Highlanders at home and abroad. He is the direct representative of a family which, tradition says, migrated from the South of

15th century, and settled in Strathspey, where they have occupied land under the Grants of Grant ever since.

Born at Ballinlag, Cromdale, in 1837, Captain Burgess, while quite a lad, was appointed school-master at Dulnan Bridge, and two years later entered the service of the Caledonian Bank. His apprenticeship was barely completed when he was promoted as accountant to the Garmonth branch, and thereafter in the same capacity to Kingussie, at both which places he made many lasting friendships. He served here for over three years, when he was appointed agent of a new branch at Gairloch, where he established



A PEEP OF GAIRLOCH, FROM THE BANK HOUSE.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER BURGESS.

and has since carried on a thriving business.

In volunteer circles the Captain is well known. He was a member of the local companies at Grantown and Kingussie, and was then considered one of the best shots in the country, having registered the record score of 77 points out of a possible 80 in class firing from the shoulder at 150–300 yards. On his appointment to Gairloch he found there excellent material for a volunteer company, and soon enrolled the requisite number of men, and with the able assistance of Dr. Kenneth M. Chisholm (whose portrait we gave in our issue of September, 1896), he drilled them for several months until an Instructor was provided by the War Office. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., was appointed Captain, and our friend Lieutenant, of the company. He succeeded Sir Kenneth in the Captaincy, and on his retirement in 1883 was presented by his many friends with a handsome piece of plate, and other valuable tokens of their respect and esteem.

In all Celtic matters the Captain is an enthusiast, being a member of The Highland Association and the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Highland literature he has made a study, his library being one of the largest and best private collections in the North. Being a keen golfer, with Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's permission he has laid out a very good course of nine holes at Gairloch, but curiously the game has not "caught on" there. Can the kirk have something to do with this? He is a J.P. for Ross and Cromarty.

In 1868 the subject of our sketch married Annie, daughter of the late Mr. William Fraser, of Clunas, Nairnshire, and has a family of two sons and five daughters.

The genuine Highland hospitality extended by the worthy Captain and his good lady is proverbial in the district, and it may be truly said of them that they never feel happier than when entertaining friends attracted by the romantic and beautiful scenery of Gairloch.

"Gu ma fada dhios tu beò, agus cò bhàr do thighe!"

"THE CALEDONIAN MEDICAL JOURNAL" for January has just reached us. It is the organ of the Caledonian Medical Society, an institution which deserves the warmest support from all Scotch members of the profession. The *Journal* is really a most interesting publication, the articles, mostly on Highland subjects, being from the pens of competent authorities. In this issue such subjects as the following are treated of:—"Second Sight," "Gaelic Names of Diseases," "The MacBeths of Islay," "Medical Heroes of the Forty-five," etc. The Secretary is Dr. S. R. Macphail, Derby.

THE HIGHLANDER AS A SOLDIER IN FORMER TIMES.*

BY SURGEON LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACGREGOR.

A SHORT time ago I read a paper before the Gaelic Society of London on "The Highland Gael—his Past and Future," which, I am pleased to understand, has given a certain degree of satisfaction to my fellow-countrymen. The London Ross and Cromarty Association have been good enough to invite me, as a Ross-shire man, to repeat that paper under the auspices of the Association. But as the paper had been read so recently elsewhere, and was just then being published in detail in the Highland press, I thought it better to vary the subject by reading this short paper on "The Highlander as a soldier in former times," a subject particularly applicable at present, when the late exploits of the Gordon Highlanders on the Indian Frontier are still ringing in our ears. For though the heights of Dargai may not be altogether placed on the same platform as the heights of Alma, and though I am only too painfully aware that the Highland regiments are not now so Highland as they once were, yet we Highlanders cordially congratulate the gallant regiment, and will always rejoice in every fresh laurel of victory won by Highland regiments, in whatever quarter of the globe they may happen to be placed.

In the paper just mentioned, "The Highland Gael—Past and Future," while attempting to glance rapidly at the history of the Highlanders in past ages, it was impossible to do so without touching on their warlike character, for the history of the Highlands is pre-eminently the history of soldiers. Some devout moralists go even so far as to say that the history of a nation is but the record of its bloodshed. And though this last estimate may be overdrawn, and though it may be quite true that the pen is often mightier than the sword, yet it cannot be denied that the history of most nations is greatly taken up with feuds and battles. Dealing therefore with a warlike people like the Highlanders, one or two facts pointed out in the previous paper cannot possibly be passed over in this one, purporting, as it does, to give a short sketch, however incomplete, of the Highlander as a soldier in former times.

For instance, I took particular care to point out that Scotland owes her very origin and existence, as a separate and distinct nation, to

* Read before the London Ross and Cromarty Association, on 10th December last.

the valour of the ancient Caledonians or Picts, who were the remote ancestors of the Highlanders of the present day. For it was on account of their warlike propensities in harassing the Roman garrisons, that the Romans found themselves under the necessity of building the Wall of Agricola, and afterwards the Wall of Hadrian further south, in order to separate the conquered Roman province of South Britain, from what still remained independent Caledonia. And we know also, after the departure of the Romans, when the South Britons were overcome by the Saxons, and the Saxons by the Normans, that Caledonia remained free, and more especially that portion of it to which we have the honour to belong. This fact will always reflect favourably on the military ardour of the Highlanders of old.

I do not mean to maintain that there were no Saxons nor Normans in Scotland, no more than I should be bold enough to say that Herr Andrée's balloon will not find a Scotsman at the North Pole—when it gets there. Some of the most patriotic of the Highland clans are said to have sprung from such origin. But their forefathers took possession in the garb of peace, and not with the terrible thunderbolts of war; while they themselves are practically pure Highlanders, with nothing but Highland blood now coursing through their veins.

It would be impossible here to dwell on the various wars that went on between the Northern Picts (who were the real ancestors of the Highlanders), the Southern Picts, and the Scots of Dalriada, till they were finally fused in one under the rule of Kenneth MacAlpine. Nor yet can I dwell on the comparatively unknown wars that took place during the immediately succeeding centuries, on account of the unfortunate divisions and dissensions among the Picts themselves. For this is only a cursory paper, and neither a song nor a sermon. And so we may as well come down at once to that famous struggle, known as the War of Independence. During that struggle, the Highlanders played a conspicuous part as soldiers, and were present in great numbers at the final overthrow of their enemies on the field of Bannockburn. I may state that I mention this battle from a point of view altogether apart from the greatness of the victory, or its political importance.

In the olden days, as you know, cavalry soldiers generally fought in heavy, unwieldy armour; and it was thought that infantry never had a ghost of a chance against them. Bannockburn exploded that idea. The English cavalry on that occasion were alone almost as numerous as the whole of the Scottish army, which was also particularly weak in cavalry. But it was discovered then, for the first time on a large

scale, that stout infantry, who had the courage of facing the first blush of cavalry, could really cope with men in heavy armour, mounted on horseback. It was seen that neither the troopers nor their horses were altogether invulnerable, that by agility of movement on the part of infantry, the mail-clad warriors could be tumbled off their horses, and that when they were once down, they were entirely at the mercy of their enemies, on account of the weight of the armour with which they were encumbered. The result was no doubt increased on this occasion by the broken nature of the ground; but yet it was a serious blow to the wearing of heavy armour on the battlefield, which gradually fell into decline during the succeeding generations. This battle then, I repeat, in which Highlanders took such a prominent part, is therefore mentioned here, because it had so much to do with the marking of a particular epoch in the evolution of the art of war, namely, the decline of heavy armour on the field of battle.

It is said that a small contingent of Highlanders at the battle of Flodden, did more harm than good, by rushing too early at the English, and without receiving proper orders to do so. It must be said however, in extenuation, that the fault of foolhardiness, though by no means to be always praised in a soldier, is yet a more pardonable fault than that of slinking behind. Moreover, it is well known that delay in charging the enemy was particularly the cause of the defeat of Flodden Field. Had the rest of the Scottish army charged with the eager Highland contingent, who knows but the words of the poet might have been realized:—

“Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn.”

Hence let us hurry to the unfortunate Jacobite wars, in which clan was arrayed against clan, and families divided among themselves. We cannot go into detail. But that so small an army as that of Prince Charlie's Highland host, poorly armed and badly provisioned, should win victory after victory over greatly superior numbers, and reach within a hundred miles of London, must always be recorded with applause. The pity of it was that when the prize seemed so near, they should retreat from Derby through dissensions among themselves, that veritable curse of the Highlanders, which a little later on led to their final and complete defeat on the fatal field of Culloden Moor.

I can only mention in passing the great military services rendered by Highlanders in the Thirty Years' War on the Continent of Europe, during which the Reay Country alone is said to have contributed over 4,000 men to Mackay's

regiment in the service of Gustavus Adolphus. Nor can I dwell on the Highland contribution in the service of the Kings of France, and the implicit confidence that was placed by successive French monarchs in the courage and fidelity of their famous Scotch Guards. For I must now pass to the first embodiment of Highlanders as a distinct and integral part of the great British army, in which they have won the greatest renown on many a bloody field.

It is well known that the first taste of their quality, as soldiers in a regular standing army, was by way of mutiny, when the 42nd was first brought to England. Yet, however much the spirit of mutiny must always be condemned in a soldier, this particular case was entirely the fault of the authorities, by breaking faith with the Highlanders, who had enlisted with the express purpose and understanding that they would be only required to serve in Scotland alone. But though this was the first experience, it may safely be said that no other regiment in the British army has ever since vindicated the honour of British arms, in every quarter of the world, with greater gallantry than this same regiment. It is far from being intended here to dwell on the praise of any individual regiment. For it would be both invidious and injudicious to do so. Neither do I propose to describe battles in detail, which is beside the purpose of this paper. Yet it may be observed in passing that the path to glory of this the premier Highland regiment has by no means been strewn with roses. Fontenoy, for instance, was about the first battle of the regiment after going abroad, and it was not a success. But the 42nd on that occasion was the last to leave the field, and also covered the retreat, during which alone the regiment lost a considerable number of men.

In its very early history, again, must be counted the fatal day of the storming of Ticonderoga in America, when the regiment lost 654 in killed and wounded. Think of it. But though the regiment lost so heavily, the few remaining so bravely persisted in their attack, that they had to be called back several times before they would give over their vain effort of storming an apparently impregnable position. This was at a time when every man in the regiment was a real Highlander, from the Colonel downwards, all speaking the beautiful Gaelic language; and I doubt that a more heroic attack has ever been made in the history of warfare. Later on among other scenes, it was mainly the Highlanders, on the heights of Abraham, that won the battle of Quebec, the key of Canada, and gave the final *coup de grace* to French predominance in that vast territory. And it was into their hands that the brave

General Wolfe committed himself that day, when mortally wounded, and to whom he said, when told that the French were running, "Ah, are the cowards running already!" and then immediately expired.

Passing to the conquest of India at the latter end of the last and beginning of the present century, we find the Highland regiments engaged in various places, notably at the siege and capture of Seringapatam, where there were several Highland regiments. Later on we find our own county regiment, the 78th or Ross-shire Buffs, engaged at the battle of Ahmednuggar, a place at which I spent many a day, and shortly afterwards we find both the 74th and 78th Highlanders, as the only British infantry, at the decisive battle of Assaye, which overthrew for ever the Mahratta power of the Peishwas of Western India. It was on the 74th Highlanders that the greatest brunt of the fighting fell on that day, and so great was the carnage among them, that every officer in the regiment was either killed or wounded.

In the long and arduous struggle against the power of Napoleon, we find our countrymen engaged both in Egypt and on the Continent of Europe. It was by their means that the French were repulsed at Corunna, and our troops enabled to embark with safety. And it was into the hands of the Highlanders that the distinguished Scotsman, General Sir John Moore, fell on that occasion, mortally wounded, as Wolfe had done before, and with his last breath expressed a hope that his country would do justice to his memory, a memory that will ever remain green, more than by a score of Government orders, by the far more magical influence of the humble bard that wrote the memorable little poem of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which is familiar to every school-boy, and which begins:—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

I am not sufficiently versed in the rise* and progress of the formation of squares by infantry to repulse cavalry, but its efficacy was never better illustrated than at the battle of Quatre Bras, when the 42nd, in square formation, defied all that Marshal Ney's French cavalry could do against it, even though the regiment was placed under the serious disadvantage of being under three separate commanding officers in a few minutes, as these senior officers fell one after the other. During this fight, and that of Waterloo the next day, the regiment lost not less than 24 officers killed or wounded out of a total of 36.

A few years ago I remember seeing, in far away Melbourne, a cyclorama of this fight at Quatre Bras. There was Marshal Ney with his swell French cavalry, and there were the Highlanders in their kilts, some of them dead or dying on the field, but yet the rest, in their square formation, defying all that the enemy could do against them. I remember that the scene looked so real and life-like that it nearly brought tears into my eyes. And was it not the 92nd Gordon Highlanders that, on the next day at Waterloo, caught hold of the stirrups of the Scots Greys, and rushed on with them into battle with the memorable cry of "Scotland for ever!"—a phrase that shall never die.

Nor will that other expression of "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here" cease to remind us of another day, when the Highland Brigade, of only three regiments (the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd), routed on the heights of Alma, twelve battalions of the flower of Russian infantry, each of which was more numerous than any of the Highland battalions opposed to them. And as I have alluded at all to memorable deeds giving rise to memorable sayings, I must not omit to mention that a little later on, at the battle of Balaclava, it was the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, only in double line formation, that repulsed the Russian cavalry, and gave rise to the famous expression of "The thin red line," a phrase which has now become incorporated into the English language, as synonymous with infantry in general.

*I have left the above sentence as it stood, but I may state that while writing this paper, I happened to receive a letter from that patriotic Highlander, Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, which incidentally deals with this point. Commenting on my previous paper, Mr. Mackay concludes his letter as follows: "The lecture, as I said, is most instructive, laying bare the terrible evils that accrue from internal dissensions. Caesar could not have conquered ancient Gaul if its whole manhood had been well led. Edward the 1st could not have subdued Scotland, had the nobility supported Wallace. Yet he showed the way to Bruce, as to what could be done. Wallace was a commander of the first order. He it was who showed how infantry could repel cavalry, even when clad in mail. He was the originator by his 'schiltrons' of the modern 'square' and 'oblong.'"—I am very glad to hear it. For Wallace was a true patriot, faithful to his country even unto death, and at a time when the rest of them were betraying it.

(To be continued).

THE CLARKS.—Next month Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh will treat of the "Clarks" in his papers on "Minor Septs of Clan Chattan." A chapter on the "Gows" will follow.

HAUNTED.

IN the cool and shady summer places
Of smooth and placid velvet lawns;
'Mid the friendly tones and kindly faces,
Fading into shadowland, the spirit dawns;
'Away! away!' the voices cry,
'By reeded lochs the moonbeams lie:
The evening star upon the snowcaps rest,
Tho' Albion's plains be fair, the heather hills are best.'

'Mid the busy hum of crowded cities,
The rush of hurrying feet and throng of toiling men;
I hear the *Duoine Sith* sing their fairy ditties,
In low and haunting tones by birchen glen.
'Away! away!' the voices sing,
'For sorrow's touch is here, the serpent's sting,
Oh! thou would'st flee, were not thy senses rendered
Dull by the world, to lands in dreams remembered.'

'Mid the gayest scenes of airy pleasure
Comes a sudden listening pause,
A sense of pain, as something missed of fuller measure,
Reaching away beyond earth's narrow laws;
Away! away! the wild winds sweep
The stately pines, the silver birches weep,
Pouring the perfume of their leaves upon the air,
So soft they fringe the reeded loch in beauty rare.

Always, the purple of the Highland hills,
The thunder of the waterfalls, tumbling to silent pool,
Soft driving mists of genial rain, that never chills,
Balmy with ocean brine, so strong, yet sweet and cool,
Oh! I am haunted by the sound of fresh, grey,
northern seas,
Breaking in diamond spray upon the rock-bound land;
With free wild feathered things, dipping and diving
on the breeze,
And over all, a mystery of loveliness we fail to understand.

ALICE C. MACDONELL,
Of Keppoch.

"THE PIBROCH."—The Glasgow Highland Regiment have issued the second yearly number of their official organ, and they deserve to be complimented on the very attractive work they have published. The contents are varied and interesting, while the artistic department is much superior to what we are accustomed to see in regimental papers. We are glad to learn that the grand old kilted regiment maintains its popularity, and its position as one of the most proficient corps in the kingdom. Colonel Macdonald Williamson has reason to be proud of his regiment.



CAPT. SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL OF BARCALDINE, BART.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

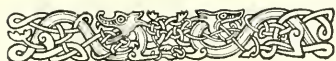
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**CAPT. SIR DUNCAN A. D. CAMPBELL,
OF BARCALDINE, BART.**



THE Campbells of Barcaldine, one the old historical families of Argyllshire, are descended from Patrick Campbell, son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, from whom also the Breadalbane Campbells trace their origin. For the past three centuries this distinguished family have taken a prominent part in all those stirring events which are recorded in the History of the Western Highlands, and in later times they have given to the military service of their country many men who have earned renown by their soldiery qualities in all parts of the world. As followers of the House of Argyll they warmly espoused the Protestant cause, and in the Jacobite risings they took up arms on behalf of the Government. After the '45, when the military spirit of the Highlanders was enlisted on behalf of the nation, and when so many regiments were raised in the straths and glens of Albyn, the young men of the Barcaldine family mostly

adopted the profession of arms, and it need hardly be said that there was never a craven among the Barcaldines. Doubtless, the following summary of the pedigree of this ancient family will interest many of our readers:—

I.—Patrick Campbell, the first of Barcaldine, was born 1592; wounded at Inverlochry, and died 25th March, 1678.

II.—John, was twice married, died about 1690.

III.—Alexander, married a daughter of Campbell of Lochnell, died 1720.

IV.—Patrick, was twice married; his second son, Colin of Glenure, was a factor on the forfeited estates after the '45 rebellion, and was found murdered, it is said by the celebrated Allan Breck Stewart. Three other sons were officers in the army. He died in 1738.

V.—John, born about 1700, was Captain in the Argyll Militia; a J.P. and D.L. His eldest son served against the Jacobites in the '45, and saw a good deal of active service in the army.

VI.—Duncan, born 1716, was a Sheriff-Substitute for Perthshire, died 1784. Of his five sons four were officers in the army.

VII.—Alexander, born 30th April, 1745; an advocate, died 17th March, 1800. Two sons followed the profession of arms.

VIII.—Sir Duncan, of Barcaldine and Glenure, born 3rd July, 1786, created a Baronet; was Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, and saw much active service. A Magistrate and D.L. for Argyllshire; died 2nd April, 1842.

IX.—Sir Alexander, J.P., born 15th June, 1819, Sergeant-at-Arms in the Queen's Household, Captain, Argyll and Bute Militia; died 11th December, 1880, and was succeeded by the present much respected head of the House of Barcaldine,

X.—Sir Duncan Alexander Dundas Campbell, Bart. He was born 4th December, 1856; formerly Captain, 3rd Battalion The Black Watch, and 3rd and 4th Battalions Highland Light Infantry (retired as Hon. Major); is a F.S.A. Scot., a J.P. of Argyll, Fellow the Royal Geographical Society, member of Royal Company

of Archers (Queen's Body Guard for Scotland), was Gentleman Usher of the Green Rod, 1894-95, since when he has been Secretary to the Order of the Thistle. It is also interesting to mention that Sir Duncan was instrumental in rescuing the colours, which were carried through the Peninsular War, of the old 94th or Scots Brigade, and by the kindness of the owners, the daughters of then Colonel Sir James Campbell, K.C.B., placed them in St. Giles Cathedral.

Sir Duncan is at present having restored the ancient Castle of Barcaldine, one of the most picturesque of the old fortresses in Argyllshire. The work is being gradually completed, and "to-day it stands solitary in its old world-ness, no abode in Scotland more quaint and curious, with its deep set iron grated windows, massive iron 'yett,' coat of arms, turreted, loop-holed, all in the olden style."

THE CRY OF THE UNBLESSED BABES.

"SHE was a good woman, Callum, and it is a hard thing to be thinking of her lying there under the dark of a winter's night."

"Aye, Ruari, she was a good woman. It is no more we will be seeing of her quiet ways. For she is in the narrow house now. But whether she is resting yonder, Ruari, it is I that will not say."

"And how could she be resting, Callum, in a place that the Mother of God Herself would never bless? It is the place of the accursed children, and there is no man or woman that should lie in that place unless it might be a witch like old Giorsal."

While they were speaking the two men stood gazing down the darkening hillside at a little green space that was surrounded by a rude turf wall. The enclosure stood on the edge of a cliff, at the foot of which the sea came rolling in from the Atlantic and sent the spray shooting up the rock so high, that it sometimes leapt the turf wall and fell in a drenching shower upon a number of little green mounds that lay each of them pointing east and west. It was the graveyard of the accursed children—where the children of shame and all the unbaptised infants of the island were laid—being unfit to mingle with the better dead. No holy water from a priest's hand had ever fallen on their white upturned faces, as on other bairns when they received their name at the altar. They came into the island-world of sea spray and mountain mist unnamed, from the hand of the Great

Father, and because they were not wanted, they were sent away again as they had come, without a name, to the place on the high cliff where the graves are all small and all unblest.

The people of the island call them accursed. But God who sent the bairns and took them away again sometimes raises the great waves in anger, so that when they beat upon the cliff the drenching spray flies up the height and falls on the green mounds. This is how God baptises the children of shame, and the thundering noise of the surf is the anger that is in God's voice.

But there was one grave in that lonely spot which was not small and not green. The earth was still loose on it where it lay dark and cold in the twilight. A woman had been laid there that day, and the tears were not yet dry on the cheeks of them that wept for her. It was the grave of old Cairstine Dall. And it was of her strange burial that the two men, Callum and Ruari, were talking.

Cairstine was both old and blind, and lived in a hut by herself at the foot of Ben Mhor. She had been betrothed long ago to a fisher lad: but he was drowned at sea: so Cairstine had lived alone ever since in the little hut until she became blind and crooked and withered with age. And the folk in the clachan called her Cairstine Dall.

But there was not a man or a woman in the island but honoured the soul of Cairstine Dall. The bairns would creep into her hut, and sit by her peat fire, and hold speech with her on the long winter nights, when their school dargs were done. There was no one in the glen, or in the clachan, or on the hill, that did not love the old woman who had a kind word always ready, and, indeed, some even said that the sightless eyes of Cairstine could see more things in the dark than any man of Mull could see in the light.

But it was the children that loved her the most. She would read to them out of the good book often and often about Jesu, Mary's son. And many a time in the summer fore-nights old Cairstine would grope her way down the hillside to the place of the accursed babes, and sit long and silent among the green mounds. She could hear the swish of the summer sea far down at the foot of the cliff, and knew that away over the silted plane of waters lay the islands of the west like gems steeped in the lambent light of the setting sun. But Cairstine heard more than the sound of the sea as she sat there in the night of her blindness among the graves. She heard the weary wail of little children who were motherless in death as they had been fatherless in life. Their crying never ceased. And the crooked woman would rock herself to and fro, crooning the while a cradle lilt to lull them to

sleep, but it availed nothing, for still their piteful crying would rise in the night, like the cry of the wee ones forsaken when they most needed the mother's breast and the mother's kiss. So Cairstine Dall would rise and creep home again with the cry of the accursed bairns ringing through her very soul.

There were those in Mull who would not walk among the little green mounds above the sea. One man—Ian Derg—tried it in the mouth of a winter night, but the very next tide washed his body up on the white sands before his own door. And many a one had seen the white light dancing above the graves, and heard the wild screech of the wee ones, coming up the hillside when the nights were dark.

But Cairstine had no fear of the place. The wee ones were her own bairns. And the folk about were always saying that Cairstine knew their language and they knew hers. Then there came a day when she went no more to sit among her bairns. She would rise from her bed no more. And when the women were going out and in to see if there was any little troke they could do for her, they would always be hearing her muttering to herself about the wee ones and their crying. But one night when they were watching by her bed, and Callum and Ruari were standing outside at the door, the croak of a hoodie crow was heard as it flew across the sky, and in a moment the creeping fear was upon them all. Cairstine with a smile sat up and asked that Callum might be brought, and when he came to her, she said:—

"Callum, it will be time for me to be going away now. But it is a charge that I have to lay upon you—in the name of the Mother of God Herself. You will bury me beside the wee ones on the cliff, for they are God's own bairns, altho' the priest has never a blessing for them. They are greeting this very night for old Cairstine—hear ye not how they cry? Callum, I charge ye . . . do . . . ye . . . promise?"

So Callum promised, with the fear in his soul. And then—Cairstine Dall fell asleep.

They buried her on the cliff in the place of the unholy babes. She went to God without a priest's blessing, because of the strangeness of her wish. But from the day that Cairstine Dall lay down among the green graves of the wee ones there was no more crying heard on the hill, and the white light never shone again above the mounds. The bairns had found a mother in death when old Cairstine came to them, and she hushed their crying for ever.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. VI.—THE CLARKS.



SIR ENEAS MACKINTOSH places the Clarks or Clan Chlerich No. 12 of Clan Chattan, and says that they, with the Macleans of the North, the Macqueens, and the Clan vic Gillandrish of Connage, took protection for themselves and posterity, of Mackintosh about 1400. Kinrara in his history thus refers to their joining the Clan Chattan—"Sicklike also Gillie Michael vic Chlerich, of whom the Clan Chlerich had their denomination, lived in this Malcolm's time."

Unfortunately the Clarks, who dwelt chiefly in and about Inverness, and in the Lordships of Pettie, Strathdearn and Badenoch, did not, so far as I have observed, own lands, consequently their early and even latter history is necessarily rather obscure. The name Clark shows an undoubted ecclesiastical derivation, strengthened by its form in Gaelic, Clerich. As the distinguished Irish race of O'Clerly was closely allied to, and of the race of Clerich, a brief account of them may be given.

While as a rule totally opposed to Highlanders having a Norman or Irish extraction foisted upon them, I am glad, in the case of the Clarks, to recognise in the O'Clerlys a distinguished branch of the Clerichs.

Scotsmen have been accused of pride in ancestry, and of framing fictitious descents, and ascents going back to the Flood. The Campbell and Urquhart genealogies do not err on the side of modesty, but may be termed truly so

when contrasted with some Irish genealogies. In the O'Shaughnessy pedigree it is gravely stated that Teargall, 96th of his house, was ancestor of O'Clerigh, and MacClerigh anglicized O'Clery, Clery, Clark, Clarke, and Clarkson, but it was not until the time of the 106th of his line that we arrive at Congallach O'Clery, who first assumed this surname, and died 1025. From Shane the elegant, 116th of the line, and from his brothers Donald, Thomas, and Cormac, are descended the O'Chlerys of Tyrconnell, O'Chlerys of Tirrawley in Mayo, the O'Chlerys of Brefuly-O'Reilly, and the O'Chlerys, County Kilkenny. The principal residence of the O'Chlerys was at the Castle of Kilbarron in Donegal, and of it and its occupants the late Dr. Petrie says: "This lovely insulated fortress was erected as a safe and quiet retreat in troublesome times for the laborious investigators and preservers of the history, poetry, and antiquities of the country. This castle was the residence of the Ollamhs, bards, and antiquarians of the people of Tyrconnell, the illustrious family of the O'Chlerys."

A well known Irish annalist in giving a list of the Irish chiefs and clans in the 12th century, under No. 19, writes: "O'Clery or Clark, hereditary historians of the O'Donnells, and the learned authors of the Annals of the Four Masters and other works on Irish history and antiquities. They had large possessions in the Barony of Tir Righ, and resided in their Castle of Kilbarron, the ruins of which still remain on a rock on the shore of the Atlantic near Ballyshannon."

Again it is said that O'Clery or Clark was a branch of the O'Clery of Connaught and Donegal, and of the same stock as the compilers of the Annals of the Four Masters.

I am indebted to Mr. Andrew Clark, Solicitor, Leith, for much of the foregoing information. He informs me that the materials for his history of the Clarks, extending to over a thousand pages with two hundred and fifty illustrations, the labour of years, is now, by desire of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Monaghan, in the hands of an Irish Professor of Theology, preliminary to its publication. I trust that this valuable work may soon see the light. As regards Clark tarian, Mr. Andrew Clark writes "that he is not aware of any, in which he is corroborated by his uncle, Mr. Peter Clark, resident in Monaghan, aged ninety, very intelligent and conversant with the traditions of the sept." Mr. Clark has kindly allowed his crest to be given.

I observe the name of Clark for the first time in 1456, when Sir Andrew Clark, Chaplain within the diocese of Moray, is mentioned. In 1492 William Clark is one of the assessors in a perambulation of disputed marches in Aber-

chirder, with Alexander Innes of that ilk, and Alexander Symson, Vicar of Aberchirder. In 1506 John Clark sits as a juror on an inquest regarding certain lands in Nairnshire. In 1522-24-44 and 1557 William Clark is mentioned acting in the same capacity, regarding lands in the parish of Rafford, and lands near the river Lossie in Moray.

During the last two hundred years the name connected with the church is found in and about Inverness. One of the oldest memorials in the chapelyard of Inverness is to the memory of one of the clergy of Inverness, Alexander Clark, and to his wife, a lady of rank. In the same place is buried the Rev. Alexander Clark, a man of great weight and power in my early days. Several Clarks held high municipal and legal honours; and of Alexander Clark, Sheriff-Substitute at Inverness, descended Mr. James Clark, long resident in Italy before the French Revolution, who made certain bequests to Inverness, the place of his nativity.

Although the Clarks held no land, and therefore difficult to trace out, it would appear that they spread over Petty, and to Strathdearn and Badenoch. The Rev. Alexander Clark, born in Petty, was long a schoolmaster there, with a high reputation. He married one of the aunts of Provost John Mackintosh of Aberarder, and settled in a parish in the Hebrides. His letters, however, indicate a strong affection to his native district of Petty. Mr. Clark's reputation as a teacher brought him the sons of important gentlemen as boarders, and amongst those boarded with him in the spring of 1746 were Alexander Baillie, 4th of Dochfour, the Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat, and James Mackintosh of Farr. The whole district about Culloden was in a state of agitation on the 16th of April, 1746. If the school met on that unhappy day, it broke up early, and as the attraction of the firing of cannons proved irresistible, most of the scholars, including the three boys above mentioned, straggled towards the field. The brother of one, and the father of another were engaged, and it was a miracle the boys escaped. Alexander Baillie above mentioned was born in 1734, one hundred and sixty-four years ago, yet one of his nieces is still alive (1898).

In Badenoch, as early as 1625, the names of John Mac Andrew vic Chlerich, Donald Mac Iain vic Chlerich, and Duncan Mac Iain vic Chlerich, tenants and dependants of Mackintosh, are found. In 1763 Andrew Clark and Alexander Clark, both in Dallanach, parish of Kingussie, are noted. An important man in Badenoch in his day was John Clark, Baron Bailie to the Duke of Gordon. Mr. Clark had two sons, one Captain Alexander Clark, some



ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL CLARK, M.D.

time of Knappach, afterwards at Invernahaven. After the Shaws left Dalnavert, the place was for a considerable time occupied by Captain James Clark. The last Clark in Dalnavert died within the memory of people still living, and was highly complimented in the New Statistical Account of Scotland for his great improvements as an agriculturist. One of Captain Clark's daughters married Mr. Macdonald, Sanside, and was mother of the celebrated Canadian statesman, the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Another of the Badenoch Clarks was the well known Mr. Alexander Clark, Writer in Ruthven, whose grand daughter, the late Mrs. Robertson of Benchar, the last of her race, died without issue in 1896. All the Clarks of Inverness, Petty, Strathdearn, and Badenoch were of Clan Chattan. The name at the present day is numerous and influential in the army, medicine, diplomacy and otherwise. In particular Sir Thomas Clark, showing a good example, is one of the most influential and heartiest members of the Edinburgh Clan Chattan Association. The publishing firm in Edinburgh of Messrs. Clark, from which Sir Thomas Clark, Bart., has lately retired, has been eminent in the Capital for nearly a century. Thomas Clark, grandfather of Sir Thomas, was born in the parish of Latheron in Caithness, but settled in Edinburgh, which became the permanent residence of the family. His son, John Clark, father of Sir Thomas, became one of the Magistrates of Edinburgh. Another son, Thomas, founded in 1821 the great publishing business, and amongst the thousands upon thousands of volumes published or belonging to the firm, there is perhaps none so honoured and cherished as the well-worn Gaelic bible, used by Thomas the first. Sir Thomas Clark, besides having filled various important offices, was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1885-88. His sons, Major John Maurice Clark and Thomas George Clark, are the present partners of the house.

The time is favourable for the Clarks, now so numerous and influential, including six baronets, and the Mac Clerichs, more closely uniting, associating and incorporating themselves, with and unto the Clan Chattan, as did their predecessors in 1400.

(To be continued.)

THE CLAN CAMPBELL GATHERING takes place in the Waterloo Rooms on the 2nd March. Mr. John Campbell, J.P., President, in the chair.

FULL particulars of an interesting work, "In the Shadow of Cairngorm," by the Rev. W. Forsyth, D.D., of Abernethy, will be found in our advertising pages.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL CLARK, M.D., F.F.P.S.G.

DR. CLARK was born at Tarbert, Lochfyne. His father, Donald Clark, was a merchant there, and afterwards at Lochgilphead, and was descended from the Clerks of Cralecken, an old Argyllshire family, whose last resting place is in the private burying ground of Pennymore, near Inveraray. His mother, to whom he owed much, as his father died when the subject of our sketch was young, was Margaret Campbell, a daughter of Archibald Campbell, miller and feuar, at Balinoe, Lochgilphead. Dr. Clark was educated in the Free Church School, and after acquiring business training in Glasgow and at home for nine years, became a student of medicine at Edinburgh University, graduating M.B. in 1878, and M.D. (with honours) in 1886. In the former year he was appointed Assistant Medical Officer at the Border Counties Asylum, Melrose, and five months later was promoted to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum as Assistant Physician. In 1880, while yet only twenty-seven years of age, he was appointed Medical Superintendent of the Glasgow District Asylum at Bothwell. While there he began the work of organising a scheme of training for asylum attendants and nurses, and worked hard, sometimes against prejudice and opposition, to have it recognised and adopted for the United Kingdom. It must be a matter of gratification to Dr. Clark that his efforts have met with success; the social and educational status of attendants on the insane, and the well-being of the mentally afflicted, being now much improved as a result of his efforts. Four years ago he became Medical Superintendent of the Lanark County Asylum, which, with its additions just being completed, will be the largest county asylum in Scotland.

Dr. Clark is the author of numerous important contributions to medical literature, those on the "Special Training of Asylum Attendants," "Puerperal Insanity," "Dietetics," and "A Clinical Manual of Mental Diseases," being the most notable. He was appointed Mackintosh Lecturer on Psychological Medicine in St. Mungo's College some years ago, and is a member of the Caledonian Medical Society, and the Glasgow Argyllshire Society. He has always taken a lively interest in everything Highland, and has many Highlanders on his staff of attendants. He has generally found the Gael to make an excellent attendant on the insane, being strong and patient, exercising good sense, and being animated by a spirit of loyalty to his chief.

Dr. Clark has been twice married, and has two sons and one daughter.

DEEDS THAT CONDUCTED TO WIN THE EMPIRE.

DARK DAYS OF THE EMPIRE—THE SEVEN
YEARS' WAR—THE "GREAT COMMONER"
AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

N March, 1748, the wars of the Spanish succession came to an end. The defeats inflicted by the French upon the allied British, Austrians, and Dutch in the Netherlands were counterbalanced by the victories of Maria Theresa in Italy. The danger to Holland, the financial exhaustion of France, and the discontent of England at the non-success of its arms in the Netherlands, at last brought about the conclusion of a peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, by which both parties restored their conquests. But this peace was in fact a mere truce forced on the contending powers by sheer exhaustion.

In 1749, in consequence of the reduction of Oglethorpe's regiment, the "Black Watch," whose number, hitherto, the 43rd, was changed to the 42nd, which it has ever since retained, and made eminently conspicuous by gallant deeds on the field of battle, and as eminently good conduct wherever located.

During the eight years—1749 to 1756—the 42nd was stationed in various districts of Ireland. The utmost cordiality existed between the Highlanders and the inhabitants of the different localities where they were quartered, a circumstance the more remarkable when it is considered that the military were generally embroiled in quarrels with the natives. So lasting and favourable an impression did they make that upon the return of the regiment from America, after an absence of eleven years, applications were made from the town and villages where they had formerly been quartered to get them again stationed among them. Although, as General Stewart observes, the similarity of language and the general belief in a common origin might have had some influence with both parties, yet, nothing but the most exemplary good conduct on the part of the Highlanders could have overcome the natural repugnance of a people who, at that time, justly regarded the British soldiery as ready instruments of oppression.

It was soon felt that the peace of 1748 was merely a truce. The treaty itself gave great offence to the British public, when it was found that no provision had been made by it to secure the right of British subjects to navigate the American seas without being subject to search by the Spanish coastguard, and the disgrace of sending two British noblemen to the court of France, there to remain as hostages for the restitution of Cape Breton.

France was dreaming of far wider schemes for the humiliation of Britain, depending upon the unsettled state of parties and the frequent changes of the Government in London. The troubled question of the trade with America had only been waived by Spain. The two powers of France and Spain were still united by the Family Compact, and as early as 1752 Maria Theresa, by a startling change of policy, had secretly drawn to their alliance.

Neither she, nor the King of Saxony, had forgiven Frederick the Great for his conquest of Silesia, nor had they ever abandoned their design of not only recovering it, but of partitioning Prussia. The Czarina of Russia, jealous of the influence and aggrandizement of Prussia, was drawn into the net, and in 1755 the league of these three powers with France and Spain were silently completed. The British Government knew nothing of all this, but the keen eye of Frederick, ever watchful, ever on the alert, detected the machinations of the conspirators. He found himself face to face with a line of foes stretching from Paris to St. Petersburg.

The danger to Britain was hardly less. France again appeared on the stage with a vigour and audacity, recalling the days of Louis 14th. The aims of France spread far beyond Europe. In India, the expulsion of British merchants from their settlements along the coast was planned, and on their ruins a French empire was to be founded. In America, France not only claimed the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, but forbade the British colonists to cross the Alleghanies, and planted Fort Duquesne on the waters of the Ohio. The British ministry was indignant at these movements by which the colonists were surrounded by forts and military posts, and made representations to the French Government, who returned evasive replies, and both sides prepared for war. Orders were sent to the colonists, seeing that the French prosecuted their encroachments with increasing boldness, to drive them from their usurpations in Nova Scotia, and their fortified posts on the Ohio.

The disastrous repulse of General Braddock at Fort Duquesne, and the failure of the attacks upon Forts Niagara and Crown Point awoke the British ministry to a sense of their danger. The colonists, eager as they were for liberty, were not desirous of shedding their blood for the aggrandizement of the mother country. The alliance between Britain and Prussia at the close of 1755 gave the signal for the "seven years' war." No war has had greater results in the history of the world, or brought greater triumphs to Britain, and few had such disastrous beginnings. The preparations for this gigantic

struggle may be guessed from the fact that there were not in England three regiments fit for service at the opening of 1756.

France on the other hand was fully prepared at all points and went quickly to work. Port Mahon in Minorca, the key then of the Mediterranean, was besieged by the French and forced to capitulate. To complete the shame of Britain, Admiral Byng with his fleet retreated before the French. He was afterwards tried for cowardice, found guilty, and shot, as Voltaire said, "*pour encourager les autres.*"

The Duke of Cumberland, to end his ill-starred military career, was sent to protect Hanover from the French, with 50,000 British and Hanoverian troops; he took post on the Weser. The French appeared, he fell back before them to the mouth of the Elbe, and at Closter Seven entered into a convention with the enemy to disband his army.

A despondency, without parallel in our history, took hold of our coolest statesman; the impassive Chesterfield cried in despair, "We are no longer a nation;" and King George, at court in the hearing of his disgraced son, said, "Here is my son, who has ruined me, and disgraced himself." Yes, he did, after Culloden, when he earned the title of "Butcher," and at Closter Seven, where he surrendered 50,000 men without firing a shot.

But the nation of which the courtier Chesterfield despaired was really in the eve of its greatest triumphs, and the miserable incapacity of the Duke of Newcastle only called to the front the genius of William Pitt, the "Great Commoner," who became Secretary of State, yet in four months, such was the condition of parties, he was obliged to resign, and Newcastle again called to the helm of State. Fortunately for the country the character of the two statesmen made a compromise an easy one. All that Pitt coveted, for the general direction of public affairs, was the administration of the war, and the control of foreign policy, for which Newcastle had neither capacity nor inclination, yet on the other hand his skill in managing the House of Commons was unrivalled. What Newcastle cared for was, the distribution of patronage and the work of corruption, and from this Pitt disdainfully turned away. His ambition had no petty aim, "I want to call England" he said, as he took office, "out of that enervate state in which twenty thousand men from France can shake her." His call was soon answered. He at once breathed his own lofty spirit into the country he served, as he communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him. "No man" said a soldier of his time "ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in." Ill combined as were his

earlier expeditions, many as were his failures, he roused a temper in the nation at large which made ultimate defeat impossible. The cynical Frederick of Prussia, as he recognised in Pitt a greatness like his own, said, "England has been a long time in labour, but she has at length brought forth a man." Pitt was the first statesman since the Restoration who set the example of a purely public spirit. For the corruption about him he had nothing but the greatest disdain. He left to Newcastle the buying of seats and the purchase of members. At the outset of his career Pelham appointed him to the most lucrative office in his administration, Paymaster of the Forces, but its profits were of an illicit kind, and poor as he was, Pitt refused to accept one farthing beyond his salary. His pride never appeared in loftier and nobler form than in his attitude towards the people at large. No leader had ever a wider popularity than "The Great Commoner." When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse for "Wilkes and liberty," he denounced Wilkes as a worthless prodigal, and when all England went mad in its hatred of the Scots, Pitt haughtily declared his esteem for a people whose courage he had been the first to enlist on the side of loyalty, and in response enrolled themselves, as we shall see, in their thousands to defend the country in danger, and conquer for it by Deeds in all parts of the world, which conduced to win the Empire.

Hereford

JOHN MACKAY.

THE HIGHLANDER AS A SOLDIER IN FORMER TIMES.

BY SURGEON LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACGREGOR.

(Continued from page 100.)

WE have already seen the 42nd in square formation, and armed with the old musket, successfully opposing the French cavalry at Quatre Bras. By the time of the Crimea the musket had given place to the Minie rifle, and it remained for the 93rd at Balaklava, to prove with that improved fire-arm, that infantry of courage could repel cavalry in double or even single files. And so the scientific progress of killing goes on, till in our day, cavalry would not dare to attack even a small body of infantry, armed with the rapidly firing rifles of the present period. And was it not the bagpipes of the 93rd that Jessie Brown heard coming to the relief of Lucknow, and that gave rise to that beautiful song of "Jessie's Dream?"

With the Indian Mutiny I close this portion of my subject, though the conduct of the Highland regiments since then, through Afghanistan and Egypt, even to Dargai the other day, has always commanded the same universal approbation. The mere mention of the varied fights and regions, in which the Highlanders distinguished themselves by their courage, would take up too much of this paper. For those were the hard fighting days, during which the Highland regiments were all Highlanders. And though we have every regard and goodwill to the Highland regiments of the present day, and wish them every good luck, Highland and Lowland, yet in our most sanguine moments, we can only hope they will prove themselves worthy of their predecessors, whose prowess in the field they may aspire to equal, but never hope to excel.

“For yet we’re a doughty dominion,
When summoned to fight for our Queen,
Prepared to uphold her opinion,
With blades that are tempered and keen;
To prove yet again the old story
Of those who repose in the grave,
And hallow the time-honoured glory,
That rests round the bones of the brave.”

(Victoria Marina.)

We may now ask ourselves as to what conduced to the well known gallantry of the Highlanders of old. First may be considered the influence of race and blood, though no chemist has yet been able to isolate that ingredient which constitutes courage in that ever throbbing stream. The Highlanders were in this way a martial race from the time of the Romans downwards. Then they were always fighting among themselves; and however much this may be deplored in many respects, especially in robbing them of the success on a large scale that is the outcome of combination, yet it favoured the development of warlike qualities. For if we believe to a certain extent in the theory of heredity, we cannot fail to see that a people that were always at war, naturally transmitted warlike qualities to posterity, exactly as a fighting cock transmits more combative qualities than the common or garden barn-door fowl.

Highlanders, again, of almost all countries are supposed to be blest with more than an ordinary share of that other ingredient indistinguishable in the blood, which goes under the name of patriotism, and which counts for a lot in the time of battle. They were very fond of their mountains and of the traditions connected therewith; and too reluctant to leave them, or keep away from them, on account of that absorbing malady known as home-sickness.

This was particularly the case, when the means of communication were not what they are now, and when there were no stalwart Members of Parliament to question the Postmaster-General, if every remote nook in the Highlands had its daily post, and—if not, why not!

Hence the reason that though the Highlanders were brave in battle, they were not disposed to spread themselves over the plains. This was a fault in their character, due to their very excess of love of country. It is true of the Scottish Highlanders, and equally true of the Swiss mountaineers, who resemble them perhaps more than any other people, and who have defied all invaders, yet never had any great ambition to extend their dominions far away from their own native mountains. I spent the beginning of this year in Switzerland, after previously visiting Italy and the South of France, and to me, as a Highlander, it was very pleasant to observe the contrast between those hardy mountaineers and the less robust people I had left behind.

The open-air life of the Highlanders, and their frequent exposure to danger and fatigue, were highly calculated to brace them in the hour of battle, to which their simple mode of living contributed not a little. The enervating luxuries of modern life were unknown to them. They lived for the most part on oatmeal, milk, eggs; and on fish, flesh, fowl—when they could get them. For those of you ultra-refined Highlanders, who turn up your noses at oatmeal bannocks, I shall take leave to quote a passage from “A Treatise on Hygiene,” by the late Dr. Edmund Parkes, Professor of Hygiene in the Army Medical School at Netley, and one of the most distinguished authorities on the laws of health that ever lived. Discussing the relative values of different kinds of foods for soldiers Dr. Parkes thus concludes about the nutritious qualities of oatmeal:—

“For this reason (that the legumen of oats contains twice as much sulphur as the legumen of peas), and because it contains much nutriment in small bulk, because it can be eaten for long periods with relish, and keeps unchanged for a long time, it would seem to be an excellent food for soldiers in time of war—an opinion which does not lose its force, when we remember that it formed the staple food of one of the most martial races on record, the Scottish Highlanders.”

There, after that pat on the back from a first-rate scientist, go and be proud of yourselves, and take to your bannocks and brose and porridge again!

The Highland dress again was well adapted to agility of movement in the olden days of hand to hand conflict. There is no other dress that permits greater freedom of the joints,

especially of the knees. Any of you who may have undergone prolonged trials of physical endurance in walking, cannot fail to remember that it is the knees that particularly suffer. Under these circumstances, when one is ready to fall on the ground from fatigue, and when the grasshopper becomes a burden, the slightest clinging of the dress to the knees becomes extremely exhausting. It must not be forgotten that a soldier requires a healthy hardy constitution as well as courage. For if he has neither health nor strength to come to the scratch, he cannot fight however courageous. This was particularly the case of old, with the long marches, bad food and exposure, that sometimes killed off far more than did the enemy.

Some superficial people think that the Highland dress is of recent origin. In his "History of Scotland," Burton, who is foolishly prejudiced against the Highlanders, says, when writing about the Highland dress, that "the Lowland plaid was generally of plain light and dark squares, while the Highlander, indulging the taste of a lower civilization, delighted in more gaudy colours." Now with all due respect to Burton, I submit that this is a very foolish and feeble style of argument. According to this kind of logic, neither the peacock nor the bird of paradise, with their gay plumage, would be so advanced as the grimy, dirty-looking vulture that feeds only on carrion; and women, who are notoriously fond of gay colours, would not be as civilized as men, a statement which I am sure you would not for a moment believe. That the Highland dress, as originally worn, was not so elaborate as the full-dress garb of old Gaul now worn by a Highland masher going to the Caledonian Ball, is what few Highlanders would care to deny. But that it was the dress, simple or ample, which has been worn by Highlanders from time immemorial, is beyond question.

As a matter of fact the Highland dress is the oldest dress in the world, and is the only dress that can really be said to be practically "as old as the hills." For it was no doubt the dress worn by our first parents, when they first discarded the fig leaves. And this is one of the reasons, among others, why I have such a sneaking suspicion that the Garden of Eden was in the Highlands, and that Adam said "*Cia mar tha sibh 'n diugh*" to Eve, as the fair vision first burst on his sight of an early morning! But to speak more seriously. In India and some other tropical countries, many of the inhabitants wear only a *lungoti* or loin-cloth, which in every conscience is only too realistic of the primordial apron of Mother Eve. Many others dress in a single piece of cotton stuff, several yards long, and, say, about a yard wide. This piece of cloth is repeatedly turned round the waist,

except the last yard or two which are thrown over the shoulder. Well, there you have the original Highland dress as Adam wore it, and as originally worn by the Scottish Highlanders.

During a flying visit of mine to India last year, a short leading article appeared in the *Pioneer*, the principal journal in that country. It commented on hitherto almost unknown tribes in the Himalayas, that had been recently visited by Prince Henry of Orleans in his wanderings. The Prince saw them with the lassies milking cows, while some lads, dressed in primitive kilts, were dancing attendance, playing on a kind of primitive bagpipes. The article suggested, in a humorous half jesting way, how pleased the Highland Viceroy, Lord Elgin, would be to see them, and that they might have been descended from Highlanders in Alexander the Great's Greek army, which was known to pass somewhere about that region on its celebrated march to India. I replied to the editor in a letter that appeared later on, pointing out that the Greeks themselves might have worn the Highland dress, and whether they did or not, that some of the ancient Romans in every probability did so. I was at the time writing from my recollections of Trajan's Column, which I had seen in Rome a little while before. Now, an exact replica of this very column, divided into two parts, is placed in the South Kensington Museum, where you can clearly see for yourselves the very dress which I described in the *Pioneer*, from my recollection of the original one at Rome itself, the copy of which I went to see the other day in the Museum, in order to verify my previous impression.

Nay more, you have only to go to the British Museum, and the first figure to your left, as you enter the spacious Reading Room, is a statue of the Emperor Hadrian, the immediate successor to Trajan, dressed in veritable Highland costume. You will remember that it was in his time the second Roman wall, the Wall of Hadrian, was built from the Tyne to the Solway, to keep out the Caledonians; and I suggested to the *Pioneer* that the Romans had probably acquired the dress from those wild tribes of the North, whom they often encountered in arms, but failed to conquer. And although we Highlanders should be the last to say that there is nothing in a name, yet we may well ask ourselves "What's in a name?" in this particular instance. For what does it matter that the upper part of this dress is called *Sari* by the mild Hindoos, and *Sagum* by the ancient Romans? Why, let *them* call it what they like, but *we* shall call it our Highland *Pladdie*!

(To be continued).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1898.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Dr. and Mrs. David Ross, E. C. Training College, Glasgow; Dr. Donald Macleod, Hawick; and Dr. J. N. Macdougall, Coldingham. A portrait and sketch of the Rev. Patrick Macdonald, of Kilmore, the famous collector and publisher of the first volume of Gaelic music, will also appear, as well as the usual variety of interesting illustrated papers. Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh will treat of the "Gows" in our next issue.

PIPERS.—A pipe music class has been started in Golspie, Pipe-Major Macdonald, conductor.

"CLAN NAMES AND SURNAMES" was the title of a paper read by Mr. Alexander Macbain at the recent meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh's paper treating of the "Baillies of Dunain" was read at the preceding meeting.

A NEW EDITION OF THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKINNON, by the Rev. D. D. Mackinnon, is now in the press.

THE KINTYRE CLUB DINNER, which was held in the Windsor Hotel on 31st January, was a splendid success. Mr. David Macdonald, President, delivered a very interesting address on reminiscences of Kintyre, and the usual toasts were duly honoured. An "At Home" was then held in the drawing room, songs were rendered by several of the ladies and gentlemen, and a most pleasant evening was spent.

THE ROSS-SHIRE GATHERING in the Queen's Rooms, on 11th February was, as usual, very successful. Captain Kenneth Mackenzie, Younger of Gairloch, who presided, gave a learned account of

the early history and social progress in the county, which greatly delighted the large audience. Bailie Alexander Murray also addressed the meeting. The whole proceedings were of unusual interest.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Grand Hall of the Waterloo Rooms was crowded on the occasion of the Concert given by this Society on 15th ult. In the absence of Mr. Alexander Mackay, Vice-President, who was prevented from being present through illness, Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secretary (Editor, *Celtic Monthly*), occupied the chair, and delivered a short address regarding the excellent work done by the Society. The concert was greatly enjoyed, and the dance which followed was attended by over a hundred couples. A pleasing feature of the gathering was the presence of some fifty officers and men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who accepted an invitation from the Society, and were greatly delighted with the hearty reception they received from the members of the clan.

Members of the Clan Mackay will be pleased to learn that the late President of the Society, Captain James Mackay of Wilts, has been made a J.P. for the County of Wilts, by Lord Lansdowne, Minister of War; and that the Diamond Jubilee Medal has been conferred on him by Her Majesty the Queen.

THE COWAL SHINTY CLUB CONCERT is to take in the Waterloo Rooms on Thursday, 31st March, Mr. David Macdonald, President, Kintyre Club, in the chair.—Mr. Archibald Campbell (Leckie) was recently the recipient of a handsome testimonial from the members of the club on the occasion of his marriage. He has been a member of the club for sixteen years.—We are indebted to Lieutenant Colin MacRae of the "Black Watch" for the handsome donation of £2 towards the funds of the club. The Cowal men played recently three undecided matches with the hitherto undefeated Inveraray club, besides other contests at Ohan, Furnace, Kames, etc., and deserve the support of all Highlanders who desire to see the ancient Highland game become the national pastime once more.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, CLAN HISTORIAN.—Our readers in all parts of the world will regret to learn of the death of this distinguished Highlander. His fame as a writer of Highland books, and as one of the pioneers in the Highland Land Reform movement, is world-wide. We had a delightful drive together in September last to the Falls of Foyers, when he seemed in the best of health and spirits, and the news of his fatal illness and death came upon us as an unpleasant shock. Mr. Mackenzie was the son of a Gairloch crofter. He was a self-taught man, with a capacity for hard work, and no Highlander could wish for a more lasting memorial than the massive and exhaustive volumes which Mr. Mackenzie published on the Highland clans and other cognate subjects. Personally, he was the most genial of men, well informed and witty. By his death we have lost a much respected friend; and the Highlands will be certainly the poorer by his loss. He is survived by his wife and several sons and daughters. Two years ago he was presented by his many friends at home and abroad with a cheque for £400 and an illuminated address, as a token of their esteem and respect.

THE CLAN CAMERON GATHERING.



DONALD CAMERON, XXIV. OF LOCHIEL,
CHIEF OF THE CLAN.

THE Annual Re-union of the Clan Cameron Society was held in the Queen's Rooms, on 3rd Feb., Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, in the chair. Among the others on the platform were:—Mr. Donald Walter Cameron, Yr. of Lochiel; Mr. Allan Cameron, of Lundavra; Major Allan W. Cameron; Mr. Allan Gordon Cameron, of Barcaldine; Ex-Provost John Cameron, Kirkintilloch; Mr. Patrick Cameron, Corrychoillie; and Mr. Jas. Cameron, Hamilton.

The Chief, in his opening address, said the Clan Society was in a most flourishing condition. This was the eighth year of its existence, and the membership exceeded 350. The clan feeling which was so strong in more warlike times was still a distinguishing feature of Highland character. Highlanders had shown by the formation of Clan Societies that a spirit of loyalty still animated them. Why was recruiting in the Highlands at a standstill? It could not be for want of population. At the present time the people were more crowded into small corners, where they were not so happy or so comfortable as they were in the old times. He

would be the last to say that the people of the Highlands should be made food for powder, but he thought the Highlands should provide their quota of men and no more. Let the people see a little of the pomp and circumstance of war, let them see recruiting parties going round with drums and pipes and all the other paraphernalia of a soldiering life, instead of an odd recruiting sergeant here and there. Then they would be spared the humiliation of being constantly told that those who lived in the Highlands did not take their share in the defences of the country. (Applause.) Continuing, Lochiel referred to the coming of age of his son, Donald Walter Cameron, yr. of Lochiel, to whom the Society were to present an address. The mark which distinguished the clan system from the feudal system was the headship of the clans. The Clan Cameron had been very fortunate in this respect. For twenty-five or twenty-six generations the chieftainship had descended from father to son in a direct line. (Applause.) The coming of age of his son had evoked unbounded enthusiasm in Lochaber, an enthusiasm which, he hoped, would be given expression to later on. This, in his opinion, falsified the prediction of those who said that the land



LADY MARGARET CAMERON, OF LOCHIEL, AND SON

agitation might weaken the ties which existed between chief and clansmen. This was not so at all events in Lochaber. (Applause.)

Afterwards Mr. Allan Cameron of Lundavra, Assistant Adjutant-General R. I. C., read the congratulatory address, and presented it to Mr. Donald Walter Cameron, Mr. Cameron, who was received with loud cheering and the singing of "Hail to the Chief," replied shortly. He also referred to the strength of the clan attachments, and expressed his deep gratitude to his fellow-clansmen for their loyalty to the chief and their kindness to himself. He had been, he said, a year and a half in Her Majesty's service,

and he hoped before long to be sent to the front if their were fighting to be done. He was in the same regiment as his grandfather had served in at the Battle of Waterloo. He would always endeavour to live up to the traditions of his position, and would ever remember the affectionate sympathy he had met with at the outset of his career.

Ex-Provost John Cameron, Kirkintilloch, author of an interesting work on *The Clan Cameron*, to whom we are indebted for the excellent portraits which appear with this notice, also delivered a rousing address, and moved the usual votes of thanks.

A concert and assembly followed.



DONALD WALTER CAMERON, YOUNGER OF LOCHIEL
(From photo taken a few years ago.)

THE HIGHLANDER ABROAD.

MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

THE *Celtic Monthly* is to be congratulated in devoting a column to the record of the achievements of Highlanders in foreign countries. The Highlander very naturally is proud of the honours bestowed upon the Gael both at home and abroad; neither does he confine his admiration to the bent of what might be his own particular desires.

Perhaps no race can better adapt itself to its environments than the Gael-Albanach. Naturally he is a lover of liberty, and where liberty's banner has been unfurled, he takes kindly to its protection. When the storm of the American Revolution broke forth, it could readily be granted that a majority of the Gaels who had settled in the Thirteen Colonies, and who still

smarted under the disaster of Culloden, would engage under the banner of Washington. The fame of some of these Highlanders has been wafted to Scotland, and in America it is treasured as of priceless value. By permission of the editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, I will open the series by first giving an outline, but very imperfect sketch of the life and services of Major-General St. Clair, whose life was a stormy one, full of disappointments, shattered hopes, and yet honoured and revered for the distinguished and disinterested services he performed.

Arthur St. Clair, a relative of the then Earl of Roslin, was born in 1734, in the town of Thurso, Caithness. He inherited the fine personal appearance and manly traits of the St. Clairs. After graduating at the University of Edinburgh, he entered upon the study of medicine under the celebrated Dr. William Hunter of London; but receiving a large sum of money

from his mother's estate in 1757, he changed his purpose and sought adventures in a military life, and the same year entered the military service of the king of Great Britain, as ensign in the 60th or Royal American Regiment of Foot, which consisted of four battalions of 1,000 men each. In May of the succeeding year he was with Amherst before Louisburg. Gathered here were men soon to become famous, among whom were Wolfe, Moncton, Murray and Lawrence. For gallant conduct St. Clair received a lieutenant's commission, April 17, 1759. He was with Wolfe in that brilliant struggle before Quebec. In 1760 he married at Boston, Miss Phoebe Bayard, with a fortune of £14,000, which added to his own made him a man of wealth. On April 16th, 1762, he resigned his commission in the army, and soon after led a colony of Scotch settlers to the Ligonier Valley, in Pennsylvania, where he had purchased a large tract of land. Improvements everywhere sprang up under his guiding genius. He held various offices, among which was Member of the Proprietary Council of Pennsylvania, and Colonel of Militia. The mutterings of the American Revolution were early heard in the beautiful valley of Ligonier. St. Clair was not slow to take action. He espoused the cause of the patriots with all the intensity of his character, and never, even for a moment, swerved in the cause. He was destined to receive the enduring friendship of Washington, La Fayette, Hamilton, Schuyler, Wilson, Reed, and others of the most distinguished patriots of the Revolution. In later life, after both the smiles and frowns of fortune had sported with him, Judge Burnet* wrote of him, declaring him to have been "unquestionably a man of superior talents, of extensive information, and of great uprightness of purpose, as well as suavity of manners. . . . He had been accustomed from infancy to mingle in the circles of taste and refinement, and had acquired a polish of manners, and a habitual respect for the feelings of others, which might be cited as a specimen of genuine politeness."

Early in the year 1776, he resigned his Civil offices, and led the Second Pennsylvania Regiment in the invasion of Canada. On account of the remarkable skill he there displayed in saving from capture the army of Sullivan, he received the rank of Brigadier-General, August 6th, 1776. He claimed to have pointed out the Quaker road to Washington on the night before the battle of Princeton. On account of his meritorious services in that battle, he was made Major-General. February 19th, 1777. On the advance of Burgoyne, who now threatened the great avenue

from the north, St. Clair was placed in command of Ticonderoga. Discovering his position was untenable, with great reluctance he evacuated the fort. A great clamour was raised against him, especially in the New England States, and on account of this he was suspended, and a court-martial ordered. Retaining the confidence of Washington he was a volunteer aid to that commander at the Battle of Brandywine. The court-martial acquitted him of all the charges, September, 1778. He was on the court-martial that condemned Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army, as a spy, and soon after was placed in command of West Point. He assisted in quelling the mutiny of the Pennsylvania line, and shared in the crowning glory of the Revolution, the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

St. Clair soon after returned to private life, but his fellow-citizens would not have it so. In 1783 he was on the Board of Censors for Pennsylvania, afterwards chosen Vendue-Master of Philadelphia. In 1786 was elected a Member of Congress, and in 1787 was President of that body, which, at that time, was the chief office in America. In 1788 he was elected Governor of the North-West Territory, an area larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland. The duty of governing, organizing, and bringing order out of chaos, over this region of country, devolved upon him. In 1791, Washington made him Commander-in-Chief of the army, and in the autumn, with an ill-appointed army, set out on an expedition against the Indians, but met with an overwhelming defeat on November 4th. The disaster was investigated by Congress, and the commander was justly exonerated from all blame. In 1792 he resigned his commission as general, but continued in office as governor until 1802, when he was summarily dismissed by President Jefferson. In poverty he retired to a log-house which overlooked the valley he had once owned. In vain he pressed his claims against the government for the expenditures he had made during the Revolution, in aid of the cause. In 1812 he published his "Narrative." In 1813 the legislature of Pennsylvania granted him an annuity of \$400, and finally the general government granted him a pension of \$60 per month. He died at Laurel Hill, Pennsylvania, August 31st, 1818, from injuries received by being thrown from a wagon.

In 1870 the State of Ohio purchased the papers of General St. Clair, and in 1882 these were published in two volumes, containing 1270 pages.

* "Notes on the North-Western Territory," p. 378.

COMHRADH EADAR AM BARD AGUS CIOBAIR.

AM BARD.

CIOD, a chiobair, fàth do chabhaig?
Tha an rathad so car cas;
'Nuair a gheilleas na builg-sheididh,
'S eiginn nach bi 'n ceum cho bras;
Tha mo cheum-sa 'dol am moille,
A bha aon-uair beothail luath,
'Nuair a b' éideadh dhomh am feileadh,
'Sealg an fheidh 's a choitich ruaidh;
Tha 'latha fein aig gach madadh,
'S thig an la is fàid' gu crìch;
Cha shlighe bhuan ach astar suarach,
Tha eadar an naigh 's a chioch;
Slainte 's òige, seilbh ro-ghloirnehor,
'S fearr na òr a chruinne-ché;
Bi taingeil fhad 's a tha iad agad,
Oir cha mhair iad ach car rù;
Ole air mhath leinn, thig sinn uile,
Gu 'r ceann-uidhe, luath no mall;
'S garbh no réidh g' am bi an turas,
Cha bhì bith 's a chruinn' air chall;
Suidh mata, is tarraim t' anail,
Aig a charragh-chloich ud shuas;
'S air chùl gaoith, 's air adann greine,
Thoir dhomh sgeul na tim a ghluais.

AN CIOBAIR.

Tha thu 'fanaid orm a charaid,
C' àit' am faighinn-sa mo sgeul,
'Tha leam fein a siubhal garbhlaich,
Moch is annoch is la'-feill;
'S gun aon neach a ri rium comhradh,
No bheir eolas dhomh air seud;
Co a gheibhinn-sa mo sgeoil uath,
Mur am foghlum mi bho 'n treud?

AM BARD.

'S faoin do ghloir' a chiobair ghòrach!
C' àit' an d' fhoghlum thu do chreud?
Am bheil doigh air faotainn colais,
Ach 'bhi 'chomhnaidh measg nan ceud?
Nach 'eil leabhar mòr an domhain,
Fosgailte fa d' chomhair fein?
Leugh na chì thu 's gheibh thu 'n fhirinn,
Sgriobht' ann mar le gath na grein'.

AN CIOBAIR.

Tha sin glé-mhatd do luchd foghlaim,
Tha e dhomhs' air bheagan brìgh;
Glaiste dhomhs' tha stòr an colais,
Fhad 's 'tha 'n iuchair òir am dbith;
Co a mhinneasas dhomh 'n sgriobhadh,
Mur am faigh mi bhrìgh leam fein?
Cha 'n 'eil fàidhean 'nis 's an fhasach,
Mar a b' abbaist daibh o chein.

AM BARD.

Cha 'n 'eil feum agad air fàidhean,
Chaidh na làithean sin air chùl;
Tha t' eolas fein an diugh na 's airde,
Na bh' aig fàidhe no fear-lùil;

Beachdaich air na chluinn 's na chì thu,
'S thig am mìnneachadh 'na am,
'S creid mi, cha 'n 'eil ni gun bhrìgh ann,
Biodh e dìreach dhuit no cam.

AN CIOBAIR.

Ged a dh' fhaodas beagan firinn,
Bhi 's an nì a tha thu 'g radh;
'S eagal leam nach tuig gu dìlinn,
Mise nì dheth ach mar tha;
Tha mi siubhal, o thùs m' òige,
Beinn is comhnard, gach aon la;
Ach an diugh, cha 'n 'eil sìod dhomhs',
Ach beinn is comhnard, mar a bha;
'N curragh ris am bheil m' thaice,
'S tric thug fasgadh dhomh o'n t-sion;
Ciod a th' agams ann r'a fhaicinn,
Ged a bheachdaichinn gu slor?

AM BARD.

Nam bu leir dhuit, tha 's a charragh,
Sgeul a b' airidh 'chur an ceill;
Is na 'm b' aithne dhomhs' a b-aithris,
Chuirinn earrann di r'a cheil'.

AN CIOBAIR.

Tha e soirbh gu leoir dhuit sgeula,
'Chur r'a cheil' air nì fo 'n ghrein;
Ach ma 's breug is bunait sgeoil duit,
Gleidh an seorsa sin dhuit fein.

AM BARD.

'S leir dhuit fein, a chiobair thàireil;
Nach do dh' fhas e 'n sin leis fein;
'S nach do chuireadh rianh an aird e,
Ach le lamhan dhaoine treun;
'S leir dhuit nach eil creag d'a sheorsa,
Anns na còrsan so gu leir;
'S mar a thainig e air astar,
Tha air sgriobht' an claisean geur;
Tha e leis a sin 'na ònrachd,
Is 'na fhògrach an tìr chèin;
'S mur an leoir a bhunait sgeoil sin,
Fàgaidh mi an còrr dhuit fein.

AN CIOBAIR.

Cha 'n fbag! cha 'n fbag! Is toil mo bheann-
achd!
Is dean cabhag leis a chòrr;
Ach cluinn mi! ma tha òc 's a charragh,
Prannaidh mi e leis an ord!

AM BARD.

Cum do bhilean saor o thoibheum,
'S air an lóineis sin cuir srian;
'S na dean tarcais air an altair,
A thog t' athrichean d'an dia.
Anns a ghlaicag bhoidhich ghlaiss so,
Ann an achlais chas an t' sleibh;
Dh' eirich aon-uair badan coille,
'S tromh a mheadhon sruthan réidh;
Aite fagach ri am dùbhlachd,
Aite dùbhradh ri am grein;
Thog do shinnsear an sin carragh,
'S dh' iobair iad d' am faileas fein,

Daoine borba, daoine fuilteach,
 Gidheadb, purpail agus treun ;
 Dh' iobair iad a reir an tuigse,
 Do dhia fuilteach mar iad fein,
 Dh' iobair iad a reir am pailteis,
 Toradh machrach 's a' na spreidh ;
 Dh' iobair iad a reir an doille,
 Eadhain, fuil an cloinne fein.
 Tha e sgrìobhte anns an fhìrinn.
 Rinneadh duine 'n ionbhaigh Dhé ;
 Ach fhad 's a dh' fhoghlum mise riamh,
 Rinn duine 'dhia 'na ionbhaigh fein.
 Tha e soilleir air a charragh,
 Gun robh 'n aidnheil salach, breun ;
 Ach ma 'n tog thu t' ord g' a phrannadh,
 Thoir an t-sail á d' shealladh fein.

AN CIOBAIR.

Mo thruaigh! Nach b' e 'n creideamh breun e ;
 Nach bu deis'neach cor an t-sluaigh ;
 'Saol thu, 'bheil e ceart dhomh éisdeachd,
 Ma tha béisdealachd r'a lauidh !

AM BARD.

Tha thu ceart ; oha 'n 'eil mòr éifeachd
 Dhuit-sa, éisdeachd ris a chòrr ;
 Ach 's ceann-teagaisg dhuit na leugh mi,
 'Ghabhas leudachadh gu leòir ;
 Na bi thusa deas a dhiteadh,
 'H-uile nì nach tuig thu fein ;
 Cha do rinneadh breitheamh dhìot-sa,
 Air gach dìomhaireachd fo 'n ghrein,
 Seall mu 'n cuairt ort air an lamhair,
 'S cuir 's a chainnt is math leat fein,
 Maise shónraicht', beinne 's comhnaird,
 Oraichte le glòir na grein ;
 As an àit' am bheil thu coimhead,
 Sgaolt' fa d' chomhair, dhuit is leir,
 Uile rioghachdan an domhain,
 Muir is monadh 's neamh nan speur.
 Cha do thaghadh riamh a chlach so,
 Airson altair, ach le stùil,
 A bha leis an spiorad deachte,
 'S anam beachdail air a chùl ;
 Anam, a bha 'stri ri eirigh,
 Thun an Dé a dhealbh e 'n tuis ;
 Anam, nach deach riamh a thaghadh,
 Leis an anart anns an ùir.

AN CIOBAIR.

'S e mo bheachd nach eil mòr eucail,
 Air builg-shèididh dhaoine còir ;
 Mur an d' fhuair sinn 'bheag de 'n sgeula,
 Fhuair sinn séidirich gu leòir ;
 Ma tha greim tonnac' a' d' splìnean,
 Cuir dhomh smùdan ris a' phìob ;
 Bidh do ribheid fein air tùchadh,
 Leis na ruisg a chuir thu dhìot ;
 Ann am bheachd's tha moran dhiùbhsan,
 A tha cùimeadh nan ùir-sgeul,
 Nach bu rubiste beagan tùchaidh,
 A chur dimadh air am beul.

AM BARD.

Cha bu mhiest' thu fein do thacdadh !
 Tha do theanga sgaiteach geur ;
 Shaoil mi gu 'n robh thu cho faiteach,
 Ris a' ghart-eun anns an fheur ;

Ma 's e talach air na fhuair thu,
 Nach do dhìol thu duais da reir ;
 'S mur an creid thu bhuan na chual thu,
 'S gnothach suarach sin gu leir ;
 Ach mur 'eil thu tuillidh 's gealtach,
 Thig is faic le d' shuilean fein ;
 Thig an so ri oididhe ghealaich,
 'S gheibh thu sealladh air an Fheinn.
 Cha 'n fhear-ciùil, is cha 'n fhear-sgeoil mi,
 'S cha 'n 'eil teanga sheolta 'm bheul,
 A chur snas air duan no bràid ;
 No chur crith air feoil le 'm sgeul.
 Bheirinn bharr mo dhroma 'n còta,
 'Gheall 's gu 'm b' eòl dhomh 'chur an ceill ;
 Nì a thachair air fear-còlais,
 Oididhe cheothar tigh 'n o 'n fheill.
 Ach ged tha an spiorad deònach,
 Suim an sgeòil a chur r'a cheil' ;
 Cha leig cuibhreachan na feola,
 Leis dol òirleach bharr na h-eill.
 Tha e mar sin, doirbh, a chio-bair—
 Nìthe dìomhair anna fein,
 A dhealbh soilleir air an intinn,
 'S a chur dìongalta r'a cheil'.
 Ach feuchaidh mi, ma 's is deòin leat,
 Sèorsa beachd thoirt dhuit mu 'n sgeul ;
 Ach thoir faineas ; bha 'n oididhe ceòthar,
 'S bha m' fhear-eòlais air an fheill—
 Oididhe' cho sàmhach ris an uaigh,
 Gun ghuth, gun ghluasad aig nì beo ;
 'S an shaoil e gun do chaochail fuaim,
 'S gun d' thug mactalla suas an deò ;
 A currachd oididh' mu cheann na cruach ;
 A ghuilleas suainte 'm brat de 'n cheò ;
 Is ciùine shìtheil thar na tìr,
 A chan an fìrinn "tìr nam beo."
 B' oididhe' so nach togadh cridh',
 'S nach cuireadh cli an anam seòid ;
 Oididhe' sam biodh na daoine sìth,
 A ruith mu 'n t-sìthean le a 'n leis.
 A chur neart 's a cholluinn thruaillidh,
 Sgob e suas na bha 's a chòrn ;
 Sgrog e 'bhonaid ghorm m'a chluasan,
 'S ghlaic e 'chuaile teann 'na dhòrn ;
 Ach bha 'n t' adhar trom m'a ghuaillean,
 Is 'na uallach air an fheòil ;
 Leig e 'thaice ris a bhruaich so ;
 Stad ! An cual e guth 's na neòil ?
 Anns na neòil bha monmhor comhraidh ;
 'S tuireadh bròin s an oiteig shèimh ;
 Is binn cheol caol air feadh an fhaòich,
 Mar òran gaoil a nuas o neamh ;
 Bha 'n t-am bhli gluasad ! ach mo thruaigh !
 Tumna laidhe ris gach bonn ;
 Dh' fheuch e falach anns an luachair,
 Ach 'na chluais, bha ceol gu 'n fhonn
 Suil gu 'n d' thug e air a chùlthaobh,
 Doire ùdlaigh suas air fas ;
 'N curragh laiste suas mar fhuirneis,
 'S air a chrìnn, bha gath a bhàis ;
 Tannaig fhaoin n'an sgaoth mu 'n cuairt air,
 Sios 's a suas, o thaobh gu taobh,
 Nunn 's a nall, le sìubhal fuadain,
 Mar gu 'n lnaist' iad leis a' ghaoith ;
 Ach ghrad stad a nis an lnaigan,
 Mar gu 'n biodh gach cluas ri l'ar ;
 Samchair shuaineil 's gu 'n nì gluasad,
 Air a' chruaich, o bonn gu barr ;
 Fad air falbh, ar leis gu 'n cual e

Toirm, mar fhuaim na tuinn air tràigh ;
 'Tigh'n' 'na b' fhaigse, 's na bu chruaidhe ;
 Iolach buaidh ! Is nuallan cràidh !
 Faic a' tearnadh leis an leacainn,
 Sluagh, mar fheachd an uidheam blàir,
 A tigh'n' dìreach air a' ghlaic so ;
 Tartaireachd 's buaidh chàithream ard !
 Rainig iad an carragh teinnteach,
 'S chaidh iad deiseal air mu 'n cuairt ;
 Tharruinn iad a suas fa chomhair,
 'S dh' fhosgail iad an sreathan suas ;
 Buidhean chiomach, nis a' tighinn,
 Air an iomain mar bhad spreidh ;
 Os an cionn an fheithid ghionach,
 'S an t-sleagh bhiorach as an dèigh ;
 Rompa 'n altair, cheana laiste,—
 An ceann-astair tuillidh 's luath—
 'S eiginn fulann, ach ciod uime ?
 Reachd na cruinne, bàs no buaidh ;
 Thuig mo charaid de 'bha tighinn,
 'S chuir siod crìothnachadh 'na fheòil ;
 Sparr e cheann a sìos 's an luachair ;
 Stop e 'chluasan le a mheòir ;
 Ach cha b' fhada gus an cual e,
 Sgread, nach cual e 'leithid rianh ;
 Ghlaodh e mach, le uile chomas !
 "Mort ! Dean cobhair orm, a Dhia !"
 Teine deallain nuas o neamh,
 A sgrios an doire, freumh is geug ;
 Is torrann oillteil anns na neòil,
 Mar Thor, le 'gheannair, prannadh bhreug ;
 Dubh-neul duaichuidh 'g eirigh suas,
 A bha air uachdar fuinn mar phlaigh,
 'S am feachd gu leir, le thannaig bhreun,
 G' am falach fein bho shuil an la.

AN CIOBAIR.

Dia g' ar dìon, is leig a so mi !
 Chaidh an donas ort gu leir ;
 Cha tiginn-sa air son oighreachd,
 Anns an oidhch' an so leam fein.

AM BARD.

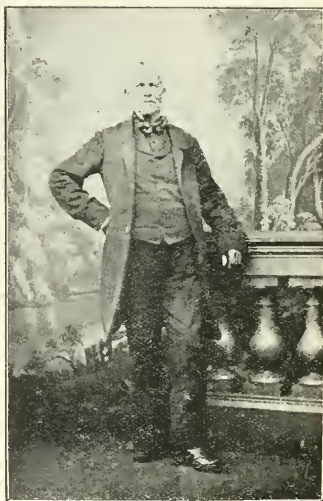
Thusa, ciòrach air son eòlais !
 Thusa 's t' iuchair òir ad dhith !
 Tha i, 'bhurraidh, ann ad phòca,
 Cuir do chròg ann 's gheibh thu i !
 Thoir a nis do shròn ri baile,
 Is thoir t' fhaileachd as a chloib ;
 Cuir trì uairean, cuairt mu 'n charragh,
 'S cuir do sgallais ann ad phìob.

Dunéideam.

DOMHNALL M'Eacharn.

JOHN FARQUHARSON, BANCHORY.

OUTSIDE the boundaries of their ancient clan district in Aberdeenshire the Farquharsons are by no means numerous, but what they lack in numbers they make up in Highland enthusiasm. Wherever a clansman may be found, he is certain to prove a good example of the Celtic race. The subject of the present brief notice, Mr. John Farquharson, is a worthy representative of his clan, and a few notes relating to his family will doubtless interest many of our readers. His grandfather, James Farquharson, was a native of Logie Coldstone, and joined the 81st Aberdeenshire Highlanders in 1777, in which he served as Sergeant both in Canada and Ireland, until the regiment was disbanded in 1783. Thereafter he entered the Excise service. His son, John Farquharson, also followed the same avocation,



JOHN FARQUHARSON

"THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR," which Mr. Eneas Mackay has just published, is a valuable contribution to a subject which has long been one of controversy. The author gives an account of the events which led up to the famous fight between the forces of Argyll and Mar ; the combat is graphically described, plans and sketches being given to assist the reader to follow the fortunes of the combat. There are over twenty original sketches, including a number of relics found on the battlefield. It is printed and got up in nice style.

his official life being spent in Aberdeen, Perth, and Argyllshires. He died in 1875, aged 91. We have pleasure in giving his likeness herewith.

Mr. John Farquharson, whose portrait we also give, entered the Revenue service as assistant in 1837, in Aberdeen. His career was a long and active one, having acted as



JOHN FARQUHARSON

Collector in various parts of England and Ireland, and finally retired in 1886, settling down at Deeside to spend a well earned rest. Mr. Farquharson has three brothers living. They emigrated in early life; one is now settled in South America, another in Canada, and the third has returned to the old country, and now resides in Perthshire.

THE COMING OF THE RED WOMAN.

LOOK here, Harry, we'll need to seek shelter or we'll get lost!" cried Ewen, above the howling of the storm.

"If our absence won't frighten your people, I'm quite of your opinion!" I yelled back.

"It won't; I told Sheila and the pater we might be detained if the snow began."

"All right! the sooner we're out of this the better." I knew he understood where we could go when he spoke.

"We'll make for the Glen house, it's not far, and MacLaine will take us in, so here goes," and turning sharply, we took another direction altogether.

"I hope we won't meet the Red Woman on the prowl," he remarked, as linked together we struggled onward.

"Who may *she* be?" I enquired through clenched teeth, for the storm was terrific, and right in our faces.

"An evil spirit that haunts these parts, and is said to have a particular spite at the MacLaines. She is their 'banshee,' or something of the sort," he replied jerkily, between the gusts of wind and snow.

"Ugh! don't speak of her," I said, for I am just a little superstitious, Englishman though I am.

"Sholto MacLaine is rather peculiar," pursued Ewen. "Very clever, very learned, but a thorough gentleman, though he dresses queerly and lives in that great barn-like house, with only a man-servant almost as old as himself. He'll welcome us though; no fear."

Sholto MacLaine did welcome us. After a terrible struggle up to the house (which I could not see for the whirling snow), he admitted us himself, with a kindly salutation in Gaelic, which, of course, Ewen answered. He led us into a large room, partly dining-room, partly study, where a great fire of peat and logs blazed cheerily, its warmth grateful to our chilled bodies. Books were everywhere, the table was littered with manuscripts and papers, and by it

stood our host. He was a slender little man of perhaps eighty, attired in full Highland dress, with rich silver mountings on his velvet coat, lace ruffles at his wrists, and diamond buckles on his shoes; the dress suit in fact of a Highlander of rank of the last century. He was a striking figure, and his voice was clear and refined, his English perfect, though with a slight Gaelic accent.

"You will excuse my homely fare, but supper will be served at once as I see the snow has not got through your ulsters," he said hospitably, with a frank smile; and a moment after his servant entered to lay the cloth at one end of the table.

As the servant moved near to his master I noticed a look pass between them, a look that made me feel uncomfortable, I could not have told why. The man was as remarkable as his master, a tall, swarthy Highlander, with almost the same style of dress, only coarser, and with steel instead of silver on coat and shoes. He brought in a simple, though plentiful meal, and set a quaint whisky bottle and hot water beside us, though a jug of milk was what he gave to his master.

"You'll get the rooms ready, Hamish," said the old gentleman, and again I saw that peculiar look pass between them. I glanced at Ewen but he was busy with his supper and did not look up. A sudden inspiration came to me.

"One room will do for us, Mr. MacLaine. It will save your servant trouble, and as this is New Year's Eve, we will probably sit late," I said as indifferently as I could.

Ewen looked up with a laugh before our host (who had frowned angrily) could reply.

"No late sitting up for this child, my boy. In fact I meant as soon as supper was over, to ask leave to retire. I'm dead beat, and so are you, Harry," he said serenely.

Mr. MacLaine looked relieved, I thought.

"Hamish will manage very well, and there is no question of trouble," he observed coldly.

At that moment there came a sound of scratching and whining at the room door, and as Hamish went out a fine black and tan collie entered. The dog came up to the end of the table where we sat, and gazed up at Ewen with curious intentness. The young fellow started, staring back at the creature quite as intently.

"If I didn't know it was impossible I should say that that was my cousin's collie, Luib," he said. "Here, come nearer, old man," and he tried to pat the animal. But the collie, showing no signs of recognition, retreated under the table, refusing to be petted. Sholto MacLaine apologised.

"He is very shy; he allows no one to touch him. I suppose it's his nature," he remarked;

and Ewen nodded and went on eating his supper.

But do what I would I was certain there was something unusual about that house and its inmates. And the feeling was strengthened when I felt the dog under the table creep quietly up to my feet and lay his head against my knee. Making no remark I slipped my hand to my side, and a warm soft tongue swept across the back of my wrist. If the dog was shy he had certainly overcome it in my particular case. But something kept me from speaking of the beast's confidential behaviour, and presently, Ewen, having finished, pushed back his chair.

"Now, Mr. MacLaine, I think my friend and I had better get to bed and not keep you out of yours," he said. "I am literally half asleep already; Mr. Lee must be the same."

He got up as he spoke, and Mr. MacLaine also rose, with alacrity, I fancied. His absence for a minute to consult with his servant gave me the chance I wanted, and in a few rapid sentences I told my suspicions. To my annoyance Ewen utterly scouted the idea.

"Stuff and nonsense! One would think you were a reader of the 'Penny Dreadful' style of literature, Hal. The man is neither a robber nor a lunatic; he is a high bred, well born Highland gentleman a cousin or connection of Lochbuie, a Chieftain of the clan, I believe. Don't be a fool, old fellow," he said with asperity, and against his obstinacy there was no use arguing.

"The only thing that's queer is the dog" he went on. "The beast is like Sheila's Lùib, but that's all. You can't call *that* suspicious surely?"

Our host's return prevented further speech, and we said "good-night." I see him still in my mind's eye standing on the hearth, a picturesque figure in his rich dress and flowing white locks. His parting words sounded significant in my ears.

"Good-night! we are not likely to see each other again, but I hope you will sleep well," he said as he bowed us out.

Ewen did not appear to notice tone or manner, and I mentally anathematised his dull wits as we followed in Hamish's wake. Our rooms were pretty far apart, Ewen's at the top of the stairs, mine down a narrow bare passage, quite out of sight of my friend's door. The apartment was home-like, if plain, a cheerful fire brightened it, but as my guide lit the candles on the high carved mantel, I saw that his hand shook—a sure sign of guilty purpose, I decided, and was instantly on my guard. But when he turned, my suspicions vanished like a dream. His face was ghastly with horror, working with emotions to which I had no clue. Surprise, strong sympathy, kept me silent. He was first to speak.

"Will you be a doctor? or a minister?" he asked almost wistfully.

"No, I am a lawyer," I answered, wondering.

"Ah well! it is the better may be for what I will be telling you," he said sadly; Mr. McNiven will be young and will not heed, but I will see that you thought we had trouble. Aye! I will be watching you, sir, and will notice."

What stabs of shame I felt as the simple old servant told how wrongly he had read my looks; till that moment believed to have been unseen.

"Tell me your trouble; believe me, I will help you if I can," I earnestly assured him, and he looked straight into my eyes as he answered quietly:

"The master will be dying this night, sir."

I was utterly bewildered; I thought I had not heard aright.

"Why, he is in perfect health," I exclaimed, "As well as you or I when we left him."

Hamish grew even paler, but his steady gaze never flinched.

"Sholto MacLaine will die to-night," he repeated slowly. "The Red Woman of the Glen will be coming for him, and he will be ready—Aye, he will be ready like the others; dressed and ready. But she will not need to come again, for Mr. Sholto will be the last, the very last MacLaine of the Glen. Woe's me! Woe's me!" His voice died away in a strange wail, and mute with awe I stared at him blankly for a space. But I found voice at last.

"Let us go to him if he is ill; surely we can help him?" I cried, making for the door. But he clutched my arm firmly.

"No, no! he will not want us! He will meet the Red Woman alone. They all did; so will he. But we will wait, and when she has passed we will go. But he will not need us; he will have gone with her."

He was trembling like a man with the ague; he could scarcely stand. I put him into the chair by the hearth, and he lay back limply, but with his wild gaze fixed upon the door. Awed, curious, but almost half afraid that he was mad, I waited, looking where he looked, for I knew not what. The fire snapped loudly now and then; there was not another sound audible, for the wind outside had fallen. So, for perhaps half an hour we remained, then suddenly my companion sprang to his feet, his long brown finger pointing towards the door.

"The Red Woman! the Red Woman of the Glen!" he cried in horror, and was it fancy, or did I really see a tall lurid form hover for an instant on the threshold and then vanish? I cannot be certain but I think I *did* see it, and motionless, stood by the Highlander. As his arm fell to his side at last, there broke upon the night the long, eerie howl of a dog. Wild, ear-piercing it rang out, and the effect upon Hamish was electrical.

"Come," he said hoarsely, and clutched my arm. Down the dark stairs we sped swiftly to the room we had recently quitted. The last stroke of midnight was chiming as we reached its door, and when we entered I knew that the last dread visitor had been before us, for the laird of the Glen sat in his chair, a smile of peace on his dead face, his pen still held in the hand that rested on the table. Hamish took that hand and stroked it fondly; he was strangely calm after the preceding excitement.

"It is well, very well, for he was ready," the old servant murmured brokenly. "And he will be the last; the Red Woman will come no more—never, no more."

"Who was the Red Woman? I asked, when we had done all that could be done without rousing Ewen. I was patting the dog, which had thrust its cold nose into my hand as if seeking comfort. Hamish looked at the still form of his master.

"She was a woman that a MacLaine will once be very cruel to, and her curse will be heavy on the Glen. But she will come no more, for Mr. Sholto will be the last of them all—the last and best," he answered dully.

"Hamish, why did you choose *me* to be with you, and not your own countryman? I asked, as we heard Ewen's step approaching. He raised his eyes to mine.

"Because the dog that will not care for strangers will lick your hand, and the master will see and tell me," he answered quietly. And I think I understood both his thoughts of Ewen and his feeling for me.

It is years since this strange episode, but the friendship with Hamish, so tragically begun, is still warm and close. My father is tenant of the Glen House. Hamish is the head of our modest household staff, and seems to have transferred to me much of the attachment and allegiance he gave to the last laird of the old stock.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

PECULIARITIES OF THE REAY COUNTRY DIALECT.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES

(Continued from page 96.)

VII.—PECULIAR TREATMENT OF CONSONANTAL COMBINATIONS.

TARRUING becomes *tarrig*, *cumhang* *cumhag*, *aingidh ainigidh*, *anart*, *linen*, *arad*; *fulang*, *fulag*, *suffering*; *l*, even a double *l*, before *s* goes out; *soillse*, *soise*.

Ng is often vocalised, sometimes changed to *y*, and sometimes nasalises the preceding vowel. Thus:—*seang* becomes *sea(gh)*; *grath-mui(ng)* (*maie*); *daingean dai-yen*; *meangan*, *twig*, *moth-ghan*; *teangaidh tioghidh*.

N and even a double *n* disappears before *s*, and nasalisation takes place:—*bainnse* = *baise* (of wedding), *puinnseanadh* *poison* = *pu-i-sean-u*.

Oirne, on us, is *airhinn* in eastern parishes, and *örn* in the west of the district. One must remember that this dialect is not homogeneous by any means. Every parish has its own peculiar *twang*, and although a stranger perceives little difference, a *native* can at once localise a Reay countryman. Sometimes a *stream* is enough to create a difference; on the east side of Strathly water, *mi-fhein* (I myself) is *mi-hian*; on the west it is *mi-hain*, like *ai* of Cain.

N after *c* and *g* is, of course, pronounced as *r*. We are apt to do so in other combinations. *Meanbh*, small, becomes *nearbh*, or rather *mearu*; *eanchainn*, brains, *earachinn*; *meannhuinn* (an itch in nose—the sign of a stranger's arrival) becomes *nearabh(u)inn*.

Seann, old, is *siunn* like *fionn*, white, and *leam* (with me), *liām*; *aon*, one, has two sounds, according as it is joined to a noun, or independent; *aon duine* = *ūnn duine*; but *one* = *an*, like the indefinite article (So O. I. *aen*, *oen*). *Iarn*, iron, is a monosyllable, like old Irish. So also are *sliasd*, thigh; *droit* for *drochaid*, bridge. This may be due to fleetness of pronunciation. Yet we insert a syllable in such words as *bard-iachd*, *fios-iachd*, etc.

VIII.—THE GRAMMATICAL UNIT.

We see a curious illustration of this principle in the phrase *an tigh* so, this house, which becomes *an t-us*; *o* infects *i*, converting it into *u*, and suggesting a borrowing of English *house*; but, *an tigh ud*, that house.

Whole phrases are treated as one word in regard to aspiration, elision, etc. Thus *chan eil fhios agam* becomes first *chaniolsam*, lastly *hinsam*. *Giod e thubhairt* becomes *de-urd*. This hurry to get over and done with it is a leading feature of the dialect. In this way, the last vowel is not sounded with us, but its presence once may sometimes be judged by its result on the remaining final vowel. *Chuais* is *cluais*, *cheile* is *cheil*. This fleetness of pronunciation is seen not only in dropping final vowels, but also consonants, and suppressing even syllables. Thus *chlis' mo chri'* for *chligis mo chridhe*, and *bàs* for *bathais*, forehead. In accounting for the prevalence of *a* in so many Reay country words, we shall have cause to refer to this habit of dropping final vowels, and the consequent *umlaut*, or infection of remaining vowel.

IX.—INFLECTION—NOUN.

The genitive or oblique case often appears as nominative in Scotch Gaelic: *caraid*, old, nom. *cara*; *gobhainn* from *gobha*; we extend the principle very far in our dialect, and a large number of words, especially of feminine nouns, may be instanced where the oblique case does duty for the nominative. Thus we have as nominatives, *guailinn*, *uillinn*, *lainn*, *anhaich*, *aodainn* (rarely), *salainn* (but *siabunn*), *beinn* for *beann*, *claiginn*, *cluais* for *cluas*, *eagail* and *feagail*, *iongainn*, *colainn* for *colann* (So O. I. *colinn*, gen. *colla*).

PLURALS.

We have preserved the plural inflections fairly well; dative in *ibh*, acc. in *u*; but there is one leading peculiarity in the plural of nouns ending in *an*; thus *caolan intestine*; the common plural is *caolanan*, but ours is *caolan*, with the voice on the *n*, and the sound of a very much intensified.

GENDER.

Owing to the loss of the neuter gender, our dialect presents the same anomalies as others do in regard to gender. As in Lewis, so here we use *a' mhuir* masc., but *fuaim na mara* fem.; so with *sith*, peace—nom. in masc., but gen. *na sìthe*, so also with *ciall*, we can use it a masc., but it is always *dìth na ceille*. In borrowed words some peculiarities occur, *bonnaid* we make masc., but *nuidse* fem. As elsewhere *boirionnach*, a female, is masc.

PRONOUNS.

In pronunciation, *sibh* becomes *shu*; *sibh-fein*, *shu-peun*; *orm*, on me, arm (air mi); *iad* becomes *aid*; *thu fhein*, is firm; *sud*, *sìd*. We know nothing of *sidich*, *so-ich*, but common in Caithness. As elsewhere we use plural for respect in speaking to old people and superior persons. *Sin* is broadened into *sean* and *shùn*.

RELATIVES.

We use the relative very sparingly. *Am fear a thubhairt sin* becomes *am fear thubhairt sin*, where *a*, which performs the function of the English relative, but is really the remains of the verbal particle *do*, disappears after aspirating the verb. This poverty in the relative in our dialect may be either an *archaic* feature, or the result of modern hurry.

THE HEATHER.

"CLAN DONALD'S BADGE."

A TOAST.

Here's to the heather, the bonnie brown heather,
That waves on the mountains untended and free;

A toast to be drank where'er Highlanders gather,
The badge of Clan Donald, * "By land and by sea."

Badge of the sons of the island and mountain,
Daisy flecked valley, and bosky green glen,
Fringing with purple the streamlet and fountain,
And wreathing the lofty broad brow of the ben.

Brave were the days when its green and its purple
Glowed in the clansmen's broad bonnets of blue,
And sounds of light footsteps were blent with its
rustle,

As down from their glens came the dauntless and true.

Down from their glens, and forth from their islands,
Over the heather, and over the wave,
Came, with the sharp flashing steel in their strong hands,
Donald and Ronald all foemen to brave.

Albyn's right hand throughout long troubled ages,
Hardstriking, loyal, and fearless were they,
Stamping their names upon History's pages,
And still for their Queen striking truly to-day.

Here's to the heather, the bonnie brown heather,
The badge of the dauntless, devoted and true;
Long may it blend with the eagle's grey feather,
In Donald's and Ronald's broad bonnets of blue.

* The Motto of the Macdonalds.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

"CHRISTINA, AND OTHER STORIES," by Mrs. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, is the title of an attractive volume just published by Mr. Thomas Boyd, Oban. The stories mostly treat of the Highlands, and are very interesting. Mrs. Campbell certainly has a literary gift; her delineations of character and treatment of her subject, make one fancy that this is not her first attempt. We heartily commend the volume to our readers.

THE interesting address which was recently delivered by Provost Macpherson to the Kingussie Young Men's Guild on "The Christian Principle and the late Hon. Edward Macpherson, LL.D., of Gettysburg," has just been published in a neat form by Mr. James Crerar, Kingussie.

THE CLAN MACKINNON GATHERING was held in the Berkeley Hall on 18th ult., Major F. A. Mackinnon, M.A., J.P., in the chair, who was accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon, and was supported by the Rev. H. Mackinnon, A. Mackinnon, President, Duncan Mackinnon, Captain Mackintosh, and other prominent gentlemen. The chairman referred to the satisfactory progress made by the Society, the membership having largely increased and the funds now amounting to £175. He commented upon the present troubles which threatened the Empire, and wondered if it were possible to raise a battalion, or at least a company, of Mackinnons in defence of the country. The Rev. Hector Mackinnon also delivered an address. A dance followed, which was largely attended, and the whole proceedings passed off most successfully.

We understand Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, who has done so much for the Society, is to be the recipient of a handsome testimonial from the clan on the occasion of his leaving town shortly.



DAVID ROSS, M.A., LL.D.



DAVID ROSS, M A , LL.D.



MRS. DAVID ROSS.

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DAVID ROSS, M.A., LL.D., J.P.

WE this month present our readers with portraits of Dr. David Ross, Rector of the Established Church Training College, Glasgow, and his amiable and gifted wife. Some fifty-four summers ago he first saw the light in the Shetland Isles, where his father, a scholarly gentleman from Ross-shire, was for nearly forty years school-master of the parish of Bressay. After serving as a pupil teacher there, young Ross obtained his professional education, in the early sixties, in the Institution of which he has now for more than twenty years been Rector. His first appointment was as classical master in the Grammar School of Banff, a county which has long held the first rank for secondary education in Scotland, and students from which have this year carried off the whole three Ferguson scholarships open to all the Universities in Scotland. Mr. Ross was next invited to take charge of the large sessional school at Gartsherrie, where Mr. Whitelaw was beginning, in 1865, to encourage to the utmost scientific

and technical education. Here Mr. Ross laboured with signal success for seven years, when his services were transferred to Coatbridge, where he founded and conducted for five years the Gartsherrie Science School, since merged in the Coatbridge Technical School and Mining College.

In 1878 Mr. Ross was chosen to fill his present office in the Dundas Vale Training College, and since that date about 1800 teachers have been trained under his direction. All life

long he has been an ardent student, as well as an enthusiastic and capable teacher. His University distinctions comprise the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and Bachelor of Science; and in 1886 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1894, under the new University ordinances, the Glasgow University Court chose him as Lecturer on the Theory, History, and Practice of Education. This is now the largest of the newly established University classes, and it is at present attended by 102 students. In 1885-6 Mr. Ross was President of the Educa-



tional Institute of Scotland, of which he has ever been a most active member, and of which his father was one of the founders. Under its auspices he has this winter with several colleagues visited Inverness, Aberdeen, Stirling,

Oban, Greenock, and Ayr, inquiring into the condition of secondary education, and the best mode of utilizing the funds available for that purpose. Through his energy an educational congress was held in Oban in 1887, and another in Portree in 1888, which did much to bring greatly needed aid to the parishes then impoverished by the excessive cost of the new school buildings, erected on the passing of the Education Act, and the introduction of compulsory attendance at school.

For four years Dr. Ross has been a most active member of the Glasgow School Board, serving on all its teaching committees, and having special charge of science and art teaching and the evening classes, at which over 14,000 pupils are taught by about 600 teachers. Dr. Ross, nevertheless, finds time for much other work. He is a Justice of the Peace for Glasgow; Preses of the Glasgow Highland Society, which gives yearly over £1000 in University and Technical scholarships; Ex-President of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow; Vice-President of the Sir Walter Scott Club; while he is a life member of the Ross-shire, Inverness-shire, and Cowal Societies, besides various other Highland, Literary, and Scientific Societies, the mere enumeration of which time would fail us to tell.

During the summer months Dr. Ross spends his leisure time at the coast, where he finds ample opportunity for gratifying his tastes for geologising, botanising, and boating. For eight summers he resided in Arran, and for eleven in Dunoon. As a literateur the doctor is well known. He has written a large number of pamphlets, chiefly on educational subjects; and is also the author of two learned papers read before the Gaelic Society of Glasgow and embodied in their published "Transactions," on "The Relation of Celt and Norseman in Saga Times," and "Norse Mythology." Little need be here said in regard to the personal qualities of Dr. Ross. He is one of the most genial and kindly of men. His after dinner speeches are always listened to with great delight, illustrated as they are by a fund of humorous anecdote that never seems exhausted. His warm-hearted hospitality is characteristic of his Highland ancestry. Whatever subject the doctor takes up, he throws his whole heart into it. Secondary education has in him an ardent advocate, and his services in connection with the various inquiries promoted by the Educational Institute of Scotland are of the greatest national importance. Dr. Ross is an office-bearer in Park Parish Church, under the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., son of the well-known Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod (*Caraid nan Gaidheal*). He has represented the Presbytery of Glasgow in the General Assembly.

Mrs. Ross is a member of an old Annandale

family of Johnstons, long settled in the Coatbridge district. She is a worthy helpmeet to her husband, gracing the numerous social and philanthropic functions in which he takes part. The family consists of one daughter and two sons; the elder son is a Bachelor of Arts of the University of London, and a Master of Arts of the University of Glasgow, where he is at present completing his studies for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

PECULIARITIES OF THE REAY COUNTRY DIALECT.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

(Continued from page 120.)

ADVERBS, ETC.



STAN for a bhàn, down; *air is* 's *air ais* forwards and backwards; *seachad* = short, *brath* = brach.

The preposition *gu* coalesces with pronouns *gu mi*, *hugam*, *gu tu*, *hugad*, not *chugad*.

VERB.

We have preserved the impersonal form in *Thathar a' togail an tigh*—*Cha ruigear leas a dheanamh*—it need not be done. The passive is not unknown, but we generally express it by a periphrasis, "*Chaidh a dheanamh*." The change of participial endings into *u* has already been noted, *bualadh* = *bual-u*; sometimes dropped, as *Tha mi ag innseadh dhut* = *ag is dhut*. The common corruption *ag for adh* is unknown to us.

X.—VOCABULARY.

(1.)—NORSE.

Terms connected with the sea, as elsewhere, we have taken from the Norse, but there are many words which have come from this source for which the English usually gets the credit. E. g. *bodhaig*, body, Norse *buk-r*; *shidan*, thousand, N. *thusund*; *bùrn*, water, N. *brunnr*.

Besides *nautical* terms, the Norsemen have supplied us with two very different classes of words. (1) Terms of invective. (2) Terms required in peat manufacture.

(a) INVECTIVE.

Uilbh, beast, *ulfr*, wolf; *slabhear*, slouching, N. *slokr*. A *stic*, you ghost, N. *stygg*, shy; *stracair*, a vagabond, N. *strakr*; *slapach*, slovenly, N. *slapr*, also *slaopair*, *softie*; *bleidir*, coward, N. *bleydi*; *fuidh*, disgust, N. *fui*; *ealbhar*, useless fellow, N. *alfr*, elf; a *sgrog*, ill-favoured, N. *skrokkr*; anything hard and stunted, etc.

(b) PEAT MANUFACTURE.

Bac, bank, N. *bakki* (*bac-moine*); *torrasgil*, not *toirsgean*, turf or peat cutter, N. *torf-skeri*;

stòrag, a small heap of peats, and *righan*, a larger heap of peats (N. hrugi heap), are also Norse, etc. In some places stall=peat bank, from N. stallr, shelf.

As in other dialects a *t* is inserted between *sr* initial, due to Norse influence. Thus struth, streath, strian, strad, straid, strann, streathard (sneeze), stron (nose), strüb (spout), (Icelandic) Ice-strup, gutter.

PECULIAR WORDS.

Acair, a small corn-stack—elsewhere adag, bàghan, churchyard—a long—gh sounded; culaidh, boat; Norse, cp. Shetl. whilly, wherry; budach, young of birds—O. G. bita; fi-lit, poultice—fuair-lite? dused, a dead body—from dust; daobhlaidh, cruel; garra-gartan, corn-crake; giorraiseach, hare—(perhaps gearr-fhiadhach); faoirisgeadh—cha do chuir e air an fhear-aion ach faoirisgeadh de mhathachadh; he put on the field only a sprinkling, a small quantity, of manure; feur-saidhe, hay for cutting and preserving; leumachan, for frog (*losgainn*); laupan, curdled milk (slaman)? meanmhuinn, itch in point of nose (O. G. meanma), signifying arrival of a stranger; milis, a white button (cp. Sc. smylies); rangán, putting off time unnecessarily; tromaltan, a cold (cneatan).

Sometimes a slight change in the pronunciation will make the origin clear; thus *l* and *r* often interchange. Thus may be explained *mearachadh*, starving with cold, *goireag*, a cole of hay, are for *meileachadh* and *coileag*; *teanhair*, time, is used thus: *teanhair na bliadhna*, time of year; used of longer periods of time than tim (time). No doubt it comes from *tempora*.

Smágach, a toad. This is quite a feature (retaining initial *s*) of our dialect. Sneip, turnip, not neip; co-s-ach, like, for coltach, co-samhuil-each.

Following the analogy of the preposition before article (anns an for ann san), *s* of article (sinda) is put after *ann* in cases where no article follows, which the South dialects would not tolerate. Thus Bha mi anns cabhaig, in haste; anns Grudi, in Grudie. The word *fàismadh*, for pasturing cows on green spots near the house, in the eastern parts of the districts is *fàisairadh*, in other parts, which determines its origin from *pasturage*, and not from root, bhos, fos, nor from fasan, custom. There is no need to mention such terms as have recently found a place in the Dictionary, peculiar to Sutherland, and also to the Reay country. Some good words, however, have yet to see the light of day, as: *earlachadh*, preparing food (ari-lach, feast); *tileag*, a bee (root svelni gives also seillean); *ceàldair*, a slow-moving fellow, from the *z*-like instrument that is used in making hanks of yarn; *failnig*,

bold, stormy, cold dry, *la failnig*; *dàm* (not long, but diphthongised a), mud. This word cannot be from English *dam*; it is used thus: “anns am *dàm*,” in the mud, “tha *dàm* air do chota, etc.,” equivalent to *cabar* or *poll*. The following expressions should be noted:

Is fhiach e *stiùcan* dheth—he is better than a dozen of *him* (some other one), where *stiùcan*, first used of 12 sheaves of corn, is applied to persons.

“Muinntir an fhiar-eisg,” salmon-fishers, but *bradan* is a salmon.

“Tha i air mhuinntearas,” she is at service.

Tig tha thu 'g radh sin? why do you say that? This *Tuig* (*t* hard) is for *ciod*, and perhaps *thig*, sometimes put *gù-tig*, as if reduplicated. *Gin* is used frequently, where elsewhere *uria*, person, is the common term.

Cha robh *gin moch* mi fhein, no one but myself. This *moch* in the vest is *mach* in Farr, and it is not to be connected with French *mais*, Latin *mugis*, but is simply the adverb *mach*, outside; “none outside myself.”

Bha e *mùrd-mùird*—he was mumbling. Ni brogan ann, *diag-gàsg*, “New shoes have a creaking sound.”

Tha e tighim togham, he is vacillating, are specimens of onomatopoeic words.

Words die with the death of customs. Few, except old people, know that bore is the thatch of a house, used on the land for manure, also *prap*—another name for it; *cionlas*, now used for “confound you,” was the name of the string used in tying the fingers of the dead; *suaineas ort* is probably from the same origin, from *suaineadh*, wrapping.

The *weather vocabulary* is interesting, and the following may be noted:—

Tha e *bùrn*, it is raining.

An dean e'n *leigeadh*? Shall it rain?

Tha an *tùireadh* ann, it is fair, dry.

Mus tig an teamhair fhailnig, before the stormy season sets in

Among terms of endearment, *mo chagair* (con-car) was once common, and diminutives in *ag* (fem.) are more in vogue than in—an, generally masculine. We could never say “a' bhroinean” and “mo chuilean” to a female as they do farther south.

XL.—CONCLUSIONS.

1. This dialect is largely permeated by Norse material, and is chiefly indebted to that source for its nomenclature of the sea (not given as it is common to all dialects), of the manufacture of peats, and of invective. Two inferences may fairly be made, that up to the Norse invasion wood was used as fuel, and little progress was made in seamanship by the natives. From the large vocabulary of invective, the subject Gaels

seem to have had a good deal of abuse from their quondam masters.

2. A striking resemblance to old Irish and new is also a marked feature of this dialect, not only in words such as *aile*, *asse* (easier), *iurn*, etc., but in pronunciation of consonants, eclipsis, and retention of *o* where Scotch Gaelic prefer *a*, etc.

3. *Umlaut* is carried to a higher degree of perfection (or the reverse) than in probably any other Scottish dialect of Gaelic. The large list of words preferring *a* to *o* and other vowel combinations can be accounted for by two things, (*a*) fleetness of pronunciation by which final vowels are dropped, and (*b*) by the regressive influence of these lost vowels. Add to this the force of *analogy* and the *raison-d'être* of the frequency of *a* is furnished. Lewis is the only district which can approach the Reay country in fondness for *a*, and the fact that Lewis came greatly under Norse influence might lead one to suppose that the Norse occupation has something to do with it, but fleetness of pronunciation, resulting in the loss of final vowels, and the consequent infection are sufficient to account for it. A short analysis of *o* words and *a* words is subjoined.

4. The Reay country has more affinities with the Gaelic of Ireland and South-West Scotland than with its neighbours in regard to test-sounds, and the inference is almost inevitable that a Goidelic race occupied the whole western sea-board to Cape Wrath from earliest times. It can hardly be assumed that the influence of the Irish Dalriadic colony penetrated thus far. The obvious inference is that the Reay country was all along a Goidelic territory.

A. ANALYSIS OF O WORDS.

Olt for alt, joint—postulates a pre-Celtic. ^{*/p)} alto-s, cp. Eng. fold, where *o* is retained; *oltruim*, nurse, Ir. altrom, English old; *oltachadh*, a grace; ad-tlogoor, base ad-tlukor; a infected by u.

Boinne, milk, suggests a connection with *bo*, cow, *bos*; this would derive it from a different root from *bainne*, a drop—root *bha*—English bath.

Boist, O.I. baitsim (from baithis, baptism), by metathesis, modern Irish baidsim.

Bois for bas, palm, O.I. has boss, Br. boz, Gr. agostos ^{*/bost-a}; cò-in, to weep, for caoin, O.I. còinim, Br. coven.

Fòlais for bulas, from Sc. bools, English bou. Lopan for laban, base lath-bo (Macbain).

Deolt, Ir. dealt—no reason save analogy; so also *bolt*, welt, Irish balta.

Fèdsag, Irish fèsóc. Irish *é* becomes *ia* in N. Sc. Gaelic thus derived, hence fiasag; but our dialect, like the Southern, makes it first feusóg

and latterly feosag, where final *o* works its way backwards,

Gobh, root of gabhail, a infected by *i*=*o*.

gobhair, oblique gabhair, a goat, " "

In both instances the *o* sound results from *i* of oblique cases, and gobhair supplies root gobh.

Trosghadh, Irish trosgadh, O.I. troscud, fasting.

Sobhal, same as gobhar and gobhal.

Sgeollag, Ir. sgeallagach. All our words in eall show this tendency, as searrach, *peollach*—*a* before ll diphthongises into u (aill auld hence o).

B. ANALYSIS OF A WORDS.

It would be too much to go over all the words in this list. A few instances will show how the principle works.

Danas, evil spirit, for donas. Comes from don-a, adj., but by our dialectic fleetness the final *a* of donas is dropped, but it has infected *o*, and made it dan' comp. degree, hence danas

Similarly sgeal comes from sgeula.

Aile for eile, older alios, O. Ir. aile (modern Ir. oile), Lat. alius. Book of Deer ele: we have made it a monosyllable *al* by fleetness, and made compensation by strengthening the vowel (*e* infected by *e*=*a*).

Bunnach for bonnach—simply preserved the vowel in the original bannock, by the failure of the oblique cases to prevail over nom.

Dàch, more likely, from doch-a by umlaut, like dan' from dona.

Bàth for baoth, O. Ir. bæth.

Cuileach for coileach, O. Ir. cailech.

This is a case, and it is one of many, where umlaut is arrested, and the form in our dialect is at the same stage as in Old Irish. The base kaliakos gives the ordinary Scotch Gaelic coileach by infection of *i*.

In the remaining examples of *a* words it will be found that either analogy or umlaut, or the retention of the old vowel, accounts for them; and when it was stated that umlaut is carried to such a degree in our dialect, it is only a RECENT *infectio* that is meant, caused by our habit of dropping final vowels.

[CONCLUDED.]

SHINTY NOTES.—In the final contest for the Association Cup Beaully defeated Inveraray by 2 goals to 1. The Beaully men can hardly, however, claim the championship until they meet the Glasgow Cowal, who are still an undefeated team. Their treatment by the Association in being "scratched" because they could not play a fourth match with Inveraray on a Wednesday at Dalmally, was grossly unjust, and has resulted in the Cowal Club resigning from the Association. We understand Kingussie has also resigned. The business of the Association is conducted in a most unfair and exasperating manner, and unless some alteration for the better is made, next year's competitions will certainly be of the most uninteresting character, confined to the second rate teams.



DR. JAMES NAIRN MCDUGALL.

JAMES NAIRN McDougall,
M.D., J.P., L.R.C.S.E.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

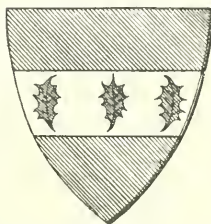
By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D

THE Royal Burgh of Tain has produced many sons who have distinguished themselves in various walks of life and in all parts of the world, and among these the name of Dr. James N. McDougall is well worthy of mention. The doctor's father was a native of Perthshire, and studied at St. Andrews University, where he devoted himself specially to mathematics and natural philosophy. He contributed articles on different scientific subjects to "Brewster's Cyclopædia;" a very popular work at that period. It was his intention at first to enter the Church of Scotland, and was duly licensed as a probationer; but his inclinations were stronger in the direction of education. He accepted an appointment as Rector of Tain Royal Academy. This position he vacated about the time of the Disruption; being shortly thereafter appointed by the Earl of Zetland to the unenvied Indian Civil Service, and for fifteen years filled with great acceptance, the office of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Poonah College. He returned home in 1864, and resided in Balerno, where he died two years later. His wife was a Miss Bruce, a native of Lochgilphead, where her father occupied a position in the Excise. It is interesting to mention that Dr. McDougall's maternal uncle, James Duncan, was the original promoter and proprietor of the Thread Mills at Paisley, now carried on so successfully by the Messrs. Clark. He was noted as an antiquarian—the collecting of coins being his special study.

Dr. James Nairn McDougall, whose portrait we have much pleasure in reproducing in our "Gallery" this month, was born at Tain in Oct., 1839. When he was ten years of age his mother died; he then went to Edinburgh, where he graduated as M.D. in 1860, and took the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1861. After continuing his studies for a year, he went to India, starting a private practice in Bombay, but the climate not agreeing with him he returned to this country, and settled at Coldingham in 1863, where he has since remained. He is a J. P. for Berwickshire, and holds several public appointments.

THE CLAN COLQUHOUN SOCIETY have just published a most attractive work, treating of the traditions of the Colquhoun country, illustrated with numerous pictures, and giving particulars of the work of the Society, with portraits and sketches of the Chief and other officials. It is bound in a really artistic cover of the clan tartan, and is edited by the gifted historian, Miss F. Mary Colquhoun, and Mr. Niel C. Colquhoun, the energetic Secretary.

No. VII.—THE GOWS—SLOCHD GOW CROM.



THE GOWS are placed by Sir Eneas Mackintosh No. 8 of the associated tribes of Clan Chattan, and he adds that they took protection of Mackintosh, anno 1399.

While it is likely to remain an open question,

who were the opponents of Clan Chattan at the fight on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, it is universally admitted that one of the combatants on the victorious side was an armourer or smith, some say a saddler, in Perth. This combatant took the part of an absent sick man when the thirty combatants on either side were mustered. During the five hundred years that have since elapsed the memorable fight stands prominently out.

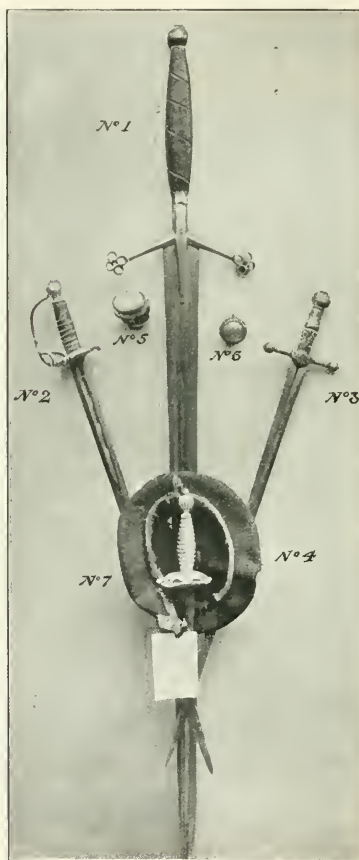
Clan and other historians are full of the details, but curiously vague as to one of the parties, Clan Quehele, Clan Cay. When I come to the Davidsons, I purpose dealing with the point, passing on at present to that noble volunteer immortalized in the Fair Maid of Perth. According to some of the Clan Chattan chroniclers:—

"When it was found that one of the combatants was absent through having fallen sick, it was at first proposed to balance the difference by withdrawing one, but no one could be prevailed to quit the danger. In this emergency one Henry Wynd, brought up in the hospital at Perth, commonly called 'An Gow Crom,' i.e. the crooked or bandy legged smith, offered to supply the sick man's place for a French crown of gold, about three half crowns in sterling money, a great sum in these days. Here I interpose in the narrative by a short quotation from another MS. history—'Henry of the Wynd, a spectator of the muster, being sorry that so notable a fight should fail, offered to supply the place of the sick man.' The smith, being an able swordsman, contributed much to the glory of the day, and in the end ten men of Clan Chattan, including the smith, remained, all grievously wounded, while of their opponents all were killed with the exception of one, who, throwing himself into the River Tay, escaped."

It is related "that so soon as the smith had killed his man he sat down and rested, merely defending himself if attacked. His Captain,

sore pressed, asking the reason was told that he, the smith, had performed his engagement, and by killing an opponent had earned his wages. Whereupon the Captain begged the smith to

continue the fight, for which he would be amply rewarded, over and above the stipulated wage, to which the smith replied in words of such singular significance, that they have ever since



HISTORICAL RELICS IN THE POSSESSION OF MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, MOY HALL.

(By the kind permission of the Chief.)

No. 1. Ancient *Claidheamh Mór* (Claymore) used at the Battle of the North Inch of Perth A.D. 1396. No. 2. Viscount Dundee's Sword, with which he fought at Killiecrankie. No. 3. Sword given to Lachlan Mackintosh by Charles I. No. 4. Sword given to the Chief of Mackintosh by Pope Leo IX. No. 5. Snuff Moll which belonged to James V. No. 6. Watch of Mary Queen of Scots. No. 7. Prince Charlie's Bonnet, left by him at Moy Hall, February, 1746.

been proverbial, and are destined to last as long as the Gaelic language endures:

"Am fear nach cunntadh rium, cha chunntainn ris." Which may be rendered, "He who

keeps no account of his good deeds to me, I will repay without measure," and re-engaging in the strife, contributed greatly to the success of his side.

The happy connection betwixt Henry Smith and the Clan Chattan was not destined to terminate with the fight. Henry was invited to the north, and to unite with the clan for the future—and it is recorded that “Henry of the Wynd set out from Perth, with a horse load of his effects, and said he would not take up his residence or habitation until his load fell, which happened in Strath Avon, in Banffshire, where he accordingly settled. The place is called to this day Leac-a’-Ghobhainn. The Smiths or Gows, and MacGlashans are commonly called ‘Sliochd a’ Ghobha Chruim,’ but all agree that he had no posterity, though he had many followers of good positions to the number of twelve, who were proud of being reputed the children of so valiant a man. The more to ingratiate themselves in his favour, they generally learned to make swords as well as to use them. His twelve followers spread themselves over the country, in time, many assuming the name of Mackintosh, their chief.”

In 1589 the name of Thomas Gow, nottar, is found to a Bond by Keppoch to Mackintosh, signed at Dunkeld.

Many of the leading Gows settled in the parish of Alvie. James Gow is tenant under Mackintosh in Badenoch in 1635, and in 1679 the names of William Gow and Ewen Gow, in Crathiecroty of Laggan, are noted. In the rising of 1745 the name of Alexander Gow in Ruthven is found, a private in the Jacobite army, regarding whom a Hanoverian gauger bearing the appropriate name of Campbell was pleased to report that he “insulted the country people.”

Coming down to recent times, the Gows are now chiefly east of Spey, on the banks of Feshie. Some of them possess great musical talent, worthy of their celebrated namesake, Neil Gow, who may have been himself of Clan Chattan. Others have shown literary powers, and one head keeper at Dunachton possessed some of the skill and characteristics of a Red Indian hunter.

As the Gows, like the Clarks, had no lands in the north, they in like manner are difficult to trace. But I will refer to one, to whom Highlanders are much indebted. Mr. John Gowie, retired officer of Excise, whom I knew very well, a native of Strathearn, occupied himself much in his well-earned retirement, being a skilful draughtsman, in framing an elaborate plan of the battlefield of Culloden and its surroundings. The field as now viewed, with its great reclamations and plantations, can give no visitor a correct idea of what the place was in 1746. In Mr. Gowie’s plan, framed when matters were much in the same position as for the previous hundred years, he was able to indentify the position of the armies, the different

regiments and clans, and their numbers with an accuracy, and fulness of detail now impossible to equal. Contrasted with this plan, those made at the time, and even the later plan prepared for Home’s history, are mere daubs. Here I would like to say that since Mr. Gowie’s time, other retired officers of Excise in the north, such as Mr. A. Carmichael and Mr. John Murdoch, have greatly opened up and illustrated Highland matters, deservedly earning the respect and gratitude of their Highland countrymen.

(To be continued).

THE “GREAT COMMONER” AND THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTS RAISED IN DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE.

 THE significant title given to Mr. Pitt (afterwards the Earl of Chatham) “The Great Commoner,” marked a political revolution. When the nobles opposed his plans, with haughty pride he answered, “It is the people who sent me to the House of Commons.” He was the first to see that the long political inactivity of the public mind had ceased, and that the progress of commerce and industry had produced a great middle class unrepresented in the legislature. When Pitt sought to save Byng by appealing to the sentiment of Parliament, George II. said to him, “You have taught me to look to the voice of the people in other places than within the House of Commons.” Things have gradually righted themselves since that time. The temper of Pitt harmonised admirably with the temper of the commercial classes which rallied round him with its energy, patriotism, honesty, self-confidence, and its moral earnestness. Hence his hold upon the minds of the middle classes, for he wielded the strength of resistless eloquence.

Pitt saw his country insulted and defeated on land and sea. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he knew what its resources, if vigorously employed, could effect. “I am sure,” said he to a noble duke, “I can save this country, and that nobody else can.”

He appealed to the country, he called upon the counties of England to come to its rescue, to enrol their militia, to raise regiments for foreign service. He infused his own ardent spirit into all, and the affairs of Britain, south and north, soon assumed a new aspect, the dormant spirit and martial ardour of its inhabitants soon supplied the requisite number of men for soldiers and seamen. The army was increased

by many regiments, and drilled by young officers, more ships put into commission, and the whole country bore a most warlike attitude.

Pitt's energy and determination worked miracles in the Government offices also. He discarded the old aristocratic generals and admirals who feared the French, and rendered his first expeditions unsuccessful. He replaced them by young, active officers, ambitious of distinctions, such as Wolfe, Amherst, Murray, Moncton, Boscawen, Hawke. And to such officers as told him that his orders could not be executed within the time specified, he would peremptorily reply, "It must be done!" the mandate was obeyed. He asked one officer, who was intrusted with an important command, "How many men he required?" "Ten thousand," was the reply. "You shall have twelve," said the minister, "and then it will be your fault if you do not succeed."

One of his earliest measures shows the generous feelings, the sagacity, and originality of the "Great Commoner's" mind. He quieted Jacobite Scotland by employing its turbulent forces in the service of the country, and by raising Highland regiments among its clans.

It was long before the Government of the day could be brought to believe that the majority of the clans could be trusted. To have armed the Highlanders at the commencement of the last century would have been deemed an act of insanity, but Pitt had faith in their patriotism, and the loyalty of that race to their chiefs. He knew how the "Black Watch" had behaved on Fontenoy's gory field, and showed the world what a warlike and loyal race the Caledonian Scots had proved themselves to be. His resistless eloquence persuaded King George, and permission was given to raise some regiments among the well affected clans—Campbells, Sutherlands, Mackays, Macdonalds of Sleat, and others, such as the Frasers, Keiths, and gradually to all clans without distinction.

In raising these regiments, a wise policy was observed. The ancient feeling of clanship was retained. The chiefs and their kinsmen received commissions, and their clansmen were eager and proud to rally round them. Every gentleman, of good birth, who could raise a hundred men, was appointed captain; and such as could bring twenty to thirty, ranked as subalterns. Sometimes a little pressure was used by the chiefs, but generally the men were willing to serve. The regiments thus raised were composed almost exclusively of Highland officers and men who spoke Gaelic, and the chaplains were also familiar with the language of Caledonia. Gentlemen who could not obtain commissions at once, were content to serve in the ranks till vacancies occurred.

The zeal of the great minister was everywhere crowned with success. He took credit to himself afterwards as being the first minister of the crown to recognise the invaluable qualities of Highlanders in war, and there is no exaggeration in his language. He is entitled to the credit he claims. He knew that a race so warlike and restless would form a source of danger, unless those qualities were turned to some profitable account. It was a wise and liberal policy to employ them in defence of the throne, which they had recently almost overturned.

Pitt's call to arms was responded to by the Highland clans, and "battalions on battalions" were enrolled in the remotest parts of the Highlands, among those who a few years before were devoted to, and had too long followed the fate of the Royal Stuart race. Besides the loyal clans of Campbell, Sutherland, Mackay, the Frasers, Camerons, Macleans, Macdonalds, Macphersons, and others of disaffected names and clans were enrolled, either as regiments of the line or as fencibles.

The general result of all Pitt's exertions, and the spirit he infused into officers and men, military and naval, and every man who served him, was, that in July 1758, Louisburg surrendered, and Nova Scotia was won. Goree, Guadeloupe, Ticonderoga, Fort Duquesne, Niagara, and Quebec fell successively to British prowess in America, and Canada and the States were secured to Britain.

Boscawen defeated the French fleet at Lagos; Hawke vanquished the Brest fleet under the command of the redoubtable Conflans; Chaudernagar yielded to Clive, Pondicherry to Coote; the allied arms triumphed in Germany; and the combined powers of France, Saxony, Russia, and Austria failed before the energy of the "Great Commoner."

Well might he exult in after years, in 1766, on the aspect—the triumphant aspect—of affairs in Britain then, in comparison to what they were in 1756, as has been related, when, in his celebrated speech in the House of Lords, he exclaimed: "I sought for merit wherever it was to be found; it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service a *hardy and intrepid* race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before the last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, fought with valour, and they conquered for you in every part of the world."

This was high praise, yet nothing more than the gallant heroes of his theme well deserved.

It will be our task in future articles to recount these grand deeds of arms, endurance, and supreme bravery. Soldiering in those days was not what it is now; the comfort of the soldiers was not then studied; the commissariat in those days was very imperfect. Long marches through wood and forest: no roads, no railways, no tents, no shelter at nights—bare fields or bleak hill-sides were the camping grounds.

At the close of the Seven Years' War, Great Britain, by the energy, zeal, indomitable spirit and sagacity of the "Great Commoner", and by the incomparable valour of her soldiers and seamen, emerged triumphantly from the tremendous struggle.

Britain has never played so great a part in the history of mankind as in this war. Every year from 1759 to 1761 were years of triumph. "We

are forced," said Horace Walpole, "to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one." But it was not so much in the number as in the importance of its triumphs that the war stood, and remains, without a rival. It is no exaggeration to say that three of its victories determined, for ages to come, the destinies of the world. Rosbach began the regeneration of Germany and its intellectual supremacy. Plassy, which confirmed the supremacy of Britain in India, and the influence of Europe over the nations of the East, told its tale for the first time since the days of Alexander the Great. With the triumph of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham began the history of the United States of America.

Hereford.

JOHN MACKAY.

"HEY, JOHNNIE COPE, ARE YE WAUKIN' YET?"

DRAWN BY J. MOYR SMITH.



THE HIGHLAND ARMY ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet,
Or are your drums a-beating yet?"

If ye were waukin' I wad wait,
To go to the couls i' the mornin'."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1898.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Captain N. M. Macleod of Macleod, Dunvegan Castle, Chief of the Clan, with six beautiful photo-process views of the castle, the fairy room, fairy flag, Rory Mor's cup, and other ancient clan relics preserved at Dunvegan, reproduced from photographs taken by the Rev. R. C. Macleod, brother of the chief; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackay, President of the St. Andrews Society of Siam; and Mr. John MacRae, United States, a distinguished native of Ross-shire. Our next issue promises to be of particular interest.

THE GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE CONCERT was certainly the event of the season. The Queen's Rooms were crowded with a most representative and enthusiastic audience. Provost Macbean, Inverness, occupied the chair, and delivered a capital address. The Inverness Select Choir, under Mr. Roddie, provided the whole entertainment, the items by Miss Kate Fraser and Mr. Roderick Macleod being of outstanding merit, and well deserved the enthusiastic encores accorded them. Mr. James Grant, President, Mr. Peter Grant, Secretary, and the other officials, whose efforts contributed so much to the success of the gathering, deserve to be congratulated on the splendid success of the concert.

"CLAN CAMPBELL RALLY!"—The Annual Gathering of the Clan Society was held in the Waterloo Rooms, and was well attended. Mr. John Campbell, J.P., President, occupied the chair, and was supported by Rev. Robert Campbell, Mr. Archibald Campbell, Secretary, and other clansmen. The chairman referred to the excellent objects of the Society, to the good work it had already done, and appealed to the clan to join the

Society in greater numbers, and help the work with their support and subscriptions. He also commented on the prowess of the Highland regiments, and contended that if called upon for national defence the Highlanders would prove themselves worthy sons of gallant fathers. The Rev. Robert Campbell also delivered a rousing address, and an attractive programme was ably sustained.

THE MACKAY BANNER.—Mr. D. Murray Rose, to whose attempt to discredit the authenticity of the *Bratach Bhan* we made reference recently, seems now anxious to get out of the awkward dilemma into which his petty spite has placed him. In his last letter on the subject the Banner is never once mentioned, his brief effusion being devoted wholly to the Grays of Skibo! Well, we are not much interested in the Skibo family, but we have been very much concerned regarding Mr. Murray Rose's attempt to discredit the Banner, and we mean to put the matter beyond all doubt ere the aggressor is permitted to retire or change his subject. We are glad to say that, through the efforts of the Rev. Angus Mackay, Westerdale, convincing proofs have now been obtained. A most interesting article will appear in our next issue, containing several traditions and facts never before published, which prove beyond cavil the identity of the Mackay Banner. There can be little sympathy felt for Mr. Rose, whose amateur attempts to write history have become a source of amusement. We notice this week that Mr. Bain, the Historian of the *Ancient Province of Ross*, in the *Northern Weekly*, takes Mr. Rose to task very severely for his quite unwarranted reflections upon the Mackays, in his recently published *Historical Notes*.

THE CLAN MACLEAN.—The Annual Concert was held on 11th March, Mr. Walter Maclean, President, in the chair. The hall was crowded, and a lengthy programme of Gaelic and English music was submitted.—The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair has just published Vol. I of *Na Baird Leathanach* (The Maclean Bards), a most valuable work. It contains over one hundred compositions of the old Maclean Bards, to which the learned editor has appended many interesting historical and explanatory notes. We trust the Clan, and indeed all Gaels, will give this initiatory volume a hearty welcome, and encourage the Rev. Mr. Maclean to publish a second. Vol. I can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* office for 2s. 9d., post free.

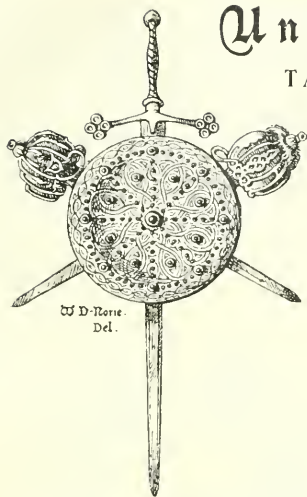
THE MULL AND IONA RE-UNION on 11th March was, as usual, well attended, the Waterloo Rooms being filled. Mr. J. H. Munro Mackenzie, of Calgary, presided, and with music and Highland dancing a very enjoyable evening was spent.

"MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN."—The next chapter will treat of the Davidsonsons, after whom come the MacIntyres of Badenoch, Macleans of Dochgarroch, and the Farquharsons.

CLAN DONNACHAIDH SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting, on 9th March, was of a social and business nature. Mrs. S. Robertson Matheson submitted very favourable reports on the membership and finances, and office-bearers were elected. Tea was served in the hall, after which Mr. T. Whitelaw Robertson gave a lime-light exhibition illustrative of "A Trip to the Clan Country."

Unto the Hills.

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.



Do we as constantly remember the warmth and honour and incorruptible faithfulness of their home life, and the healthy open air work and skilful craftsmanship by means of which it was built up?

Years ago I urged upon Mr. MacLachlan, the courteous Edinburgh Publisher, to reprint the first part of General Stewart's "Sketches of the Scottish Highlanders," and he sadly told me that the record of this quiet heroism was not exciting enough to sell, though he thought that the second part containing the detailed history of the regiments and their battles would do so. After a time, however, the first part was reprinted, owing, I believe, to the never failing generosity of Mr. Mackay of Hereford, and it is now the most valuable book that a young Highlander can keep in his breast pocket for constant reference. Until the beginning of the "commercial age" the greatest terror to a man born among the hills, next to the forgetting of his country, was the loss of the skill of his right hand, which bound him to that country in war and peace, making of him as it were one of its limbs. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning!" Nowadays a cunning right hand is a rarity, the blood all goes to the head, and a strange fierce sort of energy with it that belongs properly to the limbs and not to the brain, but which was never yet found in any creature born and bred on a dead level; yet those smouldering embers are perhaps the source of all the brighter flames in us as they are on a peat hearth. In a deserted all-sorts museum, built to teach the townsfolk how our life began in mud and ends in gas, I once remember noticing a big show-case which at a distance seemed to be empty, but on coming nearer I found inside an immense glass tank full of cold water, and some little bottles and plates full of black and white chemicals. The "moral" of the exhibition as recorded on the attached label was to demonstrate that three quarters of a man was made of water, and the rest of him of the black and white powders in the little bottles and plates. That, thought I, may quite probably be really the composition of a city business man, but surely not of a Highlander. To his making there must go a few blazes, and a core of dark fire, or all the sermons of the north, as well as the old battle fields, bear false witness! On the battle field the fiercest heat of the blood ran itself out, but a kindly

NO. II.—THE RIGHT HAND AND ITS CUNNING.

"Cinnhinnich air na dwoine bho'n d' thainig thu,"

SAYS the old Gaelic proverb, and most Highlanders to some extent carry out the injunction. We think upon the gallant deeds of our fathers in war, and well we may, for in these none ever went before them.*

* I am sorry to see by the newspaper reports that the city-bred Highlander of to-day "objects to recruiting." Personally, alas! I am no fighting man, at least not with the sword, but I am an Admiral's son and grandson, and come of fighting blood; and I honour with something akin to worship the splendid unselfish heroism, in army and navy, that neither gunpowder, steam, mechanism, nor counter-jumping have yet been able to kill. It may stand for my excuse, or otherwise, in the eyes of the graduates of Gilmorehill and Burghers of the Sautmarket that two of those Highland regiments which have so often taken their lives into their hands, for us book-reading stay-at-homes, were raised by members of my own family. The old 74th by General John Campbell of Barbreck, and the 91st, the Argyllshire regiment, by his nephew, General Duncan Campbell of Loch-nell and Barbreck; and their regimental swords hang beside me as I write. Then, in later days, my father's brother, Captain Howard Douglas Campbell of the 78th Highlanders, was named to Sir Henry Havelock for the Victoria Cross for gallant service in the Mutiny, but died of cholera before receiving it. These and other memories cause one to "think," and to estimate more justly the value both of University degrees and of the modern snug commercial ideal of manhood.

J. A. C. (B.A., CANTAB).

warmth remained in the arms and breast, "And when they have sheathed the sword, then their glory is to succour—*Agus ho Mhorag.*"

When war died out of the land the sermons became warmer, because much hot blood naturally ran from the hand to the heart and head, yet not all of it; for though the claidh-mor and dirk were taken from the hand by the shameful "Disarming Act," the implements of daily work were not taken. The plough and spade, the grinding stones for corn, the smith's anvil, the mason's hammer, and the joiner's axe were left: and the influence of these upon the old Highland life has never yet been rightly estimated. We must not forget the loom, which was worked both by men and women, nor the distaff and the crooning wheel, which belong entirely to the mistress of the house, whom no Government can disarm. Think of this last word, and say it three times over, and you will realize how the extinction of hand to hand fighting with the sword, in defence of home and country, lessened the activity, and alertness, and zeal, and the physical splendour of manhood. The right hand has lost the fiercest energy of its cunning, and all the drill and all the rifle practice in the world will not restore it.

"Five score warriors of unblemished fame,
Skilled in sword wielding forth against us came,
But these all fell, by the hands of Oscar, over
Fighting for King and for Ireland."

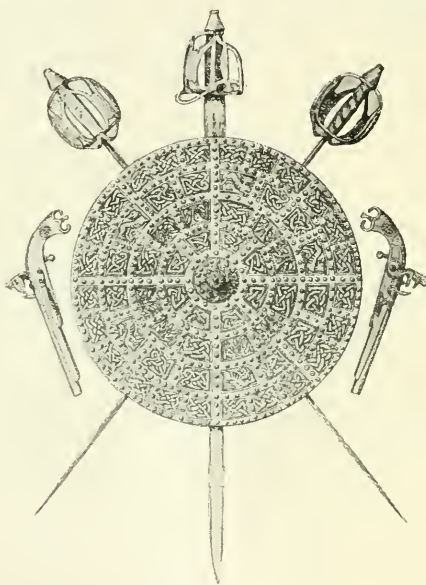
Yet while camanachd, and hill-walking, and dancing with unshackled limbs, remain, the light and free carriage which belong to the spirit of the race will not pass from the Highlands. *

* "Surely too (says one of my country critics) the lads could still do a bit fencing with their cromags." I hope they will!—J. A. C.

But the crafts, upon which the right hand was exercised, have now to a great extent passed with the swordsmanship: happily, however, they are not dead, and the possibility of a new life, upon the permanent foundations laid by the Almighty in those fresh and glorious mountains, and beside those green islanded seas, depends upon their restoration. A life better and more wonderful even than the old, saturated with its sacred traditions, yet new planted instead of dying. If we can give, even to one man, a piece of health-giving work that will keep him in the country, and let him win his bread

honestly there, we have taken the first step towards solving the most important problem of our time, the re-peopling of waste places with sturdy and noble creatures, both right handed: and four footed, instead of with multitudes of rotten sheep "prepared for valuation," which is only a 'genteel' word for compulsory sale at double their just value, upon strictly pious and commercial principles. In our last paper we said how nothing but an unhealthy and congested sort of existence is possible away from God's great primary gifts of earth, air, heavenly fire of sunshine, and refreshing rain.

Neither is healthy existence possible apart from right hand exercise in life giving handicraft, first in direct service of home: afterwards for procuring the things needed from others, and for payment of lawful debts. Out of these two kinds of handicraft in happy times grows art, or the overflow of good humour into the limbs, the lips, and the work. And, even in hard times, home love, happiness, and the pride of a strong soul grow up. Anybody, therefore, who has never cut and carried peat, or chopped wood for the fire, or brought in the water stoup, or hung

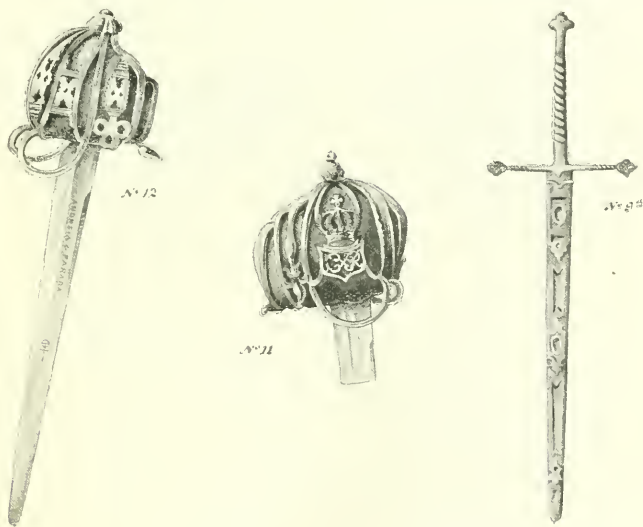


CELTIC HANDIWORK ON HIGHLAND TARGET.

the linen out to bleach, or baked a girdle of scones, or spun a hank of yarn, knows very little about the best joy or the most transforming magic of life, and will have very little "art" to boast of in the work wrought by his hands for sale.

The 19th century has made a persevering attempt to teach the middle class, machine-minding, piano-thumping world how to stand on its head in a decent and becoming manner (not like those 'vulgar' clowns at the circus). But the head, as Carlyle told us, is by no means *the fundamental part* of a man, and cannot be made so for long by any gymnastic exercise. The old Highlanders had a contemptuous word for

anyone who got his living by the sale of trash that he had no hand in making, they called him a *ceard*. Then came commercial civilization and turned the world upside down, canonizing the tinker, or as the children called him the tinkler; and was it by the mere jingle of his nickname that at last he got himself confounded with the Sinclairs, and that the *Clann na Ceardadh* throughout the Highlands bear to day the name and arms of "The Lordly Line of High St. Clair!" Let Celtic scholars answer! for civilization, like a witch, often "takes names to conjure with" and says the Lord's Prayer backwards. Be that as it may! The Highlander's estimate of the tinker's or barterer's



CELTIC HANDIWORK ON HIGHLAND CLAYMORES.

occupation was the right and final one: and while the trader in *goods*, for the sake of the public, is always respected (though not as the craftsman who made them), the pedlar, in *bairds*, for the sake of his own purse, begins to be generally estimated by the Highland standard.

The value, to the nation at large, of its healthy and kindly country population, is now scarcely questioned, and, partly politicians even, recognize the necessity of preserving the *Druim Alban*, the Highland backbone of Scotland, unbroken. What country crafts and traditional habits of living and feeling mean, we scarcely realize as yet, though Switzerland and North

Italy and the Tyrol might have taught us. The craftsman, working with his hands, and using every nerve, instead of simply sitting like a clerk, or walking like a shop boy, breathes hard; he exercises all his muscles; his blood circulates evenly; he "lets off all his steam," and the result is that the work is not engine turned, one bit exactly like another, and all smoothed up; but it has every mood mixed into it, here a burst of temper, and there a roguish fancy; for the pleasure of spectators afterwards, if the work is permanent, and for his own relief from tormenting cares and fretting thought for to-morrow, whether it be permanent or no. As

the blue and black devils, the worries and indigestions, and "restrained passions," which dwell with those who are chained to a desk, run down and coil themselves in the brown furrow, or get themselves happily imprisoned, for after enjoyment, in the wood or stone.

But, if we wish to realize fully what country handicraft means in the way of art, we have only to make a general comparison of the civilized work of to-day with that of unlearned and simple peoples anywhere. Let us take examples from our own country! Look at the endless variety of pretty patterns, changing at every turn, which are carved on the sheath of an old dirk or on a distaff; they are wrought out in iron on the guards of the claidheamh mors; beaten out in leather on the round targets that were carried on the left arm for defence in war; they are delicately traced with a fine point on the silver brooches which fastened the plaids of men and women. But, look where you will! *you will never find one of these patterns exactly like another.* Now turn to the hideous mechanical so called 'ornament' of the present time. One, out of a thousand of the patterns you have been looking at, is stolen and repeated by machinery till one is sick of it. The same long suffering wriggle of distorted beasts is cast in sawdust and glue for the handle of "the Strathallan champion registered skian dubh," it is stamped by the 100 dozen in German silver on the Lord Strathsporrán brooch, and finally it is printed in staring colours on the simplest articles of domestic use to make them look "Celtic" for the Yankee tourists.

To talk of reviving the old home crafts (founded on agriculture, and supplementing it) will be called Utopian, of course, and impractical. "Dams," as Bob Acres said, have had their day, and they are forbidden by the U.P.'s, so the douce citizen says "Utopian and impractical" to what he dislikes, just in the same tone that serves some uncanny Highlandmen to consign to the bad place, like that wastrel Rob Roy, much industry and enterprise. Only Rob laughed over his swearing, and the bailie turned up his eyes under his. Utopian or infernal then let it be! but I heard the other day of a village in the North Highlands where a loom is still going in nearly every house, with a good sale for the home spun and home dyed cloth, because people find it permanent both in fabric and colour, which is not the case with the productions of the power loom, even when wool is used instead of shoddy.

Our views in regard to what constitutes "education," like our other views, are imperceptibly changing, though "technical education" in the minds of most people means something that

has to do with steam engines. In the village of the future the weaver may probably be one of the schoolmasters, the joiner may teach the boys how to make and carve strong rough furniture (not useless nick-nacks), and the mason help them to build a strong house, wall "dry" or pointed. Restoring to their right hand its cunning, and with it the greatest pleasure in the world. A handless life, even in the Highlands, is a hopeless one, and my best wish for the land I love is, first to see more houses in it, and then in every house the working skill that you find in the Colonies, together with the ancient memories and the traditional art that you don't find there.

The poverty of many landowners, with the debts of generations upon them, makes it impossible for them to "colonise" any portion of their own hills, though some of them would do it gladly, dividing the land as formerly, into small holdings with good rough buildings upon them, where children may be brought up in hardy comfort: and planting fisher cottages along the shore.

How will the inevitable return to the hills be effected? Who knows? Will some rich native philanthropist who has made money, overcoming the temptation to build an ugly sham Gothic temple with a marble tank in it for dipping the unwashed and unfed of a wretched manufacturing town: and subscribing less liberally to the emigration fund, will such an one consider the possibilities of the place where he was born? Or will the Clan Societies, that have given lately so many practical proofs of their vitality, some day join in the work of buying up and re-peopleing some portion of the ancient territories, each of its own name? The Chief being recognized once again as distinguished from the landlord of the South, and from the industrial employer by his rule over hearts and not over pockets. For two centuries these two exceedingly different kinds of Lordship have been increasingly, but disastrously, confused.

Only, whatever be the way of it, the stir of approaching change in the direction of repopulation is assuredly "in the air," and those who are first able to make it visible on earth will most likely be laughed at in the beginning and applauded in the end of next century, as engineers were in this. It will make little difference either to their living spirits or to their bones, but much to their country.

J. A. CAMPBELL,
Of Barbreck.

ARGYLL NURSING ASSOCIATION.—A Bazaar in aid of this object is to be held in Glasgow in September, one of the Stalls being superintended by Lady Maclean and the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Mackinnon.

**REV. PATRICK MACDONALD OF
KILMORE.**

THE FIRST COLLECTOR OF GAELIC MUSIC.

THE REV. PATRICK MACDONALD, the first and one of the greatest collectors of Gaelic music, was born at the manse of Durness, in Sutherlandshire, on the 22nd April, 1729, and died at Kilmore, Argyllshire, on the 25th September, 1824, at the great age

of 95. He was licensed as a preacher on the 12th October, 1756, and was presented to the parishes of Kilmore and Kilbride, where he officiated for the long period of 69 years. Tall of stature, with a commanding figure, light blue eyes, and remarkable ability, he was both highly respected and a striking figure in his district. He inherited a great taste for music from both his father and grandfather. His father, the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, to whom Rob Donn Mackay composed an elegy, was a man of wonderful talents, and



REV. PATRICK MACDONALD.

he taught his children the principles of music, besides encouraging them in the acquisition of the art.

Patrick, and his brother Joseph, who was the greater musical genius of the two, were at an early age pupils of Kenneth Sutherland of Cnockbreak, a well-known and famous violinist. Mr. John Glen of Edinburgh in his splendid collection of strathspey music—which should be in the hands of every Scotsman—gives a biographical sketch of all the noted strathspey players and composers, and amongst others gives full

details of the career of the subject of the present sketch, and his talented brother Joseph, and their sister Flora, who afterwards married Dr. Touch, minister of St. Cuthbert's Chapel of Ease. Regarding Patrick's education, he was sent in 1737 to his grandfather's at Pittenweem, in Fife, where he spent some time. On his return home his father took charge of his education, and in 1747 sent him to the University of Aberdeen where he completed his studies for the church, and was licensed, as already mentioned, in 1756.

His ministerial office appears to have deterred him from becoming a bagpipe player like his brother Joseph, but as a violinist he was unsurpassed in his day, and Mr. Glen relates an anecdote of him, that being in Edinburgh on one occasion as a member of the General Assembly of the Church, he was urged by Stabilini, who was indisposed, to act as his substitute for the evening. He agreed to do so, and it is said that he executed his part so well that his audience were charmed and delighted. Some of his clerical brethren wished to take him to task for this performance in a play-house, but their courage must have failed them on account of his ability and the general esteem in which he was held.

He published his great collection of Gaelic music in 1784, most of which was left by his brother Joseph, who died in India. Had he not undertaken this important work, it is probable that Captain Fraser's would never have been undertaken, consequently many of our ancient Highland melodies would have perished. In a very learned and well written preface to his work, which must have entailed very extensive reading and research, he gives a graphic account of our ancient music, and the influence of poetry and music upon the Highlanders, with a description of the harp and bagpipes, carrying back his remarks to the music of Orpheus and the Thracian bards. He classified the vocal airs into North Highland airs, Perthshire airs, Argyllshire airs, and Western Isles airs, and the strathspey music into North Highland and Western Isles reels. This division was very important, as by it we can now tell many of the airs that were peculiar to particular districts. Like many others he lamented the decay of Scottish music among the better classes, and the mad rush after anything English or foreign, and even in his day predicted that in twenty years his native music would have been lost had he not undertaken the task of publishing his collection. No doubt it would have done so to a great extent, but the impulse he gave to the subject was not lost upon subsequent collectors, and his name is so far identified with our Gaelic music that all future collectors must acknowledge the debt of gratitude all Highlanders owe to him for having preserved much of what would inevitably have been lost for ever. In 1757 he married Barbara, third daughter of Alexander Macdonald, 16th Chief of Keppoch, "the gallant Keppoch of 1745," by whom he had a family of nine sons and four daughters. This Alexander (his father-in-law) drew first blood in the cause of Prince Charles by defeating and taking prisoner Lieutenant Scott, afterwards General Scott of Balcannie, who was proceeding from Fort-Augustus to Fort-William with two

hundred men; thirty men of Keppoch's only were present fighting in guerilla fashion, with pipes playing. Scott's men were overcome. Keppoch took the Lieutenant's horse with him to the Gathering of the Clans at Glenfinnan, where the Prince's standard was raised a few days after, presented it to the Prince, who rode that horse through his unfortunate campaign, though he often preferred to walk along with his devoted Highlanders. Keppoch was killed at the battle of Culloden on the 16th April, 1746. By this marriage the subject of our sketch became connected with one of the most distinguished families in the Highlands, who claim descent from Robert the Bruce, and by the marriage of his third daughter Flora to Dr. Kenneth Macleay of Oban, his descendants claim further connection with the distinguished families of the Stewarts of Appin and the Campbells of Lochnell, who trace their descent from John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, the Plantagenet and Norman lines. The photograph produced is from the fine portrait painted by his grandson, the late Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., the eminent Scottish artist, who was married to a daughter of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, and though he was upwards of ninety years of age when the picture was taken, wearing his Kilmarnock, which he always did wear, it indicates great tension of the muscles of the face, a sure sign of conspicuous ability. As an instance of the hereditary talent for special kinds of music, it may here be mentioned that his great-grand-daughter, Miss Deans of Edinburgh, is a splendid player of the bagpipes, which she loved from her infancy.

The original picture, from which this photograph was taken, is in the possession of his great-grand-daughter, Mrs. Deans of Edinburgh, who kindly lent it to me, and is the only one that was ever taken of the Rev. Patrick Macdonald.

The history of such an undoubted champion of Highland music—as far as it can now be ascertained—is well worth recording, as it shows forth the spirit of our forefathers.

Late of Gesto Hospital, Skye. K. N. MACDONALD, M.D.

DR. DONALD MACLEOD, L.R.C.S.E.,
HAWICK.



THE Macleods of Rigg, of which Dr. Macleod is a representative, are descended from the celebrated Raasay family of the clan, and are also connected with the ancient houses of Dunvegan and Bernera. The



DR. DONALD MACLEOD.

founder of the family was John Macleod, second son of Alexander VII. of Raasay, whose son, Malcolm, was out in the '45, and assisted Prince Charlie in escaping from Skye and Raasay. Norman, who succeeded, had three sons, the youngest of whom, Dr. Murdoch Macleod of Kilphedar, North Uist, had five sons, of whom Dr. Alexander, so well and popularly known in the Western Isles as "An Dotair Bàn," was the father of the subject of this brief sketch. Dr. Donald Macleod commenced practice in Hawick in 1849, where he had been sent by the Board of Health in Edinburgh during the severe cholera visitation of that year, and there he still remains, enjoying a large practice. He is a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and a member of various medical and other learned societies. He is married and has a son and daughter. His mother was of the Campbells of Harris, regarding whom a very interesting story is told. As the Doctor is a grandson of Archibald Campbell and Mary Macleod of Harris, whose romantic marriage forms the subject of many a *ceilidh* story round the winter fire in that island, we have much pleasure in giving an account of

HOW THE CAMPBELLS WENT TO HARRIS.

A RCHIBALD CAMPBELL, the eldest son of the then Duke of Argyll, when at the University of Glasgow fought a duel with a fellow student, and killed his opponent. According to law, he was guilty of manslaughter, and, being wanted for that offence, he and his second (a son of MacLeod of Dunveg, an) fled to Harris for refuge. While there Campbell fell in love with Mary Macleod (daughter of Macleod of Harris). The day of their marriage was fixed, but in the meantime Mary's father heard of the duel and would not allow his daughter to marry Campbell; he, being bitterly disappointed, shipped as a sailor on a vessel at Stornoway. At parting Campbell gave Mary the ring he had intended placing on her finger on the day of their wedding, saying—"Take this and keep it till we meet again." Mary gave him a knot of blue ribbon on which she had wrought their initials in golden silk thread. It was many years ere Mary recovered from the effects of the shock produced by this disappointment, and refused many offers of marriage, saying—"She was not yet a widow." Five years passed since Mary and Archibald parted, and still no tidings of his whereabouts reached her, but at the end of the five years some sailors called at Mary's home to ask for milk, and in course of conversation it transpired that their vessel was the

identical ship in which Archibald Campbell had sailed from Stornoway, that he had never left her, but had been drowned four years ago in the Bay of Biscay. On hearing this Mary fainted. The sailors made their exit and sailed next morning. Mary for three years refused to be comforted, during which time she almost lived the life of a recluse. She, however, gradually became more cheerful, and took some pleasure in society, as in days long gone by. Of all Mary's admirers young MacLeod of Duirinish was her greatest favourite, and three years after she received the intelligence that Campbell was drowned she consented to become MacLeod's wife. The day of their espousal was fixed. The preparations for the wedding were to be on a grand scale. For some days prior to the marriage a strong gale of wind blew from the south and a vessel put into Loch Seaforth for shelter from the storm. This proved a fortunate circumstance for the bride's father, as his supplies were somewhat short, a frequent occurrence in the islands in winter. The necessary supplies were obtained from the vessel, and Mary's father invited the Captain and his first officer to the wedding. The officer was about thirty years of age, with handsome face and figure. Owing to the great number of guests invited the ceremony had to take place in the barn, where all the guests were invited to assemble. In the general rush the Captain and his officer were left outside, but some of the Harris men courteously gave up their places in a front position to the strangers. They were hardly seated when the bride and her maids entered, followed by the (supposed) bridegroom and his party. The bride looked beautiful and was magnificently attired; on entering the barn she was loudly cheered! This enthusiastic welcome over, and just as the minister was about to commence the service one of the two visitors interrupted the proceedings by saying—"I presume all the ladies and gentlemen present have given the bride their gifts, I have not had an opportunity to present mine, and though it is small and apparently trifling, I trust the young lady will nevertheless accept it as a token of my constant love and devotion." He then handed the bride a neatly folded parcel, which she nervously tore open, and on examining its contents, to the great astonishment of the assembled guests, exclaimed—"Archie! Archie! my dear, my long lost Archie!" and sprang toward him, embracing him again and again. Needless to add this man was no other than Archibald Campbell, to whom Mary had eight years before given the knot of ribbon. After the commotion had somewhat subsided, Mary said in an audible voice "that she was now ready to fulfil her original engagement to her first lover (Archibald Campbell),

and that her father she was sure would no longer oppose their marriage." Her father at once replied, "that he had suffered too much for the part he had taken in their separation to offer any further objections, as it seemed to him to have been arranged by Providence." Young MacLeod (Campbell's University companion) then stepped forward and shook the sailor by the hand, giving him a thousand welcomes to Harris, and congratulating him on coming so opportunely to claim the hand of Mary MacLeod. Her father then suggested that as everything was ready the ceremony should be proceeded with. The proposal was acted upon, and Archibald Campbell and Mary MacLeod were then and there made man and wife. During these proceedings the disappointed bridegroom stood silent and dumbfounded. The ceremony over, Campbell entertained the guests with the history of his travels during the eight years that had elapsed since he left Harris, how his ship came to Loch Seaforth three years before, and how he caused it to be reported that he had been drowned in the Bay of Biscay, his object in making this false statement being to test Mary's love for him, but hearing then that her father was still alive, he deemed it prudent not to make himself known. From Mary MacLeod and Archibald Campbell descended the Campbells of Harris, Lewis, Uist, and Skye, very many of whom became famous in their day and generation.

THE HIGHLANDER AS A SOLDIER IN FORMER TIMES.

By SURGEON LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACGREGOR.

(Continued from page 109.)

NOW at the expense of making this paper a little too long, I must not omit to mention the martial influence of the bagpipes over the Highland race, for I know you would never forgive me for such an unpardonable oversight. Some old poet says that music bath charms to soothe the savage breast. Well, I have often seen Eastern jugglers charming snakes, or pretending to charm them, with their music; but I have never seen them charming savages. And whatever the effects of music over snakes and savages, that poet was not a Highlander listening to the bagpipes, for their influence is not so much of the soothing as of the stirring and rousing variety. There is nothing that gives a greater insight into the character of a people than their music, their songs, and their games. The songs

of the Highlanders are mostly about the predominant partners of Love and War, and even their games were more manly than those of other people. No pusillanimous people would ever have thought of "Tossing the Caber," or would ever have invented the stormy strains of the great Highland bagpipes; and where is the Highlander but would try to do his best, with the slogan of his ancestors ringing in his ears?

In conclusion we, as loyal Highlanders, must not forget the great commanders, who at various times had to do with Highland soldiers in time of war. For they always placed confidence in the Highlanders from the beginning. They were always giving the Highlanders the post of honour, which in the soldier's life generally means the post of danger, and, alas, too frequently the post of death. But whether in victory or in death, they covered their memory with a halo of glory which their country should not willingly let die.

Among these famous commanders may be mentioned the names particularly of Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt and America; the gallant General Wolfe, who was killed in the hour of victory at the battle of Quebec; Sir John Moore, who was taken out of action mortally wounded, after the repulse of the French at Corunna; the great Duke of Wellington, both in India and the Peninsular War, by whom they were frequently mentioned in despatches for their gallantry in the field. And so on, down to Lord Roberts in Afghanistan, and Sir Edward Hamley and Sir Archibald Allison, who commanded them in Egypt not very long ago. Lord Roberts, as you probably know, when lately raised to the peerage, chose the figure of a Highlander in full dress as the right hand supporter of his coat of arms, in commemoration of the great support he had always received from Highland regiments. It was the greatest honour it was in his power to confer, and reflects the highest credit both on himself and the Highlanders that took such a prominent part in his advancement in life.

But there was one General above all others, a true Highlander himself, to whom Highlanders will always owe a particularly deep debt of gratitude, and that General was the so-called Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Now ladies and gentlemen, I shall ask your indulgence for only a moment, while I propose to make a short digression, in order to tell you who this Sir Colin Campbell really was. Many of you probably already know that his name as a boy was Colin MacLiver, and that it was only by an accident he was returned on the Army List under the name of Colin Campbell. Though he himself was born in Glasgow, both his father, John MacLiver, joiner, and his mother were

pure Highlanders from the island of Islay, which may indeed claim Lord Clyde as her own most noble son.

Some of you also know that the name of MacGregor was for a long time proscribed and, by the cruel laws of our country, prohibited from being borne by anyone under the extreme penalty of death, till by an Act of Parliament in 1775 this name that was nameless by day, was again resurrected from its living grave, wherein it had lain for the unprecedented period of two hundred long years. Well, it was from one of two brothers of this forbidden surname, who found their way in those cruel days to Islay, and respectively assumed the protective names of MacLiver (Mac Liamhair in Gaelic) and

that, as is too often the case with other equally patriotic Highlanders. On the contrary, having had to fight his own way through the world, without wealth or influence to back up his merits, he frequently had the mortification of seeing himself superseded by his juniors and inferiors from time to time. And his promotion was so slow in those days of "purchase," that he was actually forty-six years in the army before he was able to rise above the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was in fact well over sixty years of age before he got his first fair chance, and as luck would have it, that chance was with the Highland Brigade in the Crimea. How he and his brother Highlanders loved one another, and how they fought together, are themes very well known.

How well he understood his countrymen from the beginning is often shown in his unpremeditated conduct. When leading them for the first time to battle up the heights of Alma, his words were: "Now, Highlanders, make me proud of you"—which indeed they did that very day. He ordered them on no account to attend to the killed and wounded till the battle was over, and threatened those who would disobey the order with the unique punishment that "their names would be posted on the doors of their parish churches." Only Highlanders could understand the meaning of such a punishment, and no wonder that they would go through anything with such a sympathetic commander, who understood them so well. For a Highlander in those days would prefer death to the disgrace of his name being posted on the door of his parish church for misconduct on the battlefield.

And when the fight of Alma was over, and he had beaten twelve battalions with three, he went to report to Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, who was so overcome with emotion at the gallantry of the Highlanders that he was scarcely able to speak. When he regained the power of his tongue he invited Sir Colin to ask a boon, in appreciation of the victory. And what boon do you think, Sir Colin asked? It was neither rank nor riches—but only to be permitted to wear the Highland bonnet during the rest of his command of the Highland Brigade! How the famous bonnet was made on the quiet by Lieutenant Forsyth of the 42nd, and the amusement and surprise caused by Sir Colin when he first suddenly appeared at the head of his brigade in his beloved Highland bonnet, are now matters of history. It is this Highland bonnet, such as Sir Colin so proudly wore, that the War Office has lately been foolishly trying to withdraw from the Highland regiments, but it has not done it yet, and probably never will.

A little later on it was under him at Balaclava that the 93rd defied the Russian cavalry



LORD CLYDE.

MacGruther (Mac Cruitear in Gaelic), that this Highland hero was really descended. How it all happened has already been described both in the Indian and home press, partly by the well-known Highlander, Mr. John Murdoch, and partly by myself; and a reprint of the correspondence under the heading "*The true origin of Lord Clyde*" will be found in the *Celtic Monthly* for September, 1895, shortly after my return from India that same year. I am sure your Highland sympathies will agree with me, in claiming this truest of Highlanders as a clansman, which indeed he really was.

Sir Colin, though a true Highlander himself, did not begin his military career in a Highland regiment. His means were too slender for

in double line formation, as I have already mentioned. And when he was leaving his beloved Highland Brigade in the Crimea, on his way home with the intention of retiring, his words of farewell were those of a true Highlander:—

“When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your terms of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that *echelon* up the heights of Alma, and may speak of the old brigadier who led you, and who loved you so well.

I am an old man now, and shall not be called on to serve any more; but the bagpipes will never sound near me, without conveying me back to those bright days when I was at your head, and wore the bonnet which you gained for me, and the honourable decorations on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct.”

Time would fail me to tell how shortly afterwards he unexpectedly found himself again with his Highlanders, during the great strife of the Indian Mutiny, how well they fought under him, and how proudly their bagpipes blew on that memorable march to the relief of Lucknow, with their own ideal Highland hero leading them on from victory to victory!

In this way, ladies and gentlemen, I have drawn a very short sketch of a very long subject. As I already said, the mere mention of all the occasions on which Highlanders distinguished themselves on the battlefield would take up the greater portion of my time to-night. But rather than make this paper a mere catalogue of events only, I preferred in the first place to mention only a few, taken partly at random, and partly because some of them were prominent landmarks in the evolution of the art of war, or gave rise to songs and sayings of world-wide renown. I have naturally mentioned the all-important part played by the Highlanders against the Romans, in this way laying the foundation of Scotland as an independent kingdom; Bannockburn for the part it played as regards the wearing of heavy armour; Quatre Bras with reference to squares of infantry repelling cavalry, armed only with the old musket; Balaclava with reference to the repelling of cavalry by infantry, armed with the Minie rifle and in line formation only; and so on. I have not even hesitated to mention Fontenoy and Ticnderoga, in which the Highlanders were not successful, but in which their gallantry was as conspicuous as in the hour of victory itself. Nor should it be forgotten that it was at Fontenoy the modern method of attack by infantry by means of repeated rushes was first practised in the British army by the 42nd, lying down and loading and firing between each successive rush. I have mentioned also a few of the songs and sayings to which some of those battles gave rise, such as “We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets

here,” “The Thin Red Line,” “Jessie’s Dream and “Scotland for ever.”

In the second place I have followed these events up by a brief consideration of the conditions that helped to make the Highlanders the good soldiers that they certainly were in the brave days of old. I have pointed out the influence of race and blood, which is always thicker than water; their patriotism, or love of country; their warlike habits among themselves since times immemorial; their simple mode of living; their Highland dress; and their precious bagpipes, which have got such a wonderful effect on the hearts and ears of the Highland race.

Lastly, and in the third place, I thought it right to mention with gratitude the names of a few great commanders who have been more particularly associated with the victories of the Highlanders in many lands, and above all, your own true countryman, Lord Clyde. I have nothing more to say, except to commend to you the beloved memory of those brave Highlanders, which should be an ever-flowing fountain of inspiration to us, wherever on earth we may happen to be placed.

“Wake, wake, and call them back again,
The offspring of the brave and free,
To dwell in peace by stream and plain,
From lands across the raging sea;
So shall our country yet take pride
In sons to stem the tide of war,
As they have often stemmed its tide,
In distant climes and fields afar!”

(*The Last of the Gaels.*)

[CONCLUDED.]

THE MALE FERN.

Frith-raineach.

CLAN CHISHOLM’S BADGE.

I’ve sung of badges green and gay,
And clansmen leal and stern,
But none more worthy of a lay
Than Chisholms and their fern.

A clan whose valiant actions glow
In annals of the brave;
A badge that never decked the brow
Of coward, churl, or knave.

To King and Chieftain ever true
The faithful Chisholms were;
Their were the brawny arms to do,
And dauntless hearts to dare.

’Mid scenes of grandeur, crag and ben,
In beauty winds their vale;
The ancient home of dauntless men,
The Strath of song and tale.

Amongst that leal warm-hearted race,
In youth I sojourned long,
My love of song to them I trace,
That debt I pay in song.

[Hatfield]

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.



JOSEPH MACKAY.



MRS. JOSEPH MACKAY.

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JOSEPH MACKAY, SIAM.



MR. JOSEPH MACKAY, Manager of the Bangkok Dock Co., Ltd., Siam, and President of the St. Andrew's Society there, is descended from the Mackays of Tain, Ross-shire. His father, Daniel Mackay, left Tain in

1855, married a Renfrewshire lady, and settled temporarily in Dumbarton, where the subject of our sketch was born in 1857.

The family afterwards removed to New Zealand, where Mr. Mackay was educated. From there he was sent home in 1874 to receive an engineering training in Greenock. This completed, he left in 1879 to join the staff of the Indian Government Dockyard at Calcutta, but soon left that service to obtain a marine experience. After qualifying for and obtaining the certificates in the various grades of marine engineering, he came home again in 1882, and married Miss Sara Thomson, Kilmarnock.

After a brief holiday he received an appoint-

ment in the Novelty Iron Works, Hong Kong, and was afterwards put in charge of the West Point Iron Works. In 1885 he was induced to leave Hong Kong and enter the service of the Bangkok Dock Co., Ltd., as Superintendent Engineer, receiving the appointment of Manager three years later. Since then the business of the Company has increased rapidly, an additional dock having been constructed and the resources of the Company trebled. Mr. Mackay was, on 1st January, 1895, presented by the Managing Director, Admiral Bush, with a gold watch and chain, bearing a suitable inscription, as a token of appreciation. In 1890 he was elected a member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers.

During that year he and a few "brither

Scots" formed a St. Andrew's Society in Bangkok, the following being the basis of its constitution:—"The Society has been formed in order that there may be in Bangkok a regularly constituted body of Scotsmen, under whose auspices and control the anniversary of St Andrew may be observed, and who may take cognizance of, discuss, and take steps in regard to any matters which possess a national interest. The Society shall also be a charitable association to relieve distressed and deserving countrymen, in so far as considered desirable and the funds will permit, and also to administer any special funds which may be placed at their disposal for 'the relief of distressed Scotsmen.'"



MRS. JOSEPH MACKAY

The Society has fortunately not been called upon very often for assistance, but it serves a good purpose in binding Scotsmen closer together in a foreign land for their common good.

St. Andrew's Day is annually celebrated by a Ball given by the members to their friends and the leading residents of all nationalities. This year it took the form of a "Fancy Dress Ball," and proved a great success. The *Stam Free Press* gives a long and appreciative description of the gathering, with startling bold head-lines, thus:— 'St. Andrew's Ball in Bangkok—a brilliant success—kilted clansmen and tartan-clad lassies!' Mr. Mackay is described as being "dressed as a Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Mrs. Mackay represents 'Caledonia,' and wears the well-known Mackay tartan and skirt." Our portraits represent them in the dresses worn on this eventful occasion.

Mr. Mackay has been President of the Society since 1894. The membership numbers about forty, even in such a remote part of the globe. We need hardly add that he is also an enthusiastic member of the Clan Mackay Society, and takes a keen interest in its various charitable and educational undertakings.

Ere the pen of the writer recorded the fray,
Or history's twilight gave place unto day,
It loomed through the hazy traditions of old
Adorning the brows of the leal and the bold.

When chieftain or monarch the standard upreared,
In battle's grim forefront it always appeared—
In the wars of Prince Charles, Dundee and
Montrose,
'Mongst the badges that clustered around the
"White Rose."

On fateful Glenlivet's historic dark day,
Stout, brave, were its wearers, unmatched in the
fray,
Though foes were triumphant and allies were gone,
Maintaining the hopeless grim struggle alone.

Those clansmen who followed, those chieftains who
led,
Have still 'mongst their offspring a voice, although
dead,
And Gillean's brave children, to-day, as of old,
The fame of their race, and their island uphold.

° The stubborn stand made by the MacLeans at
the battle of Glenlivet, when the other clans
who followed Argyll were beaten and driven
off the field, is a remarkable instance of the
valour of the doughty sons of Gillean.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE CROWBERRY.

CLAN MACLEAN'S BADGE.



IN fancy I tune, like some minstrel of yore,
My harp upon Mull's rocky storm-beaten
shore,
And mingle my song on the badge of the brave,
With the cry of the gull and the sound of the wave.

Where the stream ever singing its lullaby flows,
In the depths of the corry the crowberry grows,
The eyes that behold it, the feet that come near
Are few, save the hunters in quest of the deer.

Yet round it is clustered in story and song
The deeds of the daring, the feats of the strong.
The flap of the sail, and the stroke of the oar,
The gleam of the axe, and the flash of claymore.

THE MAY OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTO ROQUETTE.

THE roses have come to their blooming time;
O earth! thou art fair in the summer's prime!
My heart looks out o'er the world to-day,
While the blue sky thrills to the lark's glad lay,
And I sing with the bird: "'Tis the May of the year,
The golden time of the flowers is here,
And to-day the roses are blooming!"

Free is the heart, and the song as free,
And the youth, oh! who more free than he
When before him the whole brave world doth lie?
And a kiss is free though the lips be shy—
Oh! the merry song and the kisses dear
Proclaim that the golden hour is here,
And gaily the rose is blooming!

Deep hid in the selfsame heart, I know,
Lie the springs of laughter, the fount of woe,
But how wild soever the tempests rave
Down the stormy sky, the spirit brave
Shall dauntlessly sing, through the gloomiest hours:
"'Tis still the golden time of the flowers,
And to-day the roses are blooming."

R. F. FORBES.

"THE MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN."—This handsome volume is now nearly through the press, and we hope to be able to send out the subscribers' copies in June. The edition is limited to 300 copies, most of which are already subscribed for.

— The Macleods of Dunvegan. —



DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SKYE—THE ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACLEOD CHIEFS.

THE MACLEODS OF DUNVEGAN, SKYE, are one of the oldest families in the kingdom, tracing their descent from the Royal line of the Norwegian Kings of Man. Their history carries us back to the twelfth century, and is as stormy and replete with thrilling incident as the most exacting reader of fiction could desire. And after all these centuries of strife and vicissitude, it is pleasing to find the Macleod chief still occupying the ancient stronghold of the race, and owning lands which have been a family possession for twenty-three generations. Dunvegan Castle is a fitting residence for the chief of a great clan; its situation is picturesque in the extreme, while inside it combines the comforts and convenience of a modern residence, with the strength and halo of remote antiquity. It is impossible in the limited space at our disposal to do more than refer briefly to the descent and history of this ancient and respected family, especially as an exhaustive account may be found in the late Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's *History of the Macleods*; it will suffice for our purpose to give their genealogy, followed by a sketch of the career of the present head of the family, Captain Norman Magnus Macleod, C.M.G., chief of the clan.

The progenitor of the race was

I.—Leod, son of Olave the Red, King of the

Norwegian Kingdom of Man and the Isles, from whom the clan derive their name.

II.—Tormod Macleod, married Finguala Mac-Crotan, daughter of a famous Irish chief.

III.—Malcolm Macleod of Glenelg and Harris.

IV.—John Macleod, died shortly after the accession of Robert III.

V.—William Macleod, had successful encounters with the Frasers and Macdonalds.

VI.—John Macleod, was a man of great stature and courage, and led his clan at the battle of Harlaw, 1411.

VII.—William Dubh Macleod, a brave warrior was killed in battle in 1480.

VIII.—Alexander Macleod, known as "Alastair Crotach," had a very eventful career; built one of the towers of Dunvegan Castle; died in 1547 and was buried at Rodel, South Harris.

IX.—William Macleod. The hereditary family estates at this period were:—Harris, Dunvegan, Minginish, Bracadale, Duirinish, Lyndale, Glenelg, Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist. He died in 1553, leaving an only child, Mary Macleod; was succeeded by his brother,

X.—Donald Macleod, who was assassinated in 1557 by John Og Macleod of Minginish.

XI.—Tormod Macleod had an exciting career; defeated the Macdonalds at Waternish.

XII.—William Macleod, was declared a rebel by the Privy Council; died 1590.

XIII.—Sir Roderick Macleod, known as "Ruairidh Mòr," was perhaps the most distinguished Highland chief of his time; carried on a bitter feud with the Macdonalds; was knighted by James VI, 1613. It was at his death in 1626 that Patrick Mòr MacCrimmon composed the well-known piobaireachd *Cumha Ruairidh Mhoir*. A picture of his horn, still preserved in Dunvegan, is given on next page.

XIV.—John Macleod, called "Iain Mor," on account of his great stature and strength. The

rental of his estates in Skye in 1644 was £7000 Scots; died September, 1649.

XV.—Roderick Macleod; during his time the Macleods, 1000 strong, took part in the battle of Worcester, 1651, where most of them fell; died 1664.

XVI.—John Macleod, known as "Iain Breac," a most exemplary chief, and a patron of native music and song, died 1693.

XVII.—Roderick Macleod was an unworthy son of a distinguished father; died 1699.



THE FAIRY ROOM, SHOWING A GLIMPSE OF A RUDE STAIRCASE OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

XVIII.—Norman Macleod.

XIX.—Norman Macleod succeeded to one of the greatest estates in the Highlands; represented Inverness-shire in Parliament; raised the clan on the Government side in 1745; forced to retreat at Moy, where Donald Bàn MacCrimmon, Macleod's famous piper, was killed, which occasioned the famous song and pipe tune "MacCrimmon's Lament;" died 1772.

XX.—General Norman Macleod succeeded to a greatly encumbered estate; Dunvegan visited

by Dr. Johnson and Boswell; was made Colonel of the 2nd Batt. 42nd Highlanders and had a most distinguished career in India; represented Inverness-shire in Parliament; died 1801.

XXI.—John Norman Macleod, represented Sudbury in Parliament, 1828-32; died 1835.

XXII.—Norman Macleod, born 1812; during the great famine of 1847 did noble work in alleviating the distress of his tenants, thereby impoverishing himself. Entered the public service and eventually became Secretary of the Science



MACLEOD OF MACLEOD, C.M.G.,
23rd Chief.



RORY MOR'S HORN—OLD IRISH CUP—PRINCE
CHARLIE'S WAISTCOAT—OLD MANUSCRIPT
BOOK OF ARMS—FAIRY FLAG.



1ST COLOURS OF 2ND BATTALION 42ND—CHAIN
ARMOUR—RORY MOR'S SWORD—SWORD
PRESENTED BY TIPPOO.

and Art department; in 1854 was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms in Her Majesty's household; died 1895, and was succeeded by the present popular head of the family,

**CAPTAIN NORMAN MAGNUS
MACLEOD, C.M.G.**

HE was born in 1839, and educated at Harrow. Deciding, like many of his ancestors, to follow the military profession, he served in the 74th Highlanders from 1858 to 1872, mostly in India and the Mediterranean, and was aide-de-camp to General Sir Hope Grant, Commander-in-Chief of Madras, from 1862 to 1865. In 1873 he went to Natal, South Africa, and accompanied the expedition sent by the British Government to crown Cetewayo King of the Zulus. In 1874 he was employed on a special mission from the Natal Government to the Indian Government to re-open Coolie emigration to Natal. On his return he was appointed Protector of Immigrants in Natal, with a seat in the Legislative and Executive Councils. Resigning this office in 1875, he made an exploring and shooting expedition to the Zambesi River, during which he visited the Victoria Falls, and spent some months amongst the Barotse people, north of the Zambesi. After fifteen months in the interior, Captain

Macleod returned to England, but in 1878 he went again to Natal, and on the Zulu War breaking out, was appointed "Civil and Political Assistant" to the officer commanding the Northern forces, Sir Evelyn Wood, with special mission to the Swazies to prevent their joining the Zulus. He was successful in this, as also in raising an army of 8000 Swazies to assist the force under Sir Garnet Wolseley against the



RORY MOR'S SWORD—SWORD PRESENTED BY
TIPPOO—CHAIN ARMOUR—1ST COLOURS OF
2ND BATTALION 42ND HIGHLANDERS.

Basuto Chief, Sekukuni. He commanded the Swazies, who lost 800, in the attack, on Sekukuni's stronghold. At the close of the war in 1880 he resigned, having spent sixteen anxious months on the Transvaal, Swazie, and Zulu borders, with only disaffected Boers for neighbours. For his valuable services in South Africa he received the Zulu medal and was made C.M.G. He returned to England in 1880 and married, in 1881, Emily Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Isham, Baronet,

of Lamport Hall, Northampton. He has two daughters.

Captain Macleod succeeded on 5th February, 1895, as 23rd Chief of the Clan Macleod. He is a J.P. and D.L. for Inverness-shire.

We are greatly indebted to the Rev. R. C. Macleod, brother of the Chief, for the series of pictures which illustrate this paper. These, as well as the excellent portrait of the Chief, are reproduced from photographs taken by the Rev. Mr. Macleod.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE, FRONT ENTRANCE.

A HERO OF CULLODEN.

GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

ALTHOUGH General Hugh Mercer was not a Highlander, yet his connection with the Highland army in the '45 makes it necessary to pay him a passing notice in American Revolutionary history in these sketches of "The Highlander Abroad."

General Hugh Mercer was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1727. He was educated at the University of that city, and became a physician. He joined the forces of Prince Charles in 1745, and was Assistant Surgeon in the army at the battle of Culloden. In 1748 he emigrated to America, and settled near what is now the town of Mercersburgh, in Pennsylvania. In the wars with the Indians in 1755 and 1756 he was the companion of Washington. He was severely wounded at Braddock's defeat, and being

separated from his command, after weeks of suffering, wandering through the wilderness, he reached Fort Cumberland, a distance of one hundred miles. When the provincial forces were organized in 1758, Mercer became a Lieutenant-Colonel, and with General John Forbes went to Fort Duquense—now Pittsburgh—of which he took command. Afterwards he resumed the practice of his profession at Fredericksburgh, Virginia. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he warmly espoused the rights of the Colonies, and organized and drilled three regiments of minute-men in 1775. In 1776 he was made Colonel and organized the Virginia Militia. At Washington's request he was created Brigadier-General on June 5th, 1776, and placed in command of the flying-camp. In July following he was at Paulus Hook, and with General Livingston concerted plans for repelling British incursions into the Jerseys. He accompanied the Commander-in-

Chief in the retreat through New Jersey, and led the column of attack at the battle of Trenton. It is also claimed that he was the first to suggest to Washington the night march on Princeton. However that may be, it was he who commanded the advance. His men were principally militia, and when they began to waver before the enemy, he made an energetic attempt to rally them, but was felled to the ground by the butt end of a musket. Although completely surrounded by the British he refused to surrender, arose and defended himself with his sword, and after a brief struggle, in which he was repeatedly bayoneted, was left for dead on the field of battle. Word was immediately conveyed to Washington that General Mercer was killed. It was not until he had reached Somerset Court-House that he was apprised of the situation of that officer. Soon after the battle General Mercer was removed to a neighbouring farm-house. Washington now dispatched a flag of truce to Lord Cornwallis requesting that his aide-de-camp and nephew, Colonel George Lewis, be permitted to remain with the dying General. After several days of severe suffering General Mercer died, January 12th, 1777. Two days later the body was taken to Philadelphia and buried in Christ Church-yard, and over the grave was placed a slab with the simple inscription: "In memory of General Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton, January 3rd, 1777."

The body of General Mercer was left undisturbed until 1840, when his countrymen of the St. Andrew's and the Thistle Society, removed the remains to Laurel Hill Cemetery, and to his memory erected a beautiful marble monument, with suitable inscriptions. The ceremony took place on the 26th November, in the presence of 30,000 people, the eulogium on the occasion being pronounced by William B. Reed, Esq.

In appreciation of his distinguished services, his only son, Hugh, was educated at the nation's expense. Mercer County, Kentucky, and Mercer County, Ohio, were named in honour of the hero.

There were many other Scotsmen who obtained renown during the American Revolution. Notably among these was Dr. James Craik, born in Scotland in 1731. He rose to the highest rank in the medical department; was Director General of the hospital before Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis. He was present at the death of Washington. He died February 6th, 1814.

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, but known in Revolutionary Annals as Lord Stirling, rendered distinguished services.

Our next article will relate to an humble officer, Sergeant Macdonald, a relative of the

celebrated Flora Macdonald, who was noted for his great prowess.

Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

J. P. MACLEAN.

THE HIGHLANDERS RESPOND TO THE "GREAT COMMONER'S" APPEAL.

NOW opens to our view the heroic period of Highland history. Pitt's "call to arms" was splendidly responded to by chiefs, chieftains, and clansmen in the Highlands. Nobly and quickly they justified the confidence reposed in them by the "Great Commoner," whose first appeal was for men to enlist for foreign service.

I.—THE MONTGOMERY HIGHLANDERS, REGIMENTAL No. 77th, RAISED 1757, DISBANDED 1763

The first to whom "letters of service" was granted was the Hon. Major Archibald Montgomerie, son of the Earl of Eglinton, and brother of Lady Macdonald of Sleat.

The Major was popular among the South and West Highlanders. He soon raised a regiment of 1460 men, including 30 pipers and drummers, divided into 13 companies of 105 each. His commission was dated 4th January, 1757, as Colonel Commandant. Served in America, at Fort Duquesne, Ticonderoga, against the Cherokee Indians, Dominique, West Indies, Newfoundland, Port Pitt, now Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

II.—THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS, REGIMENTAL No 78th, RAISED 1757, DISBANDED 1763.

Next, in date, were the "Fraser Highlanders," raised by the Hon. Simon Fraser, son of the notorious and unfortunate Lord Lovat. Though not possessed of one inch of territory yet such was the strength and influence of clan feeling and attachment, that in a few weeks he was enabled to raise 800 men, to whom the other gentlemen of the county added other 600 men, and the whole corps, when enrolled into companies, numbered in rank and file the same as the Montgomery Highlanders.

The Hon. Simon Fraser was Colonel Commandant of the regiment, his, and his officers' commissions were dated 5th January, 1757. The uniform of the corps was full Highland garb, with musket and broadsword, sporran of badger or otter skin, blue bonnet raised and cocked on one side, with a slight inclination to the right ear, and with two or three black feathers. Served, North America, at Louisburg, Quebec, Newfoundland.

At the conclusion of the war in 1763, a number of the officers and men elected to settle in America. Their wishes were granted, and an allowance of land given them according to rank. The rest returned to Scotland to be discharged. To the credit of the Fraser Highlanders be it recorded, that when the American Revolution broke out, upwards of 300 of those men who had remained in the country enlisted in the 84th, and formed part of two fine battalions embodied under the designation of the "Royal Highland Emigrants," in 1775.

Many hundreds of the Frasers, who now form so important a part of the population of Canada, claim descent from these Fraser Highlanders who elected to remain and settle in America.

III.—KEITH'S HIGHLANDERS, REGIMENTAL No. 87TH, RAISED 1759, DISBANDED 1763.

Served in Germany, Eybach, Zeirenberg, Fellinghausen, Brucher Muhl, etc.

This regiment was named after its Commandant, Major Robert Murray Keith, who had served in the Scots Brigade in the Dutch service. He was a relation of the celebrated Field Marshal Keith, the familiar friend and favourite commander of Frederick the Great of Prussia. It consisted of only three companies of 105 men each. In a few months after its enrolment, it was sent at latter end of 1759 to Germany, to join the allied army under Prince Frederick of Brunswick. The regiment arrived in camp only a few days when an opportunity presented itself to show the Prince of what fighting qualities the raw, untrained, undisciplined Highlanders were made of.

The French on the 3rd January, 1760, attacked and carried the town of Herborn, and a small detachment of the allies were made prisoners. At the same time, another French General made himself master of Dillenbergh, the garrison of which retired into the castle, where they were closely besieged. Prince Ferdinand, the Commander-in-Chief, no sooner heard of what had happened than he forthwith marched with a strong detachment to their relief, and on the 7th January attacked and defeated the French. Meanwhile the Highlanders under Major Keith, supported by Luchner's hussars, were sent to reconnoitre towards the village of Eybach, where a regiment of French dragoons were supposed to be posted.

The dragoons to the number of 700 were met with. The raw Highlanders, eager for a fray, and without any ado, attacked the dragoons, sword in hand, with such wild impetuosity that in a few minutes they routed them with great slaughter. The hussars joining in, the greater part of the French were killed, many made

prisoners, together with 200 horses and all the baggage. The Highlanders greatly distinguished themselves on this occasion by their impetuosity and intrepidity, the more remarkable as they were no other than raw recruits, just arrived from their own country and altogether unacquainted with discipline (Smollett). Their loss was only four killed and seven wounded. The fierceness and suddenness of the attack seemed to confound and bewilder the French dragoons. Infantry with broadswords charging cavalry!

Prince Ferdinand was so pleased with the conduct of this small body of intrepid men, that he recommended the British Government not only to increase their numbers to 800 men, but to raise another regiment of similar material and of equal strength, to be sent to him as soon as possible. This recommendation was instantly attended to, with the result that in the counties of Argyll, Perth, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, the requisite number of men were raised in a few weeks and embarked for Germany in the same year, 1760.

IV.—CAMPBELL HIGHLANDERS.

The men to raise Keith's Highlanders to 800 were embodied at Perth; the new regiment styled the "Campbells," or the 88th of the line, were embodied at Stirling at the same time. As they were ordered on the same service, an interchange of officers took place and both regiments came to be called Keith's and Campbell Highlanders. Arriving at camp, they joined the allied army under Prince Ferdinand, and were distinguished by being placed in the Grenadier brigade.

In a future article, the brave deeds by which these and other regiments enlisted for limited service will be recorded.

V.—THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

THE OLD 89TH.

RAISED 1759, DISBANDED 1765.

The war now raged in America, in Germany, and in India. The Government still led by Mr. Pitt, seeing that the Keith and Campbell Highlanders had been so easily and so rapidly raised, again looked towards the Highlands for regiments for foreign and home service. They looked to the vast influence of the Ducal House of Gordon. The Duke was a minor and at college. The Duchess had recently married a Major Staates Long Morris. She induced her husband, being a military officer, to raise a regiment on the Gordon estates for foreign service, and to strengthen his interest with her tenantry, the young Duke, her son, was appointed Captain, his brother Lord William,

a Lieutenant, and his younger brother Lord George, an Ensign. Major Morris succeeded beyond his anticipations, for in less than two months 760 men assembled at Gordon Castle to be enrolled. Major Morris being Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant, Hector Munro, afterwards Sir Hector, the hero of Buxar, was one of the Majors, and in December, 1759, the men were marched to Aberdeen to be drilled and accoutred.

In December, 1760, this regiment embarked at Portsmouth for India, and arrived at Bombay in the following November, eleven months' voyage! not then unusual. In India the regiment was kept moving about from place to place till 1763, when Major Munro was ordered with a strong detachment to join the field army under the command of Major Cormac at Patna. Major Munro then assumed chief command, and relying upon his men, summarily quelled a formidable mutiny among the native troops. The ringleaders were executed and discipline restored. Munro attacked the enemy at Buxar on the 23rd October, 1764. Though the forces opposed to him were six to one of his own, he overthrew and dispersed them. The enemy left 6000 killed on the field and 133 guns, while Munro's army lost comparatively few. The gallant Major was warmly thanked by the President and Council of Calcutta. "The signal victory you have gained, so as at one blow utterly to defeat the designs of the enemy against these provinces, is an event which does so much honour to yourself, Sir, in particular, and to all the officers and men under your command, and which, at the same time, is attended with such particular advantage to the company, as call upon us to return you our sincere thanks." This was one of the decisive battles of India, more important than Plassey. Munro's "Gordons," and his other British and Indian troops, fought with a valour, steadiness, and intrepidity worthy of Waterloo. Many cavalry charges were resisted and repelled in oblong squares as at that momentous battle, a formation in which they were practised by the gallant Munro for some months before the day of Buxar, after assuming the chief command. Let it be observed that this Gordon regiment was distinguished for good conduct, not one man out of 8 companies, numbering in all 780 men, had been brought to the halberts. Its gallantry at the Siege of Pondicherry will be noticed hereafter.

VI.—JOHNSTONE'S HIGHLANDERS, OR THE

101ST OF THE LINE.

RAISED 1760, DISBANDED 1763.

This regiment, consisting of 600 rank and file, was raised by several Highland gentlemen who received Captains' commissions. When

the different companies were completed and assembled at Perth, they were marched to Newcastle where they remained till near the end of 1761, when they were sent to Germany to reinforce the "Keiths and Campbells." Their officers did not go with them, but were ordered back to the Highlands to raise other 600 men, a service which was performed in a few months, and having assembled at Perth, Major Johnstone, afterwards Sir James, of Westerhall, was appointed Major Commandant. The Major, the Adjutant, and Sergeant-Major Coxwell were the only Lowlanders in the regiment. Lieutenant-General Lord George Beauchamp reviewed the regiment in 1762, and declared he had never seen a body of men in a more "efficient state, or better fitted to meet the enemy." It was not their lot to realize the expectations formed of them, not having been called into active service. It was disbanded at Perth in August, 1763.

Besides the above regiments, the following were also raised for foreign service.

VII.—The 100th of the Line was raised by Major Colin Campbell of Kilberrie, embodied at Stirling in 1761, was stationed in Martinique till 1763, when it was ordered to Scotland and disbanded.

VIII.—A corps of two battalions was raised by Colonel David Graham of Gortley, and embodied at Perth in 1762. Out of compliment to the young Queen of George III., whom Colonel Graham had attended to England in 1761, this regiment was given the title of the "Queen's Highlanders." It was numbered 105th of the line, and disbanded shortly after the peace, 1763.

IX.—Captain Allan Maclean of Torloisk raised a regiment which was also reduced in 1763. The Highland regiments in America and Germany were recruited from this corps.

Hereford

JOHN MACKAY.

AN CAT AGUS AN LUCH.

THUIRT an luchag 's i 'san toll,
 "Dé no naigheachd a' chait ghlais!"
 "Naigheachd math is deagh shaoil
 Gu 'm faodadh thusa tighinn a mach."

'S nòr m' eagal roimh na dubhain chom,
 A th' agad ann am bonn do chas:
 Mharbh thu mo dhà phìuthair an dè,
 'S fhuair mi fhéin air éigin is.

Cha mhise 'mharbh iad ach cat Dhòmhluill
 Bhàin,
 An tè b' àbhaist a bhì ruagadh cheare,
 Ghoid i 'mhin' bha 'sa mheis,
 'S dh'òl i 'n deur a bh' aig a' mhairt.

Islay

RANNACH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.



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MAY, 1898

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mr. David Macdonald, President, Kintyre Club, Glasgow, and Mrs. Macdonald; the late Major-General R. B. Campbell, C.B., late Commandant of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides; and Lieutenant Hector Campbell (Indian Staff Corps), representative of the Campbells of Kinloch, Perthshire, at present attached to the Gordon Highlanders, and took part in the gallant charge at Dargai in October last.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Business Meeting was held on 14th April, Mr. John Maclean, Vice-President, in the chair. The Secretary's report showed that the membership was now 450, of whom 62 are life members. The finances for the year show a balance of £44, the total funds now amounting to £153, exclusive of £52 for the pipe band fund. Last year's office-bearers, with one or two alterations, were re-elected, Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean being elected Secretary for London, and Mr. John Maclean, Mitchell Street, who has done so much for the Association, being appointed Convener of Finance and Vice-President. It was decided to hold the Annual Social Gathering on 21st October next, the Chief, Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., in the chair. Altogether the Association is in a most flourishing condition.—It is intended to start a Clan Maclean in Canada, where the name is very numerous. Major Hugh H. Maclean of New Brunswick is making the necessary arrangements.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The monthly meeting was held in the Rooms, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on 17th March.—Mr. James R. Mackay, Vice-President, late British Linen Bank, in the chair. A most interesting paper by the Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., Westerdale, on "The Mackay Banner," was read. Mr. Mackay gave a history of the banner, with a number of ancient traditions regarding it, and a rendering of the motto embroidered on the flag, which proved beyond all doubt that it is the veritable *Bratach Bhàn Clann Aoidh* of song and story. A discussion followed, which elicited further information on this interesting subject. The Rev. Mr. Mackay's paper will appear in our next issue. Reference was made to the desirability of starting classes for the study of Gaelic and Gaelic music in each parish in the Reay country, excellent work in this direction having been already done by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford. The suggestion was most favourably received, the Secretary being instructed to make inquiry and report at a future meeting. The Society proposes to provide all class books free, as well as handsome prizes for competition in each school at the end of the session.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Social Gathering took place in Glasgow on 6th April, Mr. George Murray Campbell, late of Siam, in the chair, who was supported by Bailie Murray, President. Dr. John Gunn, Messrs. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, D. A. S. Mackintosh, Superintendent Sinclair, George and Eric Mackay, Dr. Gordon, etc. The chairman delivered a most interesting address, in which he touched upon a variety of topics relating to Sutherland, its scenery, manners and customs, history, social condition, emigrations and the clearances. He had travelled in many distant parts of the earth, but no matter where he went, to India, Siam, or Japan, he never failed to find Sutherland men, and most frequently Mackays, occupying positions of trust. The evictions had scattered the race, and the Colonies had benefited, but no credit for that could be attached to those who were responsible for the evil. Sutherland men had inherited a noble history, and they could not do better than "follow well the footsteps of their ancestors." Bailie Murray also addressed the meeting.

CLAN MENZIES SOCIETY.—The Bursary Fund of £500 is now completed, and the Society will soon be able to send some promising young clansman to the University.—The Clan celebrated the anniversary of Culloden by placing upon the cairn on the battlefield, a large wreath of Staghorn Club moss, the Menzies' badge, ornamented with the "Red and White" tartan, and inscribed on a white shield, "In memory of 200 Menzies', who fell at the Battle of Culloden, 16th April, 1746." The Chief, Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., sent the wreath through Lieutenant D. P. Menzies, Glasgow. Hon. Secretary of the Society.

THE UIST AND BARRA ASSOCIATION made splendid progress during the past year. Mr. A. M. Ferguson (Secretary) in his annual report, states that the membership has increased from 55 to 98, and the funds from £36 to £61. The Secretary and Treasurer were the recipients of presentations from the members of the Association.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D

No. VIII.—THE DAVIDSONS, OR CLAN DHAI.



ARMS OF DAVIDSON OF CANTRAY.

SIR ENEAS MACKINTOSH places the Davidsons 4th of Clan Chattan, and states that they associated themselves with, and took protection of and under William Mackintosh, 7th of Mackintosh, prior to 1350.

Kinrara in his history unfortunately does not refer to the incorporation, but mentions that "the Davidsons, styled of Invernahaven in Badenoch, were, according to common tradition, originally a branch of the Comyns." After the Comyns' downfall, Donald dhu of Invernahaven associated himself with the Clan Chattan, then rapidly rising into power, and having married Sloan, daughter of Angus, 6th Mackintosh, became a leading member of Clan Chattan, and was received with such favour by the Captain, as to excite the jealousy of another tribe. This jealousy brought about the virtual extinction of the Davidsons.

The Davidsons, known as Clan Dhai, from their first known leader, David dhu of Invernahaven, were chief actors in the two notable fights at Invernahaven and the North Inch of Perth, and the losers in both battles under the name of Clan Dhai. This name, Dhai, at first barbarously given as "Cay," and afterwards execrably rendered into "Quele" by Scottish scribes ignorant of the Gaelic language, for a long time puzzled historians; but that the Davidsons, or Clan Dhai, formed one of the combatants is not questioned at the present day by any competent authority.

Assuming, as reasonable, that the Davidsons, who had hitherto followed the banner of the predominant Comyns, were unwilling to yield

to any other than the Captain of the Clan Chattan, their new chief and near connection, the bitter antagonism to the pretensions of another tribe of Clan Chattan becomes intelligible. The Davidsons and Macphersons were both not only of Clan Chattan, but the chief's relatives. Whatever the cause, the feud became so keen as to extend beyond the power of the Captain of Clan Chattan or that of the Earls of Crawford and Moray, deputed by the King to pacify them. So the feud straggled on, and was not terminated until 1396, at the battle of the North Inch of Perth, when all the Davidsons, probably leading men, were killed, except one, whereby the family sunk.

Dealing with the battle at Invernahaven—a beautiful district, at the junction of the rivers Truim and Spey, where there was a ford, hence the name, now, alas, under a comparatively recent ownership, ruined and neglected—an uninhabited waste—I proceed to refer to the battle, quoting from a MS. of the early part of this century, the writer having been an educated and reliable antiquarian. He says:—

"A considerable part of the Mackintosh's estate lying in Lochaber, distant from his residence, had for convenience been let to the Camerons, a neighbouring clan, and by their refusing to pay the stipulated rent, Mackintosh was often obliged to seize their cattle, when several fights occurred betwixt them with varying success.

About the year 1370 the Camerons convened their numerous clan and dependents together, with such others as they could prevail upon to assist them—such as Campbells and Macdonalds—to make reprisals. Mackintosh knowing their intention soon collected an equal force, consisting also of several tribes, under the general name of Clan Chattan, to oppose them. But when the armies came in sight, an unreasonable difference arose betwixt two of these tribes, viz., the Macphersons and Davidsons. Though they both agreed that Mackintosh should command the whole as Captain of Clan Chattan, yet they could not agree who should have the right hand of the other. Macpherson contended for it as chief of his clan, and Davidson as being head of another branch of Clan Chattan equally ancient. This dispute being referred to Mackintosh, he imprudently decided in favour of Davidson of Invernahaven, which gave such offence to the Macphersons that Cluny drew off his men, who stood idle spectators, while the Mackintoshes, Davidsons, and others, becoming, by this withdrawal, overpowered by numbers, were defeated."

Here I interpose in the narrative to mention that Mackintosh drew off his men towards Strath-na-Eilich, in the parish of Laggan, and encamped for the night at a spot where a streamlet running north-east falls into the Eilich, as does the Eilich into the Spey, and the streamlet is known to this day as Alt-Rie-an-Toishich. The narrative goes on to say:

"That Mackintosh, being irritated and disappointed by the behaviour of the Macphersons, sent at nightfall his own bard, as if he came from the Camerons, to the camp of the Macphersons to provoke them to fight, by repeating the following satirical lines in Gaelic, which now handed down orally for upwards of five hundred years, is a noted instance of the vitality of many old Gaelic 'says' connected with the Clan Chattan :—

Tha luchd na foille air an tom,
Is am Balg-shuilich donn na dhraip—

Cha b'e bhuir càirdeas ruinn 'a bh' ann
Ach bhuir lamh a bbi cho tais.

Which may be translated.

The false party are on the field beholding their chief in danger; it was not your love for us that made you abstain from fighting, but merely your own cowardice.

This reproach so stung Macpherson, that, calling up his men, he attacked the Camerons that same night in the camp, and made a dreadful slaughter of them, and pursuing them to the foot of the



From R. Ronald M'Ian's

DAVIDSON.

['Clans of the Scottish Highlands.'

mountain, killed their chief, Charles Mac Gillony, at a place called to this day 'Corrie Tearlaich,' or Charles' Valley.

Though the above conflict put an end to the dispute with the Camerons for the time, yet it created another equally dangerous betwixt the Macphersons and the Davidsons. Those were perpetually plundering and killing each other, inasmuch that the King sent Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and Dunbar, Earl of Moray, two of the greatest noblemen in this kingdom, to compromise matters and reconcile them. This being found impossible

to do without bloodshed, gave rise to the celebrated trial of valour on the North Inch of Perth, which happened on Monday before the feast of St. Michael, in the time of Robert the 3rd, anno 1396."

In dealing with the Shaws, I have already sufficiently referred to this great fight, and now only mention that from this date the Davidsons were practically so broken up, that for centuries they never regained a recognised position. Having no land, the name cannot be clearly

traced. Kinvara in his history makes the following comment on the battle :—

“After the fight, the Clan Chattan gave a new heritable bond of service and manrent to Lachlan Mackintosh, their chief, because they had prospered so well under the happy conduct of his cousin Shaw, and Lachlan gave to Shaw possession of the lands of Rothiemurchus for the valour he had shown that day against the enemies.”

In my youth, I recollect hearing a Gaelic bard run over the tribes of Clan Chattan, but have never been able, in despite of varied enquiries, to get a copy of his verses. All I recollect is that the Tordarroch Shaws and the Davidsons followed each other, thus : “Clan Ay agus Clan Dhai.”

The Davidsons, presently in Inverness-shire, are mainly to be found in the parishes of Dores, Inverness, and Petty, and in the districts of Strathnairn, Strathdearn, and Badenoch. Two clergymen, the Rev. Mr. Davidson of Lochalsh, and the late worthy minister of the Free Church in South Harris, are of Clan Chattan, and the name is rapidly rising in importance.

Two prominent families—the Davidsons of Cantray, in Inverness, and of Tulloch, in Ross—came to the front much about the same time—during the last half of the eighteenth century—and there is no reason why the Davidsons, so numerous and influential in the South of Scotland and in England, should not unite with their Northern brethren and choose a leader, say Cantray or Tulloch, both true Highlanders, young and ambitious men. The talented and energetic Secretary of the Clan Chattan Association of Glasgow should see to this, and thereby greatly add to his good work in the consolidation of Clan Chattan.

(To be continued).

THE BLACK ISLE

A TWOFOLD MISNOMER.

BY THE REV. JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D.
KINLOCH RANNOCH.

THE Black Isle of Ross-shire, that beautiful and interesting tract of country lying between the Cromarty and Beaully Firths, labours under the disadvantage of being a twofold misnomer. As the Highlanders of old are noted for having been very accurate namers of places, it is but right this curious phenomenon in naming should be made the subject of some discussion in the *Celtic Monthly*; and that must be my excuse for writing the following article.

The first misnomer that I am to comment on must be obvious to every one who has examined the map of Scotland, and the position the Black Isle occupies on it. It is that though so called, it is not an island at all. It does not answer the definition of being “a portion of land wholly surrounded by water,” as we see laid down in all the geographies. In reality it is a peninsula, the isthmus being the neck of land extending from Beaully to Conon Bridge—a distance of several miles. In conversing on one occasion with a noted Black-isle Sennachie, I objected to the district being called an *isle* or *island*. “But it is an island,” said he; “you have got the Cromarty Firth on the north side, the Moray Firth on the east side, and the Beaully Firth on the south side; and therefore it is an island.” “But,” said I, “what of the west side?” “O!” said he, with a peculiar twinkle of the eye, “there may be a loch on some spot on the watershed between the rivers Beaully and Conon, and the loch sending a little burn to each river; and this would make it an island!” But such a loch on the watershed is, of course, a mere imagination of the Sennachie’s; and we are forced to fall back for an explanation of the linguistic phenomenon on the circumstance that in olden times the word *Eilean*—translated, *isle* or *island*—was made to include land *partly* or *nearly* surrounded by water as well as land *wholly* surrounded by water. It thus appears that what may be a misnomer according to the modern definition of a word, may be a proper enough term when so used under an older definition with a wider extension of meaning.

But the other misnomer is a more serious one, and, from the peculiar nature of the case, requires a much larger discussion. It stands thus: Why should an island or peninsula so beautiful and interesting as the one we are treating of be called the *Black-isle*? There is a reason why “the Black Hole of Calcutta” should be called *black*, why a certain district of England should be called “the Black Country,” and why the infernal regions should be called *dark* or *black*, but why should this region of Ross-shire, so fair and lovely by nature and so adorned by the art and industry of man, be yet called the *Black-isle*? It is wholly opposed to reason and common sense; and, as we know that the original namers were people possessed of common sense and that they used this common sense in giving names to places, we ought to try to find out where the mistake here lies. I humbly think that I have discovered how the mistake was made. It seems to me that it lies wholly in a mistranslation from the Gaelic of the name *Eilean duth*. *Eilean duth* and *Eilean dubh*, as every Gaelic scholar knows, are pronounced alike, as *Eilean du*, the “*th*” and the “*bh*” not being pronounced at all,

but remaining silent. But *Eilean duth* means the "Island of Duth or Duthac," whereas *Eilean dubh* means "the Black-isle." The common sense conclusion therefore is, that the proper translation is not "the Black-isle," but "the Isle of Duthac or St Duthac's Isle." Now I think this is quite obvious to every person of ordinary intelligence who knows anything regarding the science of etymology; but since the evident mistranslation of *Black-isle* has got such a hold of the public mind, and, in point of fact, has occupied as a name that part of the country by the law of prescription for many generations, probably centuries, back, it is necessary to enter into a somewhat elaborate argument to show that it has got no right to be so called, and that it ought even yet to be changed, and the proper translation of the old name restored. To this end I shall accordingly (1) give a short sketch of the life and labours of St. Duthac as the first great evangelist of Ross-shire, and therefore of the so-called Black-isle, and (2) show how the footsteps of St. Duthac can be most extensively traced in the place names of the Black-isle, thus affording a presumption that the isle itself received his name.

1. St. Duth or Duthac was born in the town of Tain about A.D. 990. His parents were wealthy and of high rank, and they gave their son the best education the country and age afforded. They were pious and exemplary persons themselves, and they wished their son to be brought up and educated in the fear of God. Duthac was a prodigy of piety from his earliest years, so much so that he was venerated by the country people even while a mere boy. He went to Ireland to finish his education; and while there he not only studied the scriptures to good purpose, but by his holy life and zeal in doing good, acquired such a reputation that by and by he was regarded as "*the Chief Confessor of Ireland and Scotland.*" Returning to his native town of Tain, he became the head of a missionary band that preached the gospel throughout Ross-shire—particularly easter Ross and the so-called Black-isle; and wherever he preached crowds came to hear him, and conversions to Christ were very numerous. His preaching and operations, however, extended far beyond Ross-shire, and his fame was great and widespread. He died at Armagh in Ireland on 8th March, 1065. He became the patron saint of Ross-shire and of Tain, which is called *Baile Dhuthaich*, or the town of Duthac; and such was the veneration thus felt for his memory, and which increased as time went on, that on the 19th of June, A.D. 1253, or nearly 200 years after his death and burial, his dust was "translated" from Armagh to Tain, and solemnly buried in the sacred place that has ever since

been regarded as the shrine of St. Duthac. Tain, of course, was first and foremost St. Duth's town; but he was evidently so fond of the *Eilean duth* that either he himself called it so, or after his death the inhabitants affectionately called their land by his name.

2. I now proceed to trace St. Duthac's footsteps in the place names of the so-called Black-isle, and to show the bearings of these on the proper name of the whole district.

(1) *Belmaduthy*.—This is the name of a favourite seat of the Kilcoy family, is situated about the centre of the so-called Black-isle, and is so evidently connected with *St. Duth* as to require no argument to prove it. The word in Gaelic is *Bail-mag-dhuith*—pronounced *Balmaduaie*. It means "*the 'town' of the rig of Duthac or Duthy.*" Evidently a rig or croft of land had been gifted to Duthac in this "town," and hence the name. The members of the Kilcoy family used to point to a sacred well not far from Belmaduthy mansion house, where, according to tradition, the saint used to drink from, and which, on this account, the king on his pilgrimage to St. Duthac's shrine visited as a holy well. Above Belmaduthy is a place called *Braemacatie*. In Gaelic this place is called *Braigh magdhuith*—that is, "the upper end of Duthac's rig or croft." In easter Ross there is a place called *Pitmaduthy*, meaning precisely the same thing, "the town of Duthac," *pit* being the old Pictish name for town.

(2) *Suddie or Suddy*.—This is the name of a ruined church or churchyard, and also of a small estate directly south from Belmaduthy House. It was originally the name of the parish in which Belmaduthy was situated, and still forms part of the old name of Knockbain as the united parishes of "Kilmuir Wester and Suddie." Now Suddie means simply "the see or seat of Duie or Duthac." *Sede or See Duie* is here quite plain, and would imply that that beautiful situation was a favourite seat of the saint.

(3) *Munlochy*.—This is an old and rather thriving little village on the Kilcoy estate, and situated at a short distance south-west from Suddie. Its etymology, though somewhat obscured by its present form, can yet be traced. About a quarter of a mile above the village there was wont to be a loch, used for steeping lint in, called *Loch-duie*, usually translated the *Black loch*, because its waters as a rule were somewhat dark. It has long since been drained off, and its site converted into arable land. The village was called, from its proximity to this loch, *Bun-loch-dhuibh* or *Bunlochy*—corrupted "*Munlochy*," or "at the lower end of *Loch-duie*." The Gaelic corrupted form is "*Pollochy*," and "*Munlochy Bay*" is called "*Obe Phollochaidh*." Now it is a question whether a village would

be named after a small and insignificant loch—and a black loch to the bargain. But it is quite supposable that the village would be named even after the smallest loch, provided that that loch was called after Duthac, which probably the little loch in question originally was.

(4) *Cnoc-gille-chuir-Duith*; literally translated, *the hill of the servant that Duthac sent*.—This is an interesting little hill with a highly suggestive name. It is situated under the farm of Shantullich, is of a rounded form, evidently deposited (in part) from a glacier, and it has got a sacred well, to which offerings are made, one-third way up its north-east side. Evidently Duthac, when preaching elsewhere, sent a servant to officiate in this district in his stead, and the side of this hill was his favourite place for addressing the people from. The well is called *Tobar-enoc-gille-chuir-Duith*—that is, “*the well of the hill of the servant that Duthac sent*.” Amongst people speaking in the English language it is shortened into *Knock Hurdie's well*; but in Gaelic the name is always given *in extenso*. In pronouncing it the accent in the Gaelic is laid on *Chuir*, which, with *duie*, becomes in English *Hurdie*. I never yet heard a native of the district translate the name or associate it with a *servant of Duth*. Evidently *Duth* and his servant have long since been forgotten, and only preserved as *fossils* in the place name!

(To be concluded).

AT THE SULPHUR WELL, STRATHPEFFER.

STRATHPEFFER! fairy world of forest flowers!

Lone land of loveliness! of light and cloud!
Here, surely, were at last, a calm retreat
Of perfect peace “far from the madding crowd.”

When first I viewed thee, sweet, salubrious strath,
And walked with rapture in thy heath-girt glen,
Methought thou must be part of Paradise,
So distant seemedst thou from the haunts of men.

It was a glorious scene! the radiant sun
Had set and sunk, red in the golden West,
And now the silv’ry shades of dying day
Grew grey above Ben Wyvis’ cloudy crest.

And all was still; there was no sound of toil
Throughout the voiceless valley: for the earth
Slept silently, save for the fitful moan
That floated faintly from the far off Firth.

My heart was hot and heavy, here was calm;
My soul was weary, here was rest at last,
Behalmed, I sank upon my couch that night
And dreamed my goal was reached, my conflict past,

And then a new day dawned, how bright! how fair
But how transformed appeared the tranquil scene!

A busy world had waked to life anew,
The silent vale that I had viewed yestreen.

For hither came the sufferer distraught
With divers ills to conjure strength again;
To stay the cruel ravage of disease,
Or chase from crippled limbs the throes of pain.

And I too hurried to the sparkling Spa
Where one and all the marvellous fountain
quaffed,
And sought, with feverish haste, the potent spring,
And drank unfalteringly the direful draught.

Flourish fair Strath! be famous, favoured so
By all that fortune showers with lavish hand;
Publish thy precious power to all mankind,
And pour thy healing out to all the land!

O! mighty, magic waters! wondrous well!
’Twere ills indeed could thy great good defy;
Come then, O! wand’ring one! take heart and
drink,
And let the burthen of thy grief go by

MAJOR ALLAN

OLD RULES FOR WEARING THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

WE are indebted to Lord Archibald Campbell for the following useful rules regarding the wearing of the Highland dress and arms.—EDITOR.

- 1.—Bottle and Pistols on left side.
- 2.—Powder-horn—mouthpiece to the front—is worn under the right arm-pit.
- 3.—Kilt was worn shorter than now, worn showing whole of the knee pan and some way above it, of old. The 42nd wore it thus at Waterloo; in 1745—*vide* old prints—also worn pretty short.
- 4.—Sporran to hang comfortably, neither too high nor too low.
- 5.—Plaid to be the last thing to be put on and the first to be taken off, either in peace or war. It was made to protect the body and fire-arms against wet, etc. In fighting it was the first thing to be laid aside often enough, but at times it was worn in battle.
- 6.—The Stocking Knife is worn on the outer part of right leg, in a hollow between two bones.
- 7.—Bonnet cocked, should just touch right ear.

“VERSES, SONGS, AND RHYMES” is the title of a charming little volume by E. Mackay (Mrs. R. H. Wyllie). The poems treat of a variety of subjects, and are written in a pleasing and musical measure. That on “The Clans” is a spirited piece, and one of the best in the book. The work is tastefully got up in artistic boards, and can be had, price 1/3 post free, from the authoress, Mrs. Wyllie, 17 Crosby Road, Birkdale. We may further mention that a daughter of this clanswomen, Miss Gertrude H. Wyllie, has just published a waltz, “Fair Foot-steps,” which reflects great credit on her musical ability. The waltz is one of the best we have heard for some time past.

MAJOR ALEXANDER W. D. MACLEAN.



MAJOR ALEXANDER W. D. MACLEAN was born at Bristol in 1858, educated at Clifton College, passing through Sandhurst, he in 1878 obtained a commission in the 94th Regiment, now the Connaught Rangers, though originally one of the "Highland Brigade." He was through the Zulu War of 1879, and was present in the operations against Sekukuni, including the storming of the stronghold, and obtained the medal and clasp. He has passed much of his service in Ireland, and was Adjutant to the 3rd Battalion of his Regiment at Castlebar, Co. Mayo. On leaving that place he was presented with a magnificently illuminated address, signed by many of the leading county landowners and townsmen, of all opinions and denominations, and amid an almost unparalleled scene of Irish enthusiasm was bidden "God speed." He was also for some time in Malta, and is now in India, being Commandant at Kailana, N. W. Provinces. Major Maclean is the representative of the Macleans of Crossapoll, Coll, his father having been Colonel Alexander Maclean, 94th Regiment, who was only son of Alexander Maclean, Surgeon, 64th Regiment, and who was present at the battle of Waterloo, who was eldest son of the Rev. Donald Maclean, minister of Small Isles, and acting chaplain to the "Reay Fencibles" during the Irish Rebellion of 1798, who was eldest son of Neil Maclean of Crossapoll, who was son of Hector, son of Hugh, 3rd son of John Garbh, 7th Laird of Coll. This Hugh was killed at the battle of Inverkeithing, and of whom the Marquis of Montrose wrote in 1646 to the Laird of Coll, his letter being still preserved, and was one of

those heroic clansmen, who, though having both legs shattered, endeavoured to shield the body of Sir Hector, Chief of the Clan, and gave to his descendants the famous war cry "*Fear eil' airson Eachainn*" (Another for Hector). From this descent it will be seen that Major Maclean must now be the representative of the "Macleans of Coll," there being no nearer male representative living to Alexander, last Chief of Coll in the direct line. Major Maclean married in 1889 Rose, daughter of Admiral William Fenwick, of an ancient Northumbrian family. His second brother, Hector A. C. Maclean, who last summer visited the Island of Coll, lives in London with his mother, and may be known to some as the London Secretary of his Clan Association, and for the great interest he takes in all clan matters; he has recently been engaged in the translation of the old Charters of the Coll family dating from early in 1400, and there are few Highland families can boast of such perfect ones. The youngest brother, H. D. Neil Maclean, whose portrait is given with Major Maclean, is a Lieutenant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and has recently been with his regiment through the Indian Frontier War where he has seen much service.

IAIN-A'-BHREACAIN.

A HERO OF CLAN CHATTAN.

IAIN-A'-BHREACAIN (John of the plaid) was born in the upper part of that bleak brown region of crag and heather watered by the Findhorn, to which Clan Chattan for long ages have clung with a grip that Morays or Gordons could not loosen, or the axes of the Lochaber men sever. His father, in the rising of '45, marched with his Chief into England, and fell, with many of his clansmen, at Preston. His mother shortly after perished in a snow-storm while crossing the hills between Badenoch and Strathdearn. She carried Iain, quite a child, with her at the time, and her last act before the numbness of death seized her was to strip herself of nearly all her clothes, wrap them round her child, swathe him in her tartan plaid, and lay him beneath a bank overhung with long heather and bracken. The child survived, and was known in after life as Iain-a'-Bhreacain.

Iain was found in the place of refuge in which his mother laid him, by Angus MacQueen, a Strathdearn man. Angus's wife begged of the child's relations that he should be left with her as a companion for her little Mary. To this they consented, knowing they were leaving the child in good hands. The large-hearted couple



MAJOR ALEX. W. D. MACLEAN.
AND
LIEUTENANT H. D. NEIL MACLEAN.

lavished as much love on the orphan boy as upon their own girl, and were delighted and amused with the way in which the latter assumed the role of guardian over the former. In summer, when the birch woods were fragrant with odours, the waters of the Findhorn dancing in the sunbeams, and bees went droning over the purple expanses of heather, the two children, with legs and faces brown as hazel nuts, and eyes as clear as the skies above them, romped amongst the shaggy cattle and rough wooled sheep that gave animation to the surroundings of Angus's cot. When the cattle were driven to the sheeling pastures of the mountains, the children were carried there to inhale the purest of air, and drink the richest of milk. When the winter came and the wind-blown snow went whirling through the corries of Monalva and sweeping through Slochmuick, Angus's stack of peats kept the hearth-stone glowing. He never felt more comfortable and happy than when seated at night before the fire with a child on each knee, and his wife beside him spinning in the light of split pine roots burning on a stone slab that protruded from the side of the rude fire place. He would whistle, sing, and dandle the children on his knees until their bright eyes became sleepy, and their heads sought his breast.

As the years rolled on Iain developed into a handsome fair-haired lad with the proud bearing inherited from his fathers of "Fuil Icaan-Toisich" (Mackintosh blood), and Mary into a lithe graceful maiden with dark eyes and raven hair that told of ancient Hebridean descent. The time also came when manly sports and exercises began to engross the attention of Mary's playmate, and she felt that the happy days of childhood were drawing to a close. Still she participated in the pleasure her father had in seeing Iain, in a short time, excel as a shinty player, runner, and leaper, and as he became older and stronger into an athlete who had few equals. He could throw the hammer and put the stone further than any lad of his age in the strath, and his grey eye could spot the dun deer further than many old stalkers, in the green corries and on the brown mountain sides, and not many could draw the bow with surer aim. His chief desire at this time was to become possessed of a sword. His father's lay broken under the walls at Preston, but the sympathetic Angus lent him his for exercise, with a promise that if he became a good swordsman he would make him a present of it. With this promise before him, he let no opportunity of winning the sword slip. In winter, when there was not much work to be done on the croft, he often made his way to the smithy where the youths of the strath were wont to meet for sword exercise—the blacksmiths of that time being not

only makers of warlike weapons but experts in the wielding of them. He even went the length of Moy at times to get lessons from Donald Fraser ("Caipitean nan Coig" of song and story). Though the old feuds in which Clan Chattan had for centuries been engaged were dying out, an occasional raid by Lochaber men gave the young men of the strath an opportunity of showing what they could do in actual warfare. Iain lost no chance of joining Kellachie, Captain of the Watch on the marches, when he needed men to pursue cattle lifters; and Angus MacQueen had the gratification one day of hearing, from Kellachie's own lips, that his adopted son was the bravest young man on the banks of the Findhorn.

Iain's social qualities and large heartedness made him a favourite with all; and he was always welcome to a place at neighbouring hearths when old and young drew round the glowing peat fire on long winter nights to listen to, or take part in, the song and story of the *cèilidh*. Tender glances and winning smiles were his, too. The matchmaking matrons of the strath said that he and Kate MacBean—the merry fair Kate, the best singer of sheeling songs between Brae Lochaber and Spey—were just made to be united.

As Angus MacQueen and his wife advanced in years, the work of the croft and cot devolved more and more upon Iain and Mary. To the neighbours they seemed as brother and sister, but love of a different kind to that of a sister and brother had been long burning, unknown to anyone, in Mary's breast. In silence she suffered pangs of jealousy when Iain bestowed smiles or jokes on younger girls than herself. But Iain was too fond of adventure to seriously think of marriage, and he had never looked upon Mary in any other light than that of a sister.

One day the rumour reached Strathdearn that *Tearlach Bàn òg* (Prince Charles) had landed on the west coast, and that the MacDonalds, Camerons, and Stewarts had joined his standard. The young men rejoiced that now they might have an opportunity of drawing the sword, and the old men who were out in the "15" bemoaned, with tears running down their furrowed faces, their lack of strength to strike another blow for the exiled Stuarts. It was at this time that Iain expressed a wish for a more elaborate garb than he had hitherto worn, and that Mary determined that she should be the spinner and dyer of the yarn for the web of tartan. The lichen of the rocks, the heather of the braes, and the bark of the alders by the river supplied her with material for dye, and her father's small sheep, with wool for yarn. The distaff was night after night set spinning. One night Kate MacBean called to tell Angus that the stray sheep he had been looking for turned up on her father's

pasture. Kate was asked to stay for a chat, and nothing loth she consented. Before she left Iain would have her sing one of her sheiling songs. To this she would not consent unless Mary also sang. Mary at length agreed, and Kate to the delight of all sang in her own inimitable way the old sheiling song *Crothh Chailean*. Meanwhile Mary was composing a ditty of her own, and when Kate ceased singing, addressed her distaff in the following lines :—

Cuir car dhiot mo chuigeal,
Cuir car dhiot gu luath,
Cuir car dhiot mu 'n togar,
A' chreach bho mo shluagh,
Cuir car dhiot, cuir car dhiot,
Toinn làidir is caol,
Gun snaom is gun chnapan,
Biodh breacan mo ghaol.

Spin quickly, my distaff,
Spin quickly and sure,
Ere reivers our white flocks
Sweep off from the moor,
Spin quickly, spin quickly,
Spin finely and well,
My lover's new plaidie
All plaids must excel.

Meanwhile Prince Charles and his Highland followers crossed Corryarrack, took Edinburgh, won the battle of Gladsmuir, marched into England, returned, routed Hawley's forces at Falkirk, repressed the Grampians, and accepted the hospitality of Lady Mackintosh of Moy. He had scarcely taken up his quarters there, when Loudon one night with 1500 men tried to surprise and take him prisoner. But Lady Mackintosh was equal to the emergency, and despatched five of her clansmen headed by the blacksmith of Moy, to intercept him. The news of the Rout of Moy was soon heard of in every clachan and cot on the Findhorn and Nairn, and when Lady Mackintosh summoned Clan Chattan to muster at Farr they eagerly responded. Macgillivray of Dunmaglass came with a band of stern followers from the head waters of the Nairn, the matchless Gillies MacBean with his doughty clansmen from the strath of Dores, MacQueens from the banks of the Findhorn, Shaws from Tordarroch, MacPhails from Inverairnie, and Mackintoshes from lake shore, river bank, glen, and dale, amongst whom were the doughty Angus and William of Farr, and the hero of our story, Iain-a'-Bhreagain. A brave array, as they swung into line of march, the pipes blowing, the cat-crested banner flying, and Lady Mackintosh leading the van. Well might she glance with pride along the tartaned lines, as she handed them over to her prince, and gave Macgillivray, her chosen leader, her last instructions. To the seer looking into the future

"Cha till sinn tuillidh," would have seemed an appropriate air for this last march of Clan Chattan; but gaily the clansmen's plaids and phillibegs swung, as with light footsteps they trod the heath for Culloden.

On the day of battle, when the clan led the way through whistling bullets, smoke, and falling snow, in the rush upon Cumberland's serried ranks of steel, Iain was amongst the first to reach that grim live barrier. It was said that he bounded over the bayonets like a stag, and wheeling round made ghastly gaps in the ranks of the foe through which many of his comrades rushed. But no bravery could dispel the doom that, for Prince Charles and his leal Highlanders, hung over that fatal moor, and Iain with the few that survived of his clan had to flee to the mountains. With Iain Roy Stewart, they might join in singing the doleful lines :—

"Tha ar cinn fo na choille
'S éigin beanntan 'us gleannan thoirt oirn
'Sinn gun sìgradh gun mhacnus
Gun éibhneas gun aiteas gun cheòl
Air bheag bidh na teine
Air na stùcan an laidheadh an ceò
Sinn mar chomhachagail
Ag éisdeachd 'n deireas gach lù."

Iain chose his hiding places as near the old home as he safely could, and Mary ministered to his wants. When the snow was on the ground she sometimes would wade up the channels of the mountain streams, fearing her footmarks might be tracked. One day Iain ventured home to see the old people, but before he left a party of soldiers came to the door. When he found they intended searching the house he sprang out, and striking right and left, cut his way through them and escaped. Angus's house was thenceforth a marked place, and the soldiers came frequently to look for the formidable rebel. Mary and her parents bore the rude insults of the soldiers uncomplainingly, but one day assault was added to insult. When Iain heard this he determined within himself to be avenged upon the oppressors. Day after day he watched for them from a spot in the hills that commanded a view of the strath, and when he saw them coming in the distance, he hastened home and, unobserved by anyone, hid himself in a outhouse. Ere long they came. Some of them entered the house, and a scream from Mary reached his ear. He sprang from his hiding place into the midst of the band that stood round the door, and two or three of them bit the dust before a volley from a dozen loaded muskets laid him low. Mary's heart was broken, and she pined away, bemoaning the loss of her lover. The following is a fragment of a song composed by her shortly before her death :—

"Tha mo chibhann air biathadh,
'S mo cheum air fàs mall
Le bhì smaointeachadh daonnan
Air mòrachd mo chall;
'S mi 'g àrnaigh 'bhì càirichte
Fo chlàir a chist' chaoil,
Ri taobh Iain-a'-Bhreacain,
Mo ghaisgeach 's mo ghaoil."

My feet are grown weary,
My hair is turned grey,
Bemoaning my lover
By night and by day;
For rest ever praying,
The rest of the grave,
Beside Iain-a'-Bhreacain,
The faithful and brave.

Iain sleeps his long sleep on the banks of the Findhorn, awaiting the summons to a greater gathering than that of his clan, and Mary rests beside him until the day of Love's final triumph dawns.

A. G. M.

THE WITCH OF CNOG-NA-MOINE.

A SUTHERLANDSHIRE STORY.

ACCORDING to the best Oldshore Chronologist it is about 200 years since a man, who was well known in his own sphere as an expert hunter and the owner of a famous dog, departed this life. William Buie lived in Oldshore, a wild and barren district on the west coast of Sutherlandshire. As a hunter of deer and other wild game he had few equals. He not only always possessed venison himself, but he kept his neighbours in a good supply. Many are the anecdotes told of how he drove the deer from Cape Wrath mountains and the Reay Forest to within easy reach of his home. But great as was his fame as a sportsman it was to *Budhu*, his dog, that the cause of his success was ascribed. This dog he got in rather a mysterious way. In fact it never clearly transpired how he became possessed of it. Rumour had it that he got it straying either in Cape Wrath forest or in the Reay forest, that it came from some foreign ships, or that it belonged to one of the Lords of Reay, who brought it from abroad; while others again said the dog was not "canny," it had something curious about it. Be these conjectures as they may, the dog was certainly massive and swift, savage and strong. So savage, indeed, that he had always to be chained when at home. The chain was nothing less than an anchor cable, made fast through the wall of the house to a large drift boulder outside, and attached to his neck by a three-ply rope made of the hide of a wild ox. His strength is exemplified in bringing

a stag to a standstill once he got a hold, and for swiftness he could catch the fastest deer. It is related that he once started a gigantic stag on Foinaben, known as the great Foinaben stag, followed it into Cape Wrath forest, turned it near the Cape, and back through the forest over Bendearg, Greannan, and Benchroisk, swam Loch Inchard, turned it in the Carriearve and again swam the loch, and brought it to bay above Oldshore. But this great dog, like men who have accomplished great feats in their time, came to a very miserable death; it was literally killed by a she-goat, or a fiend in the shape of a goat.

In those days there existed women called witches possessed of a supernatural power, which to-day puts the arch-fiend in the background. Whether he exhausted all his gifts on them or has turned from his evil, dark ways, we are unable to say, but one thing we know, such strange things as they were said to do cannot be performed now. These witches generally lived without any visible means of support, yet their houses were plentifully supplied with the choicest of viands. Milk, butter, and cheese seemed to have been their chief diets, and curiously they possessed no cows. Their vengeance and malice knew no bounds; they hesitated not at destroying man and beast. Young men and maidens frequently fell victims to their foul play, for the least offence. They could transform themselves into the shape of any animal, but their favourites were a goat, cat, pig, hare, and raven.

One of these was the witch of *Cnog-na-moine*, a notorious creature that escaped the wiles of the Church all her life. She was much dreaded by men and women, and to go against her was worse than death itself. William Buie used to be on good terms with her as long as he provided her with venison, but through some misunderstanding they quarrelled. William dreaded her, no doubt, and quietly she feared him, as he was reckoned uncanny himself, and strange rumours were afloat regarding *Budhu*. Matters, however, went pretty smoothly until William's cows began to be emaciated and produced no milk, while one after the other died. He knew well that it was the work of the witch of *Cnog-na-moine*, and vowed openly that if he encountered her in any transfiguration but that of her own, that he would use his blunderbus with a silver coin on her, and failing that, *Budhu* would be let loose on her.

The witch tried several of her cantrips on William, but none of them apparently took any effect. There was nothing for her but to wait patiently until she got him alone, and then she would make up for loss of time. In an evil hour William left his home on a message to a

neighbouring hamlet without gun or dog. He returned in the gloaming, and when crossing the burn between *Choc-na-moine* and his house, a "nannie-goat" came bleating after him. William suspected the animal, and gave a loud whistle for *Busdhu*. *Busdhu* heard it and pricked up his ears; William gave a second whistle and *Busdhu* got up; he gave the third whistle still louder and *Busdhu* with one spring broke the chain, and ran in the direction of the sound. By this time William was defending himself against the onset of the goat. Had it not been for the burn which he jumped and re-jumped it would have fared badly with him. William was becoming exhausted by the many tactics he had to perform to save himself, and was in danger of being pierced by the goat's horns when *Busdhu* arrived on the scene, and with one grip he caught the goat by the udder and both rolled over on the grass. They again got up and fought desperately. William saw that his faithful dog was getting the worst of the encounter, and knew what would then happen to himself, so he ran for home. He procured some assistance and loaded his gun with a charge of silver coins, which he declared would serve a good purpose. When he arrived back at the spot, *Busdhu* lay dead, pierced through the heart by the goat's horns. A small cairn of stones was raised to the memory of *Busdhu* and to commemorate the event, which is still pointed out by the people of the district.

The following day a messenger came to William from the witch, wishing to see him urgently. He obeyed, and found her lying in bed. She let him see her breasts, both of which were cruelly torn, besides which she had many other cuts and scars. "This," she said, "is the work of *Busdhu*, but through the assistance of my master I was able to finish him, although he has finished me. Tell me, as I am dying, wherein lay thy power to have escaped all my inventions? Look into that cupboard and you will there find a clay image of yourself pierced with pins and needles from head to foot, and in that black cog you will also see a concoction made up from the juice of the magic plants with which I have poisoned many a haughty youth and disdainful maid, but it took no effect on you." "I believe that," said William, "my power of preservation came from a higher source than thine, into whose presence thou art going, and who will prepare for thee a greater punishment than that thou wast intending for me." The witch quivered, muttered to herself, and opening her eyes and mouth she, with an eldritch screech, gave up the ghost. William thought he heard the bleating of goats, the mewling of cats, the squealing of hares, and the croaking of ravens, all combined, issuing from every cranny in the rude walls,

and he fled homewards in great excitement, with tottering limbs; in fact his whole huge frame quivered like an aspen leaf in autumn.

Oral tradition does not tell us whether the witch's body was buried by her neighbours or left in the humble bothy in which she died, as shortly after a great sand-drift overwhelmed the house, as well as several others in the vicinity. About half a century ago a strong north-east hurricane removed a considerable quantity of the sand, thus revealing the buried houses. The supposed abode of the witch is still known, and till not so long ago, certain men and women were known to bless themselves in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on passing near these rude walls.

Edinburgh.

GEORGE MORRISON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"AN OLD FAMILY LEGEND."

MY DEAR SIR—I must begin by apologizing for troubling you with a question, but trust to your forgiveness; my references at hand, neither friends or books, having been able to tell me what I want. If you can, I need not say that I shall be greatly obliged. Years ago, too long ago for me accurately to remember, I came on a legend regarding an old Scotch house furnished with a fine terrace walk, at the end of which was a large stone, which was the favourite seat at night of a ghost connected for long years with the family history, who used at times to seat herself on said stone, and utter therefrom certain wailing sounds, as family ghosts are given to do. A much desired event took place in the lady of the house giving birth to a son and heir, but the crooning of the ghost much annoyed the lady in her bed, and at her reiterated entreaty the stone, the poor ghost's seat, was removed. The crooning sounds ceased, but the last utterance was:

"Ye may think of your cradle,
I shall think of my stane;
There shall ne'er be an heir
In again!"

If I remember right, the little heir speedily died, and the ghost's prophecy had, up to date, proved too true. Now can you kindly fill in the blank for me, as to what family the legend is told of? I daresay the story may be familiar to you among your old family legendary lore? Can you, or any reader of the *Celtic*, assist me? Again begging you to pardon my trespassing thus upon you.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
E. A. HARDY (COLONEL).

THE GESTO COLLECTION OF HIGHLAND MUSIC.—Dr. K. N. Macdonald has just published a new and enlarged edition of "The Gesto," containing 343 of the choicest of our Highland melodies, and including every variety of Gaelic music—vocal airs, marches, reels and strathspeys, laments, etc. The volume has a handsome appearance, and is published at the reasonable price of One Guinea. Copies can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office.



DAVID MACDONALD.



DAVID MACDONALD.



Mrs. DAVID MACDONALD.

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**DAVID MACDONALD,
PRESIDENT, KINTYRE CLUB, GLASGOW.**

WE have often heard it remarked that Kintyre has produced more men who have distinguished themselves in mercantile pursuits, in all quarters of the globe, than any other part, of equal size and population, in the United Kingdom. To what extent this statement may be accepted as accurate, we are not at the moment prepared to say, but when we recollect such familiar Kintyre names as the Mackimons, the Halls, the Armour, and a host of others of world-wide celebrity, we are inclined to think that there is a good deal of probability in the assertion. It cannot be said of Kintyrians that they are a "stay at home" race; the youth of the district go out into the wide world, and strive to carve out a fortune for themselves in whatever clime or sphere their lot may be cast. Glasgow, owing to its close proximity to the Peninsula, offers many attractions to the enterprising young Kintyrians, and we find them occupying positions of trust and influence in every profession.

It would be difficult to select a better example in Glasgow of the self-made Highlander than Mr. David MacDonald, the much respected President of the Kintyre Club. No special credit is due to the man who occupies an exalted position owing solely to the fortunate accident of being his father's son, but we all entertain a particular respect for the person who has been the "architect of his own fortune," and who has achieved success by his own native energy and talent. In this respect Mr. MacDonald is well deserving of the high esteem in which he is held by all who know him.

The subject of our sketch comes of an old Kintyre stock; indeed it may be truly said that the name MacDonald has been associated intimately with the history of the district from the earliest times. For several generations his family were millers, blacksmiths, and farmers in the Southend district. His father was John MacDonald, who was tenant of Pennygown farm for many years. He died at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, and was well known and very highly respected in Kintyre. His mother, Elizabeth Reid, of the Reids of Kildavie, descended from one of the



earliest of the many Ayrshire Covenanters who sought refuge in Kintyre.

David MacDonald was born at Coniglen in 1848. His early years were spent at Southend, where he attended the parish school, then

conducted by the worthy Mr. MacNeil, a name no doubt still kindly remembered by many of our readers who hail from this romantic spot. In 1863, a suitable opening for an energetic youth presenting itself, Mr. MacDonald at once came to Glasgow and entered the office of the late Mr. Thomas Train, wholesale wine and spirit merchant, Madeira Court, a gentleman highly respected in business circles, and esteemed by his own countrymen, having acted for many years as Treasurer of the Kintyre Club. Mr. Train took an interest in his youthful employee, and when twenty-one years of age he was promoted to the post of cashier. Some years later he was appointed traveller, and so successfully did he discharge his duties that on the death of Mr. Train, in 1883, he was assumed as partner. In 1886, Mr. John M. Ross became a partner on the death of his father, and during the succeeding years, under their able management, the firm of Messrs. Thomas Train & Co. has become one of the most important and influential in the wholesale wine and spirit trade in Glasgow. In addition to their blending business—their specialties being favourably known in all parts of the kingdom—they do a large export trade. They hold some of the best agencies in the kingdom, among them being the well-known Dalnaine-Glenlivet, Ltd., Robert Younger, Ltd., Talisker (Skye), Lamb, Colville & Co., Kinloch, Campbeltown, etc., Mr. MacDonald being a director in the two first named concerns. The firm's field of operations has just been considerably extended, an amalgamation having been effected with another old and reputable house, John McIntyre & Co., the joint business being now known as Train & McIntyre, Ltd.

It will thus be seen that the subject of our sketch this month has had a most successful business career, his example being one which will doubtless incite many a young Highlander to emulation and exertion, for truly the road to prosperity is as free to the lad from the Highland glen as it is to the city youth, with all his academic advantages.

It may not be out of place now to refer briefly to Mr. MacDonald's connection with the Highland Associations of his adopted city, for although so much occupied with business matters he never forgot what was due from him as a Highlander. His connection with the Kintyre Club commenced with his arrival in Glasgow. We have heard him frequently referring to his early experiences, when as a lad—his employer being Treasurer of the Club—he used to visit the aged pensioners in their homes to hand to them the sums granted by the directors. He said it often delighted him to hear some of the old motherly women welcome him in the broadest

Kintyre accent, and when they discovered that he also was from their native place their pleasure was complete. In 1871 he joined the Club as a member, was in time elected a director, and in 1897 was appointed to the presidency. Last year he was re-elected to the office, and presided at the recent annual dinner, one of the leading social events of the Highland season in Glasgow, where he delivered a most interesting address on Kintyre, historically and socially. His donation of £500 to the funds of the Club, to form small annuities to deserving and necessitous natives of the district, is a handsome testimony to the great interest which he takes in this excellent institution, and in his native place. He has never failed to visit Kintyre at least once every year since he left home, and his family have resided for part of each summer at Southend for a great many years past. It is interesting to mention that he was Captain of the Dunaverty Golf Club, the ancient game having become very popular in the district. We may also state that he is a member of the Celtic Society and Argyllshire Society, and is Hon. President of Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club, over whose recent great concert he ably presided.

The ancient horn represented in the plate, and the chain 'of office which Mr. MacDonald wears as President, are two very highly valued possessions of the Kintyre Club. The history of the Herd's Horn is lost in the obscurity of antiquity. It was secured by the late Mr. Peter Reid from "Auld M'Gregor," the herd at the Whinney Hill, and has been heard sounding through the town of Campbeltown as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember. It was presented to the Club, and remains in the possession of the President for the time being.

Mrs. MacDonald, whose portrait we have pleasure in giving, although not a native of Kintyre, is of Highland descent, and naturally shares her husband's Celtic sympathies. She takes a deep interest in the work of the Kintyre Club, and ably assists at all functions at which Mr. MacDonald officiates. An interesting feature of the recent Kintyre Club Dinner was the presence of the ladies, and Mrs. MacDonald rendered good service in attending to the comfort and promoting the enjoyment of the large number of the fair sex who were present. The forthcoming Bazaar in aid of the Argyll Nursing Association is being very enthusiastically supported by the ladies of the Kintyre Club, and we may hint to our many readers who are connected with Kintyre that Mrs. MacDonald will be delighted to receive and acknowledge any contributions in money or kind towards this most deserving object.

Mr. MacDonald's family consists of four sons and two daughters.

THE BLACK ISLE: A TWOFOLD MISNOMER.

BY THE REV. JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D.,
KINLOCH RANNOCHE.

(Continued from page 155.)

(5) **GLEN**DHUAG, pronounced *Glenway*, is the name of a place situated about half a mile north-west from *Hurdie Hill*, and is in the boundary line between Kilcoy and Allangrange estates. It is quite evident that the saint was wont to preach in this *glen* to the people of the district. On the occasion of a dispute some time ago about the removal of a church, the present worthy laird of Allangrange offered to give the Free Church of Knockbain a beautiful site for a church in this glen of St. Duthac, but the matter was otherwise arranged.

(6) Tradition says that the old name of Drumderfit, situated about a mile south of Munloch, was *Drumdù* or *Drumduie*, that is the *Ridge of Duthac*. South from Drumderfit or Drumduthac is *Drumsmittal*, or the Drum of the Hospital." At one time there were *lepers* in that district, and they were placed in the hospital at Drumsmittal or Drunspittal. It would be interesting to know whether there was any connection between the famous *'Spittal* and St. Duthac, who gave name to the neighbouring ridge and farm.

(7) *Drynie* is a small estate situated on the south and east side of Drumderfit or Drumdù. *Drynie* signifies in Gaelic *Droighean-dhuith*, pronounced *Droinùie*, "the briar bush of Duthac." At a certain spot in *Drynie* there was evidently a well sacred to Duth or Duthac, near which grew a "bonnie briar bush," and on this briar bush the people used to place rags as offerings to the well or to Duthac. Thus *Drynie* as an estate means "Beside the bonnie briar bush of St. Duthac!"

(8) *Glaic-an-Duthaig*. This is a pretty hollow on the estate of *Drynie*, and in the parish of Kilmuir Wester, where evidently St. Duthac used to live for a time as a favourite retreat. It means "the hollow of our Duthac," showing the affection with which the natives of the place looked upon this missionary servant of the Lord—regarding him as *their own dear Duthac*. *Glaic-an-Duthaig* is situated about two miles east from North Kessock.

(9) *Culbokie*. This village, situated in the parish Ferrintosh, is named in Gaelic *Culbhacaidh*, pronounced *Culvakie* or *Culvaktie*. It is made up of four words jumbled together—*Cul-bhu-aig-duith*, that is "the small back closet (or prophet's chamber) that Duthac had." This word so explained becomes deeply

interesting to us as casting some more light on the life and work of the saint. It is evident that Duthac was the great original evangelist of Ferrintosh, that famous parish in the religious history of the Highlands in more modern times. Probably to St. Duthac belongs the glory of having first called the people of Ferrintosh from the darkness of heathenism to the light of the gospel of Christ; and, after the labours of each day were over, a little back room in the village of Culbokie served him at night for sleep and meditation and prayer! I would venture on a suggestion here. It is that the present worthy and energetic parish minister of Ferrintosh should build a nice ornamental little church at or near the site of the holy "*cùl*" or prophet's chamber, and call it "St. Duthac's Church of the Cùl." By doing so he might be the means of leading back the minds of the people beyond the miserable and often unchristian heats and hatreds of the last sixty years, to the purer atmosphere of the gospel of Christ according to the evangelist Duthac!

(10) *Blar dubh*, pronounced *Blardù*, is the Gaelic name of the "Muir of Ord," in the parish of Urray, once and even yet a famous stance for cattle markets. There can be no doubt that originally it got its name from St. Duth, and ought to be known as "St. Duthac's Muir" or the "Muir of Duthac."

(11) *Arcan* is the name of a farm also situated in the parish of Urray. There can be no doubt that it is in Gaelic a corruption of the word *Aoraidhean*, pronounced in Black-isle Gaelic, nearly as above, "*Aorcan*"—"Arcan," and meaning "*worships*," or a place where frequent acts of worship were performed. Now if we had no other "*Arcan*" but the one in Urray we should be still in the dark as to who performed these acts of worship. But we have in the parish of Avoch,

(12) *Arkendeith*, or "*Arcandùie*" as it is pronounced in Gaelic, which means "the place of the workshops of Deith or Duie or Duthac." I consider the "*Deith*" of *Arcandeith* a most interesting and important suffix in respect to its having the "*th*" at the end pronounced, which is silent in modern spoken Gaelic. It must therefore have been copied, as originally written on leases, from some Gaelic document. Or, if not from a Gaelic document, it must have been written in English at a time when the people in naming it in Gaelic pronounced the "*th*." I observed that in the Isle of Eigg some of the old Gaelic speaking people still pronounce the final "*th*" and "*dh*" of a word, but the people dropped that long since in the parish of Avoch!

(13) *Rosemarkie*, the name of a parish and village, is another form of St. Duthac's "*Arcans*."

Its original name was probably *Ros-marcan-duie*, or the "Ross or Point of the place of worships of Duthac." If copied from a Gaelic document it would spell "*Ros-marcan-deith*" or "*Ros-marcan-duith*." It is still called by people in Gaelic "*Rosmarcanie*," and ordinary folks speak of it so also in English; but *Rosemarkie* is the supposed correctly fashionable form. The place was certainly originally founded by St. Duthac, but it would seem that another more recent saint somehow ousted him!

(14) *Arpafeelee*, which is still a somewhat important ecclesiastical seat in connection with the Scots' Episcopal Church, was in ancient times yet another of the Arcans of St. Duthac. But a nice distinction must here be drawn. *Arcan* represents a Gaelic plural noun, whereas the word as used in *Arpafeelee* is *singular*, the form being *Arca*. Now, according to Grimm's law, the "c" in Gaelic may in certain circumstances be changed to "p," thus making "*Arca*," meaning "one act of worship," into "*Arpa*." This would make *Arpafeelee* equal to "*Arpa feil dhuith*," that is "a place of worship held on the day of St. Duthac's feast or fair," namely the 19th of June. It would seem that prior to the Reformation worship was held every year at *Arpafeelee* on the 16th of June, the anniversary of the day on which the "translated" body of St. Duthac was buried in Tain, and hence the name.

Avoch. The old name of *Avoch* (which is both a parish and fishing village) was "*Achie*," meaning *Ach dhuith*, the field of *Duith* or *Duthac*. A field was gifted to Duthac at or near the present village, and this field gave the name of *Auch*, the Gaelic for field, to the village and to the whole parish of "*Auch*."

(16) *Corachie*. This is the name of a farm in the parish of *Avoch*, which confirms the correctness of the etymology given above of *Auch*. I means in Gaelic *Coir-ach-dhuith*, that is the rights or grazing privileges of the field of Duthac. Not only was there a field gifted to Duthac, that is a field of arable land, but there was an out-run of pasture land also gifted; and this out-run is called "*Corachie*" to the present day.

(17) *Rosehaugh*. This is a comparatively modern modification of the original name, which was *Pittomachie* or *Pittonnachie*. The celebrated Sir George Mackenzie, King Charles the Second and James the Second's Lord Advocate, when he acquired the lands of *Pittonnachie* changed the name to *Rosehaugh*—retaining as much of the old name as suited his fancy.

(18) *Pittonnachie*. The meaning of this old name for *Rosehaugh* is—*Pit-coin-ach-dhuith*—which may be rendered, "The town of John of the field of Duthac." From this it would seem that John, a "*gille*" or assistant of Duthac,

was settled down on the field gifted to the saint evidently as a local stationary minister or missionary; and that this John in course of time acquired the lands called from the very circumstance "*Pittonnachie*," and ever since the days of Sir George Mackenzie known as "*Rosehaugh*."

(19) *Killeen*. This is a farm on the estate of *Rosehaugh* and parish of *Auch* or *Avoch*. It is called in Gaelic *Killeanie* or *Cill-eau-dhuith*, which is "The Cell of John (the servant) of Duthac." This was probably the John who occupied "*Achie*," and who acquired the lands of "*Pittonnachie*." Query. Is it this same John, who, as the servant of Duthac, gave the designation to "*Tobar-cnoc gille-chuir-Duith*?"—See (4).

(20) *Urray*. This plainly is "*Ur-dhuith*," meaning "the holy ground or dust of Duthac. The probable explanation is, that when the body of Duthac was 'translated' from Armagh to Tain, a portion of his dust was used to consecrate the newly erected church and parish of *Urray*, and so the parish and church were called *Ur-dhuith*, the "dh" and "th" being now practically silent. It was quite a common practice in those times to consecrate with the holy dust or other relics of some famous saint. Three churchyards in Rannoch are said to have been consecrated by holy ground from Iona, viz: St. Maluag's in Dunalastair, St. Blane's in Lassintullich, and St. Conan's on the Sliosmin.

I have thus given twenty examples of how the name of Duth or Duthac is involved in the place-names of the so-called Black-isle; and I believe many more might be added to the list. It shows quite plainly that the saint laid his impress very distinctly on the topography of the district; and I claim the name of the whole "*Isle*" for him as "*St. Duthac's Isle*," this being the only legitimate and sensible rendering of "*Eilean duith*." Will not all the proprietors, and farmers, and ministers and schoolmasters, and other intelligent and influential persons in this fair and interesting land, unite for once to banish an illegitimate and defaming translation, and henceforth call the region "*St. Duthac's Isle*?"

[CONCLUDED.]

PRESENTATION TO MR. DUNCAN MACKINNON, GLASGOW.—Members of the Clan Mackinnon will doubtless be pleased to learn that Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, to whose exertions the success of the Society is so largely due, was on 14th May presented with a valuable gold watch and a purse of sovereigns, and Mrs. Mackinnon with a gold ring, from the members of the clan. Mr. Mackinnon was the recipient of several other valuable gifts from his friends in connection with the Glasgow police.



The Late Major-General R. B. CAMPBELL, C.B.

**LIEUTENANT HECTOR CAMPBELL,
ATTACHED GORDON HIGHLANDERS.**



THERE is perhaps no more interesting chapter in the annals of Highland families than that relating to the growth and progress of the Clan Campbell. From the present stem, the ancient House of Lochow, branches of this powerful family have scattered far and wide, and at the present time there is no clan name that is more influential and potent. An adequate history of the Clan Campbell has yet to be written, and whoever undertakes the duties of historian will have a formidable task before him in preparing genealogies of the numerous branches of the clan, which have settled and prospered in almost every part of the kingdom.

This month we have chosen as the subject for our sketch a gallant young soldier clansman, who, curiously, represents two of the most ancient families of the name, being the present representative of the Campbells of Kinloch, Perthshire, and also connected with the Campbells of Fairfield, Ayrshire, his mother being a daughter of this distinguished house. Lieutenant Hector Campbell, of the Indian Staff Corps, son of the late Major-General R. B. Campbell, C.B., received his commission on passing out of Sandhurst in January of last year. On arrival in India he was attached to the Gordon Highlanders, and took part with that famous regiment in the gallant charge at Dargai on 20th October last. He was probably the youngest officer who took part in that brilliant feat of arms, and we are glad to say that, although so many of his comrades fell, he emerged from the conflict scathless.

The Campbells of Kinloch are descended from the Earls of Loudon, through Sir James Campbell of Lawers. The property, which has been in the possession of the family for about six

hundred years, passed out of their hands some twenty-seven years ago, the entail having been broken.

Lieutenant Campbell's father, the late Major-General R. B. Campbell, C.B., late Commandant of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, had a most distinguished military career, a brief account of which will doubtless interest many of our readers.

He received a direct commission for the Indian army; served throughout the Indian Mutiny, and was present at the sieges of Delhi and Lucknow, and the actions of Koorsee, Alligunj, Bareilly, and others; was recommended for the Victoria Cross by Sir Hope Grant, for gallantry in action near Lucknow, 10th March, 1858, *vide* "A Memorial History" (medal and two clasps); he served in the following North-West Frontier Expeditions, viz.: Kebal Khail; Wazire, 1859-60; Hazara, 1868 (mentioned in despatches); Jowaki, 1877-78, in command of Queen's Own Corps of Guides (despatches); Skakote, 1878, in command of troops engaged (thanked by Government and Secretary of State); Butcha, 1878, and some other smaller affairs (Indian medal and two clasps); Afghan War, 1878-79-80, including Ali Musjid; storming of Tukti-Shah and Asmai; defence of Shurpur and Charasiab (mentioned three times in despatches, Brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently Companionship of the Bath, Afghan medal and two clasps). In 1892 Her Majesty the Queen bestowed upon him a good service pension; and in 1893 his promotion to the rank of Major-General crowned a career that included no fewer than thirty-five appearances on the field of action.

The Campbells of Fairfield, Ayrshire, to which Lieutenant Campbell's mother belongs, are also descended from the Earls of Loudon. Early in the 15th century a branch of the Campbells of Loudon possessed the lands of Auchmannoch; they subsequently took an active part in promoting the Presbyterian cause in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and suffered fines and imprisonment for their faith. A son of this house succeeded to the lands of Fairfield, and the property has remained in the possession of the family ever since. The family are naturally proud that Lieutenant Campbell should have commenced his career in such a famous Highland corps as the Gordons, and that he should have shared in that gallant achievement at Dargai, which proved that Highland dash and valour are still as keenly fostered in our kilted regiments as in the days of yore. We may add that Colonel Fred. Campbell, of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, who distinguished himself in the recent Malakand Expedition, is a brother of Mrs. Campbell. He has just been honoured with the D. S. O.

DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.

TICONDEROGA, 1758.

SCENES of great importance were now about to be enacted in North America.

The French dominion in that country was originally confined to Cape Breton and Canada, but by the activity of Montcalm had been extended and pushed along the great chain of lakes towards the Ohio and the Mississippi. Three strong forts, Duquesne on the Ohio, Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, Niagara on the St. Lawrence, supported by a chain of minor posts, threatened to cut off the British colonies on the coast from any possibility of extension over the prairies of the north-west and west. Montcalm possessed singular powers of administration, and dexterity of attaching to the cause of his country the bulk of the Canadian Indian tribes as far as the Mississippi. The colonists, aided by some British officers and troops, made futile attempts to impede Montcalm's progress. Remonstrances from the Home Government

were evaded by the French, but on war being declared, Pitt turned his attention to the affairs of America. Desultory expeditions were superseded by a large and comprehensive plan of operations. Early in 1758 an army had assembled, exclusive of the fleet and marines, of nearly 50,000 men, of whom 22,000 were regular infantry of the line, including the "Black Watch," Montgomery's, and the Fraser Highlanders. The plan of the campaign being, first, the capture of Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Duquesne; reduce all minor posts, then concentrate, and finally, Montreal and Quebec.

The Earl of Loudon having been recalled, the command in-chief devolved upon Major-General James Abercrombie. As the three grand operations lay wide apart and their object various, the forces were divided into three distinct columns, under three different commanders—12,000 were assigned for the reduction of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, under General Amherst, afterwards Lord Amherst; 16,000 for the capture of Ticonderoga, under Abercrombie and 8,000 under Brigadier-General Forbes, who had seen much service in Flanders and Germany, for the conquest of Duquesne on the Ohio.

Ticonderoga was strongly fortified and garrisoned, its outworks were greatly extended and strengthened by Montcalm after war had been declared. It is situated amid the most beautiful scenery, on the western shore of Lake Champlain, just north of the outlet from Lake George into Lake Champlain. The grass covered ruins of this once great fort, upon which the French spent so much money, labour and ingenuity, and whose trenches had so often been steeped in blood during the Indian, French, British, and American warfare, now stand lonely and silent, yet the remains are still considerable, the stone walls in some places being thirty feet high.

The strongest regiment in Abercrombie's army was the "Black Watch," or as they loved to call themselves, the "Fraser-adan Dubh," recently reinforced by three companies newly raised in the Highlands, making its strength 1300 bayonets, fully equipped in their native dress; epaulettes were not then in vogue, but the officers wore a narrow



GUARDING THE COLOURS

gold braiding round their tunics, all other lace was laid aside to make them less conspicuous to the French-Canadian riflemen. The Sergeants laced their coats with silver, and still carried the formidable Lochaber axe, the head of which was fitted for hewing, hooking, or spearing an enemy, or other work such as was found before the ramparts of Ticonderoga. Many of the men now in the "Black Watch" were "out" in the '45.

On the 5th July, 1758, Abercrombie with his army sailed down Lake Champlain, and on the following day landed near the extremity of that beautiful sheet of water, and began their tedious march through a thickly wooded country upon Ticonderoga. The guides, unacquainted with the forest, mistook their way through the trackless wood, which caused some confusion, the columns becoming mixed and broken by unexpectedly coming upon each other among the trees.

Lord Howe of the 55th being advanced at the head of the right centre column, fell suddenly upon a French detachment which had also lost its way, and hot bush fighting ensued. The French were driven away with a loss of 430 men killed, but unfortunately, in the encounter, to the deep regret and loss of the whole army, Lord Howe was the first to fall, mortally wounded. The troops suffered severely, having to force their way through a dense primeval forest, and worse than all, provisions began to fail.

On the forenoon of the 7th the advanced division pushed on to take possession of a saw-mill within two miles of the great fort, upon which the French retired, after setting fire to the mill and breaking down a bridge that led to the fort.

The advanced pickets were now in full sight of Ticonderoga, and it was seen that it had all the advantages that nature and art could give it, being surrounded by water on three sides, and partly on the fourth by a deep swamp; the firmer portion of this side was cut through by a deep trench, and a breastwork thrown up to the height of nine feet, and the approach to it was rendered more difficult by felled trees with their branches turned outwards, in the form of chevaux-de-frize.

Receiving information from prisoners captured in the wood that the fort was garrisoned by some 5000 troops, French and Canadians, and that a reinforcement of 3000 Canadians with some Indians, commanded by M. de Levi, was expected, it was thought advisable to make an attack at once, as Ticonderoga barred the way to Crown Point.

Great difficulty being experienced in getting up the artillery, the British commander sent an

engineer across the river to reconnoitre the enemy's entrenchments, who reported that the works might be stormed. Abercrombie, acting upon this report, determined to hazard the attempt without artillery that very day. Accordingly, the army was put in motion. The pickets were to begin the attack, seconded by the grenadiers, followed by the battalion regiments, the "Black Watch" and 55th brought up the rear, to be held in reserve.

The troops advanced with great ardour, making a fierce rush at the works, which proved to be infinitely stronger than the engineer had reported, for more than a hundred yards in front of the nine feet breastwork, over which the French in perfect security were pouring a deadly fire of musketry and swivel guns, they had covered the whole ground with an abatis of trees, logs, stumps, and brushwood, amid which the stormers got helplessly and hopelessly entangled, and were shot down in heaps. Regiment after regiment rushed on, but only to lose in killed and wounded half their number before they reached the breastwork, and then to be hurled back breathless and in disorder.

When the stormers began to fall back, the "Black Watch," infuriated by the slaughter they witnessed, impatient of being in the rear, emulous of sharing the danger to which their comrades-in-arms were exposed, the fury of battle was kindled in them, their native ardour for close combat became irresistible, and away they broke from the reserve, pushed forward to the front, and endeavoured with their broadswords and battle axes to cut their way through the abatis and chevaux-de-frize, protecting it in such a manner as to render the entrenchment almost inaccessible. After a long and deadly struggle the Highlanders penetrated the exterior defences and reached the breastwork; having no scaling ladders, they attempted to gain the summit of the breastwork by mounting on each other's shoulders and partly by fixing their feet in holes they made with their swords, axes, and bayonets in the face of the work, but no sooner did a man appear on the top than he was hurled down by the defending troops. Captain Campbell with some men forced their way into the interior, but they were despatched by the bayonet. After a desperate struggle, lasting about four hours, Abercrombie, seeing no possible chance of success, gave the order to retire, but the Highlanders still persevered, and it was not till the third order to retire was given that these brave men were induced to withdraw from the murderous scene, after one half of the men and twenty-five officers had been killed or desperately wounded. They retired in good order, unmolested by the enemy, carrying with them the whole of their wounded.

The loss sustained by the Highlanders amounted to 694 in killed and wounded.

The intrepid conduct evinced by the "Black Watch" in this unfortunate affair was made the topic of universal panegyric throughout the whole of Britain, the public prints teemed with honourable mention of, and testimonies to their bravery.

If anything could add to the gratification the survivors received from the approbation of their country, it was enhanced by the handsome way in which their services were appreciated by their gallant companions in-arms. An officer of the 55th, writing to the *St. James' Chronicle*, says, "With a mixture of esteem, grief, and envy, I consider the great loss and immortal glory acquired by the Scots Highlanders in the late bloody affair. Impatient for orders, they rushed forward to the entrenchments, which many of them actually mounted. They appeared like lions breaking from their chains. Their intrepidity was rather animated than damped by seeing their comrades fall on every side. I have only to say of them that they seemed more anxious to revenge the cause of their deceased friends, than careful to avoid the same fate. By their assistance we expect soon to give a good account of the enemy and of ourselves. There is much harmony and friendship between us."

An extract of a letter from Lieutenant William Grant, an officer of the regiment, is worth recording, as it seems to contain no exaggerated detail—"The attack began a little past one in the afternoon, and about two the fire became general on both sides, which was exceedingly heavy, and without intermission, in so much that the oldest soldier present never saw so furious and incessant a fire. The affair at Fontenoy was nothing to it: I saw both. We laboured under insurmountable difficulties. The enemy's breastwork was about nine or ten feet high, upon the top of which they had plenty of wall pieces fixed, and which was well lined in the inside with small arms. But the difficult access to their lines was what gave them a fatal advantage over us. They took care to cut down monstrous large oak trees, which covered all the ground from the foot of their breastwork about the distance of a cannon shot every way in their front. This not only broke our ranks, and made it impossible for us to keep our order, but put it entirely out of our power to advance till we cut our way through. I have seen men behave with courage and resolution before now, but so much determined bravery can hardly be equalled in any part of the history of ancient Rome. Even those who were mortally wounded cried aloud to their companions not to mind or lose thought upon them, but to follow their

officers, and to mind the honour of their country. Nay, their ardour was such, that it was difficult to bring them off. They paid dearly for their intrepidity. The remains of the regiment had the honour to cover the retreat of the army, and brought off the wounded as we did at Fontenoy. When shall we have so fine a regiment again!"

Previous to the affair of Ticonderoga having become known in England, letters of service were issued to raise a 2nd battalion for the 42nd. Pitt, to facilitate the recruiting of this battalion, induced George II. to confer upon the regiment the title of "Royal Highlanders," "as a testimony of His Majesty's satisfaction and approbation of the extraordinary courage, loyalty, and exemplary conduct of the Highland regiment." Well they deserved it, then, and ever since.

Hereford

JOHN MACKAY.

THE MERMAID OF COLONSAY.

A YE, it is on Colum's Isle more than on any other isle, that the winds blow clean and snell when the sea will be laughing and dancing along the shores. There is music everywhere around the sea-girt home of solitude that is set like a gem in the western seas. The waves have a merry song in their breaking and the pyots call with a wondrous sweetness in their notes, and always through the rushes of the meadow-lands the winds will be humming and sighing and whistling as they do on no other Hebrid Isle.

It is the place of sweet sounds, Colonsay, the music-haunted island, where Colum long ago did bless the people with the heavenly peace. You can see the white sands gleaming and glistering from afar. When the sailors, returning on a quiet evening from their distant voyagings, make out a low shadowy cloud floating in the summer sea, their hearts beat faster in their breasts and they murmur to themselves, "It is Colum's Isle, the isle of peace, the music-haunted Colonsay, where the sea-maids sing their luring songs." And so it is.

As you go along the rocks towards Oransay—that is, Oran's Isle, where Colum's friend stayed—you will be hearing in the dusk of a summer night the long sad song of the *naighdean-mhara* as she comes up out of the water with the sweet smelling scent of sea-wrack about her. More than one of the men out of Scallasaig—the Bay of Shells—have gone that way to hear the sea-maid sing, and it was not given to any of them again to return. But there will always be some who will dare the decrees of heaven, and Alastair Trom said that he would go along

the rocks one summer twilight to speak with the *maighdean-mhara*.

There was no wind at all. You could hear the puffins and the guillemots and the pyots calling across the sea, and the sound that they made came over the glassy waters like the noise of bairns laughing and shouting at their games far away. But Alastair Trom heard none of that. He was slowly picking his way along the sea-wrack that made the rocks all slippery and wet. And as he went he was muttering to himself, "It is I that will speak with the sea-maid this very night. And why should any man be afraid to speak with a *maighdean-mhara*? Is there not many a lass on shore that I will be speaking with, aye, and turning her head too with the talking?" For Alastair had a great conceit of his skilful way with women, and that was the reason why he went to try the courting of the *maighdean-mhara*.

But he is a foolish man, no matter how skilful he may be, that will match his cleverness against the glamour of a woman's eyes, whether she be a lass or a sea-maid. It is not the wise man that will go a courting a *maighdean-mhara*. And Alastair Trom was the foolish man that summer twilight. When he came to the point where you can see the rocks of Oransay he stopped to listen, for he thought he heard a sound like the sound of a woman's singing—long and low and sad in its plaintiveness.

"It will be the *maighdean-mhara* at her songs," said he. And with that he sat down on the rocks and laughed in his foolishness.

Then slowly and strangely beyond all strangeness, there came up out of the water a sea-maid more beautiful than any woman that Alastair had ever seen on Colum's Isle. And at her coming there fell over him a magical spell so that he could not so much as speak a word—he of the ready wit and the nimble tongue. She had hair of the colour of warm gold that fell in great tresses down their back, and mingled with the sea water, which made it wave to and fro with the moving of the tide. The eyes of her were blue with the blueness of the sea when it dances and flashes beneath the summer sun; on her cheeks was a colour like the colour of the delicate painted shells—all warm and pink and rose; and over her body a gauzy garment fell that had been woven from some wondrous sea-weed, green and lace-like and light as gossamer. Only her arms and her breast were bare to the evening airs, and the flesh of them was as pure as the snow that lies on the Jura hills in winter time.

Alastair could not but gaze at her. He was under the glamour. He tried to turn his head, but he could not. The *maighdean-mhara* kept

her sea-blue eyes on him, and she smiled with a witchery and a sweetness above anything that was ever seen on a woman before. At times the water round about her would move and whirl in little circles, when the flush of a green finny tail appeared for an instant. And still the spell deepened on Alastair. Then she spoke. And at the sound of her voice the man began to quiver and tremble, with a trouble in his eyes that was wondrous to see. Her voice sent a thrill through the very soul of him, so that he wished for the power to cry out, and could not. And this is what the sea-maid said with the magic of the sea-love in her voice, and she spoke in the good Gaelic of the isles, "Oh, foolish man, that you will be thinking to flatter a sea-maid as you would court one of your women. Ha! ha! ha! Come then, Alastair of the skilful speech, speak to me now, and shew me your wonderful way of love with women. Ah, you do not answer, *because you cannot!* Ha! ha! Is there a glamour over your soul, Alastair Trom? And why do ye tremble so? Come, dear man, come to the sea-halls where the *maighdean-mhara* dwells. Leave the women of Colum's Isle, and live with me, with me—me—me! Come, Alastair, come! Ah yes, I can see you coming now—there, you are mine, mine, mine for ever!"

And the man, like one in a dream, rose slowly and began to go down the rocks into the sea. He struggled and trembled, and tried to turn back, but it was not in him. The spell of the sea-maid's eye was upon him. He was dizzy with the sea-love that was in the brain and the heart and the soul of him. Still the *maighdean-mhara* laughed and cooed and beckoned with her witeheries from the sea. And then! Alastair Trom's fate was sealed, for he rushed madly into the water, and the sea-maid's arms were round him, gripping him with a grip so terrible that he swooned away in a rapture of sea-love. With her eyes still fixed on his face, and her laughter falling all over him, and her snow-white arms gripping him in a deathly embrace, she bore him down, and down, and down below the waves, away for ever from the sunlight and the sweet evening airs to where the sea-maids dwell in their cool green-halls, from which no man or maiden again returns.

And the puffins and the terns came wheeling with their cries above the place where Alastair Trom and the mermaid went down. But there was nothing to be seen but only the ripples and circles which gradually died away, until again the sea lay glassy and calm, and as silent as death.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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JUNE, 1898

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of (the late) Mr. Robert Francis Ogilvie Farquharson and Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton; Mr. Alexander MacGillivray, London; and Mr. Kenneth Macrae, Belfast. A portrait will also be given of Miss Emily Macdonald, *Mod* medallist for Clarsach playing.

MR. NORMAN MACLEOD, 7 North Bank Street, Edinburgh, who has acted as an agent for the *Celtic Monthly* since its commencement, has now removed to those large and central premises at 25 George IV. Bridge, where the *Monthly* can be had, as formerly.

THE CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION held their Annual Business Meeting on 29th April, Mr. D. A. S. Mackintosh, President, in the chair. Mr. W. G. Davidson, Secretary, reported that there had been a considerable addition to the roll of members, and that the Society was in a flourishing condition, the funds at the end of the session being £46 5s. 3d. Mr. D. A. S. Mackintosh was re-elected President, and Mr. W. G. Davidson, Secretary. Thereafter a conversation and dance was held, which was greatly enjoyed by the members and friends present.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.—At the recent Annual Business Meeting it was stated that the membership was 304, and the funds £96. Office-bearers were elected, as follows:—Chief, Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.; Chieftains, Donald Macmillan, David Macmillan, Donald Macmillan, St. Andrews, Maurice Macmillan, R.A.; President, Dr. John M. Macmillan, Glasgow; Secretary, Archibald Macmillan, Jun.; Treasurer, Donald Macmillan, 68 Main Street, Anderston. The remainder of the evening was spent in “song and sentiment.”

GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh has accepted the Chieftainship of this Association, and will preside at the Annual Gathering in February.—An “At Home” is to be held on 3rd June, when Miss Kate Fraser, of the Inverness Select Choir, will be presented with a Highland Harp or *Clarsach*.

CLAIM TO THE EARLDOM OF CAITHNESS.—A firm of solicitors in Edinburgh has been engaged for some considerable time in collecting evidence to support the claim of the Rev. John Sinclair, M.A., B.D., minister of Kinloch-Rannoch, Perthshire, to the Earldom of Caithness. The *Aberdeen Free Press* states that the case for the claimant is all but complete and that it will shortly come before the courts. The rev. gentleman claims on the ground of being descended from David Sinclair of Broynach, brother of the 8th Earl of Caithness, whose marriage with his housekeeper, Janet Ewing, he alleges he can prove. The claimant also intends to attempt to nullify the deed of entail executed in 1761 by the 9th Earl whereby estates said to be worth £10,000 per annum passed, on that nobleman's death in 1765, to his remote kinsman, Sir John Sinclair of Stevenson, in Haddingtonshire. The Rev. Mr. Sinclair is an able Gaelic scholar, as may be evidenced by his learned article in our present issue on “The Black Isle.” Should he be successful in his claim, as we sincerely trust he will, Caithness people are likely to see more of the new Earl than they have done of the present and the last.

MR. MAC GRIOGAIR, DUNAN,
SRATH-TATHA.

BITHIDH càirdean agus luchd-còlais duilich a chluinntinn gu'n do chaochail an duine caoimhneil so air maduinn na Sàbsaid, an deicheamh là de Abraon, aig aois naoi agus ceithir fichead bliadhna : agus is cinnte leinn nach d'fhàg e aon eile na dheighe an Siorrachd Pheairt, cho min-eolach air seann nòs na Gàidhealtachd.

Bha an cunntas gearr, snasmhor, a thug sibh mu dheibhinn o cheann dà bhliadhna 'nar Miosachan, ceart agus iomchuidh air gach dòigh. Thug a ghnùis aoidheil 'nar cuimhne an gearr 's an gaire, agus an fhàilte chridheil a chleachd bhi adaruinn; agus nar an ceudna 'nar cuimhne na smuaintean tiamhaidh a dh'eirich suas 'na inntinn air dha a dhealbhadh fhein fhàicinn. Is minig a dh'èisd sinn ris ga'n seinn maille ri 'nighin ghaolaich (a fhrithe-eil e gu caomh caoimhneil chum na criche)—

“Ged theid mi do 'n Chìll an màireach

'S gann 's gu'n ionndrach iad mo làth'reachd;
Tha mo choltas ac' mar bha mi
Ach, nach seinn mi dàn no òran.

Tha mi cho riochdail air mo tharruing,
'S gu'n saoillear leo gur còir dhomh labhairt,
Ach cha 'n eil de dh'inneachdan air thalamh,
Bheir air teagaidh Chaluim còmhradh.”

Bha a cheathrar mhac aig an tiodhlag, agus maille ri 'n càirdean dileas chaidh an giùlan a thoirt gu ùir-dhligheach a shinnseara air Shìos-min Locha Raineach.—P. C.

THE ABERACH-MACKAY BANNER.

THROUGH the patriotic exertions of Provost William Mackay, Thurso, and Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secretary, Clan Mackay Society, the *Bratach Bhan*, or banner of the Aberach Mackays, which was in the custody of the late Mr. Alexander Mackay, Assessor, Thurso, during the last eighteen years, has been secured by the Clan Mackay Society, and arrangements are being made to deposit the old relic in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. When the intention of the Clan Society was made public, towards the close of 1897, a gentleman, over the signature "B," hailing from London, began a correspondence in the *Northern Chronicle* newspaper impugning the authenticity of the Aberach Mackay banner. "B" maintains that the banner belongs to the Grays of Skibo, and goes even the length of hinting the Aberach-Mackays never had a clan banner. In support of such a contention one would expect substantial arguments, but they are not forthcoming. Here is an honest summary of his arguments.

(1) In 1740 an action was raised by Gray of Skibo against his married sisters, in which among other things he sought to reclaim the Constable Banner of Gray. This banner was lost when the Hon. George Mackay was constable of Skibo, and would probably be taken by Mackay or his steward.

(2) The Gray coat of arms was a lion rampant surrounded by eight thistles. On the flag is a lion rampant and eight thistles. A lion and thistles are not found on the Mackay arms.

(3) The crest of Gray was a hand holding a heart in the loof with the motto "constant" beneath. This crest, hand and heart, with motto are on the flag, but now turned upside down so that the hand is turned the wrong way and the motto is above.

I will neither affirm nor deny what he contends for in statement (1). It may be the Grays lost a banner. Other clans did the same, for very few ancient clan banners now exist. It may even be that Mackay's steward pilfered it, but that does not in the least affect the authenticity of the Aberach Mackay banner. Neither is statement (2) of much importance. On the flag there is a lion rampant surrounded by sixteen thistles and not eight as "B" says. We find on the anciently carved stone in Tongue House, the seat of Mackay, the lion and thistle, so that "B" is wrong in saying these emblems are never found on Mackay's arms. The fact is, the lion rampant and thistles are the emblems of Scotland, and might find a place on the banner of any Scottish clan. Statement (3) is the critical one. The character of the crest

and motto settles the question. The crest is Mackay to the backbone, an upright hand without shadow of the semblance of a heart in the



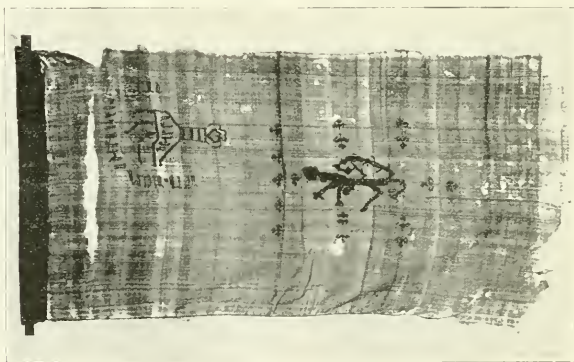
loof, as is the case with the Gray crest. The hand and motto are embroidered in silk thread, and not sewn on as a patch which could be turned upside down. Across the palm of the rude hand are wrought in two Gaelic words, the motto of Mackay; and round the hand are embroidered two Gaelic and five English words, the slogan of the Aberach-Mackays, as I will show in the sequel. "Constant," the motto of Gray, is nowhere to be seen! The flag is of white silk, hence the name *Bratach Bhan*, but now yellow with age; and to one edge is attached a double hollow strip of leather through which the pole was thrust, when it was carried in battle.

That the Aberachs had a banner is as undoubtedly believed by the people, who to-day live at the foot of Strathnaver, as that Lord Reay once had his seat at Tongue. That the banner is of great antiquity is no less firmly believed, and proclaimed by the Reay country proverb "*Cho sean ri bratach nan Aberach*" (as old as the banner of the Aberachs). This proverb is heard in the mouth of young and old in that part of the country, and is their common mode of expressing or testifying the great age of anything. As an Aberach myself, born and brought up at the north end of Strathnaver, often have I heard in my boyhood the old people, who were evicted from the upper reaches of the strath in the early years of the present century, speak of the Aberach banner. All with whom I had occasion to speak on the subject were agreed that there was such a banner, that its custodianship was hereditary, and that the keeper of the banner about the year 1876 was Hugh Mackay (Hamar), who died at Thurso in 1887, leaving no issue. One

old man, William Mackay, pensioner, Achina, Strathnaver, frequently spoke to me about the Aberach banner during the years 1876-80, claiming that, according to the unwritten law of the clan, it should come to him or his heirs at the death of Hugh Mackay, who was the last of that family. I, being a kinsman of William Mackay, and then attending the University, was entreated by him to do all I could, in after years, to get the banner for his only son, Donald. Unfortunately, however, poor Donald, who had joined the "Seaforth Highlanders" at his father's request, sickened at Fort-George and came home to die. After Donald's death the old man ceased to urge his claims to the Aberach banner, his family hope being in the tomb.

Of William Mackay I must speak more at large, because I believe what I have to tell has

a very direct bearing on the authenticity of the *Bratach Bhan*. William was born at Rossal in 1797, on the right bank of the Naver, in the original Aberach territory. Before the clansmen were evicted from Rossal, which took place about 1813, he told me he saw and handled the *Bratach Bhan*, and that his father, Donald, then an old man, spoke with pride of their near kinship, by marriage and blood, to the custodian of the banner. After the evictions young William resided for a time with his father at Achina, where they had settled, near the mouth of the river Naver. In 1817 William entered the service of Commissary Macleod, a kinsman of his, who then held the farm of Whitefield, near Thurso, and as a result of frequent conversations with the Commissary on the probability of the banner coming some day into the custody of their family, the military enthusiasm of



THE MACKAY BANNER—A' BHRATACH BHAN.

William was so roused that he joined the army towards the close of that year. William served in the army twenty-two years, twelve of these being in India. He told me he came home on furlough (I have no record of the date: probably 1829), and that he was so anxious to see the clan banner that he walked from Achina to Thurso and back to have a look at it. Hugh Mackay, who was then about eighty years of age and custodian of the banner, showed the treasured relic to William the second time, as the genuine fighting flag of the Aberachs.

Robert Mackay in his history of the clan, published in 1829, says:—"Some dispute had arisen in 1639 between Murdo (chief of the Aberachs) and Neil (his cousin), regarding the chieftainship, in which the latter was supported by William More. Neil, by some means, had got possession of the family colours; and Murdo,

who was of a meek temper, and averse to come to an open rupture with such near relatives, allowed him to retain them. These colours are now in the possession of Hugh Mackay in Thurso, the lineal descendant of Neil. They bear evident marks of great antiquity. He is termed by the Highlanders *Hutcheon na Bratach*, i.e. Hugh of the colours. He is now eighty years of age, and though low as to worldly circumstances, he always possessed the spirit and dignity of a chieftain." This description of Hugh is very accurate, as I have been informed by some old people who knew him. The said Hugh was born in 1749, or nine years after the Skibo banner was in dispute among the Grays according to "B;" and it is preposterous to imagine that Hugh and his relatives could be so clannishly proud of a banner which was so lately held by the Grays. Nay more, to Hugh's

father, Robert, who held the banner before Culloeden, it was a family heirloom which gave him such a standing that he married one of the daughters of Mackay of Kinloch, a near relative of Lord Reay.

I will now give the names of those who held the banner from 1639, when the dispute referred to in the Clan History took place:—

Neil Mackay of Achness, killed at Thurso in 1649.

Robert, son of Neil.

Neil, son of Robert.

Robert, son of Neil, who held the banner before and after 1745.

Hugh, who died at Thurso about 1830, and was a son of Robert.

Angus, brother of Hugh and son of Robert, who died at Thurso before 1843.

Hugh, son of Angus, who died at Thurso in 1881.

Robert, son of Neil, who held the banner from 1745 onwards, married a daughter of Angus Mackay, Kinloch, and by her had three sons and two daughters, viz., Hugh, William, Angus, Betty, and Ann. He went to reside at Kinloch and died there. Angus Macleod, Carnachadh, married another daughter of Angus Mackay, Kinloch, and by her had Commissary Donald Macleod, already referred to as tenant of Whitefield, near Thurso. Donald Mackay, the father of William the pensioner, had as his first wife Betty, daughter of Robert Mackay, Kinloch, and sister of Hugh who died at Thurso. Donald by this wife had four sons, but only one of them, Angus, came to manhood, and emigrating to America died there without issue. William, the pensioner, was a son of Donald by his second wife, and claimed the banner as the heir of his half-brother Angus, who died in America. These facts I got from William, the pensioner, and I find on consulting Mackay's History of the Clan they truthfully correspond with the genealogies given in that book.

William, the pensioner, often told me the banner was held as a sacred treasure by the Aberachs of Strathnaver, and was present on many a bloody field. He used to tell of one particular fight in which the banner was saved by the gallantry of a woman named *Anna Dhòmhluill* (Ann, the daughter of Donald). Curious to say, the fight was between two branches of the Mackays—*Sìochd nan Abrach* and *Sìochd Iain Ruaidh*, as he called them. It is well known that there was in early times such a fierce feud between these two branches that they would not bury their dead together, or rather on the same side of the burying ground. A dividing wall can be seen to this day in the burying ground of Grumbeg, on Strathnaver, between the graves of the Aberachs

and the other Mackays. The fight referred to took place on the heights above Carnachadh, and was so fiercely contested that the Aberachs were rendered *hors de combat* to a man, while the other party did not fare much better. The only Aberach survivor fled with the banner, hotly pursued, especially by one swifter than the rest, who, getting within bow-shot, let fly at the Aberach, hitting him in the leg, and at the same time calling out "*Sin buarach ort*" (That's a shackle for you). The wounded Aberach, dropping on his knees, returned the compliment, sending an arrow through his pursuer's heart, and at the same time exclaiming "*Bhuic ruaidh na traghaid sin dealg 'n ad bhoillrach*" (Red shore buck, that's a shaft in your breast). The Aberachs, who lived in the uplands, nicknamed the sea-board Mackays "shore bucks," and called them "ruadh," from *Iain Ruadh*, their progenitor. At this juncture *Anna Dhòmhluill* came on the scene, picked up the banner and carried it to a place of safety. The Battle of Carnachadh, as to which history is silent, must have been fought between the years 1579-90 when the inter-tribal feud was at its height. By 1590 Hugh Mackay, father of the first Lord Reay, settled matters. Sir Robert Gordon in his history of "The Earldom of Sutherland," says that in September, 1579, Neil Aberach and others slew John Beg Mackay at Balnakeil House, Durness, and that "in revenge the clan of Red John invaded the clan of John Aberach at Seyza, within three miles of Loch Naver, and killed Murdo (the son of William, the son of Murdo), with Alister (the son of William) and his son John . . . All these discords were afterwards settled by Hugh Mackay, with great wisdom and foresight." By the Battle of Carnachadh we can trace the banner back to the year 1579 or thereabout.

William, the pensioner, gave me the following account of the origin of the Aberachs, a tradition well known in the Reay country. Angus Du, the Chief of the Mackays who flourished from 1400 onwards, and had a following of 4000 men at arms, married a sister of Macdonald, the Lord of the Isles, who fought at Harlaw in 1411. This lady lived in Lochaber before marriage, with another brother of hers, and on coming north to Mackay's country brought with her some Lochaber lady companions. One of these young ladies, who is said to have been very handsome, tall, and dark haired, became too intimate with the Chief. Lady Mackay, who was childless for some years after marriage, got jealous and sent the maid back to Lochaber. In due time the maid gave birth to a male child, whom she called John. When John came to manhood he set out for Tongue, and declared himself to Mackay as his son. Mackay,

not being sure of his identity, was determined to prove him by setting out food for the stripping in a room in which he also inclosed a very ferocious hound. When John tried to reach out to the food, the hound growling sprang up. So did Ian Aberach, and closing with the hound deftly dirked him to death. Angus Du, who was watching outside, rushed in and embracing his thus curiously proved son, exclaimed "*Dhearbh thu fuil do chridhe*" (You have proved the blood of your heart). Young Ian Aberach, or John of Lochaber as he was popularly called, soon won the heart of the Mackays by his skill in hunting and prowess in war. Neil, the legitimate son and heir of Angus Du by Lady Mackay, was confined for some years in the Bass Rock as a hostage, and so was ever afterwards called *Nial Bhass*. During Neil's imprisonment Ian Aberach ruled the Mackays with such success that the clan proposed to make him Chief, but he flatly refused; and Neil on his release, in gratitude to Ian Aberach, gave him the lands of Brae Chat, from Mudale to Rossal, and both sides of Loch Naver, appointing him at the same time warden of the marches. Ian Aberach adopted as his war cry "*Abaraich dearbh do chridhe: bi treun*" (Aberach prove thy heart: be valiant), the first part of the slogan being in commemoration of his father's exclamation when he proved himself "the real Mackay." William repeatedly told me the slogan of the Aberachs was "*Abaraich dearbh do chridhe, bi treun*," and the words stuck like burs in my memory. An old Crumeau veteran, Sergeant John Mackay, a native of Melness, Tongue, but now residing at Watten, Caithness, tells me he remembers hearing a song called *An duan Abaraich*, which had as a refrain "*Uilleam, bi treun, dearbh do chridhe dhuit fein*," and believes the song might yet be recovered if some one were to make enquiry throughout Melness. This may have been simply a *duan* of the well known character, William Aberach, who composed some songs, and may have no historic or literary importance, but it is curious and interesting to find the refrain consists of the Aberach slogan almost word for word.

But let us now hie back to the banner. The late John Mackay (Ben Reay), whose knowledge of modern Gaelic was limited, and of ancient Gaelic still more so, carefully studied the inscription on the banner some years ago. He gave this reading—

Defy . defend . tent . to . ye . end
be . tren

but acknowledged that "defy, defend" was only an unreliable guess. I never saw the banner nor any print of it till about a month ago, when

I procured a beautifully executed photo of the banner, and an engraving of the crest and motto by the well known Mr. Drummond Norie. A



reproduction of the photo and Mr. Norie's engraving are here given. I found no difficulty with the inscription. It reads thus:—

Round the "hand," which is the crest of Mackay, are the words

derb . dicry . and . tent . to . ye . end.

This is partly very old Gaelic and partly English.

Across the palm of the "hand" are the words

be . tren.

This is old Gaelic and may be translated

"be valiant."

Part of the inscription thus exactly agrees with the old Aberach slogan of which William, the pensioner, spoke, ignorant at the time that it had a place on the banner, viz., "*Dearbh do chridhe: bi treun*." The orthography of the Gaelic inscription proves the banner very ancient. We must go back at least four centuries to find the words "*dearb do chridhe*" written "*derb dicry*" without a trace of aspiration. In MacRae's MSS., written about 1688 and published some time ago by Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh, I find aspiration given effect to in almost every case. In the line

Hug mj chrj tryh er aish

the word "*chridhe*" is aspirated and spelt "*chrj*," because in 1638, and for many a generation earlier, it was the practice to pronounce and spell with aspiration following a vowel: that is a final vowel aspirated an initial consonant. I am convinced if I had access to old Gaelic MSS., such as are preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, I could find the form "*derb dicry*," and thus be able from the known age of these MSS. to fix the age of the banner. This I will say, reasoning from the orthography of the Gaelic, the banner may date back to 1450, when Ian Aberach was

warden of the marches ; it cannot be much later than 1520.

I also hold "be tren" is a good Gaelic equivalent for *manu forti*, the Latin motto of Mackay. *Manu forti* is in modern Gaelic simply "laihuh threun." It is very probable "be tren" was the old motto used by the clan before the Latin form came into use. Certainly "be tren," on a hand for crest, expresses the sentiment neater and briefer than *manu forti*. Besides "tren," as an adjective, is ever on the lips of Reay country men. Anything good is "tren;" a good horse is "each tren;" a fine day is "la tren;" a good crop is "bar tren," etc. They are always using this vocable, just because it found a place in their ancient war-cry and clan motto. The upright hand is the crest of Mackay. The Gaelic inscription is the war-cry of the Aberach-Mackays. The words "tènt to ye end" indicate that the Aberachs were wardens of the marches. I would like to know by what means "B" manipulated this long inscription into the word "constant," the motto of Gray!!

While gathering evidence regarding the Aberach-Mackay banner, I called on Mr. James Mackay (Aberach), presently residing at Toftingall, Watten, Caithness, who is over eighty years of age, a most intelligent man, and land steward to Mr. Thripland, Fingask. His wife is a Steward, daughter of Hugh Steward, who fought in the Peninsular War. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay told me it was customary to grant a commission to a member of the family in which the Aberach banner was preserved, when the Chief raised a regiment. With this clue I made enquiries in Thurso, and was informed by an aged lady, Miss Mackay, who lives in a flat of the house in which Hugh Mackay, the last banner holder, died, and who has some knowledge of the family, that Angus Mackay, father of Hugh, was a distinguished soldier. On consulting a small book, compiled by Mr. Mackay, Hereford, on the "Reay Fencibles," I find that Angus Mackay was a Lieutenant in the Colonel's or leading company, and that for conspicuous valour at the Battle of Tara Hill he was promoted to the rank of Captain. I give some extracts from War Office Records quoted in this book:—

"ANGUS MACKAY,

Lieutenant, 25th October, 1794.

Captain-Lieutenant, 1st November, 1797.

Captain, 4th August, 1798, but ranked from 1st November, 1797, for bravery at Tara Hill."

I am unable to prove as yet that this is really Angus Mackay (Hamar) who was messenger-at-arms in Thurso about 1830, but if it be the case

it shows the Chief recognised the standing of this banner family by giving a commission to one of its members, and that the Aberach banner holders, down to the very last, were true to their fighting traditions.

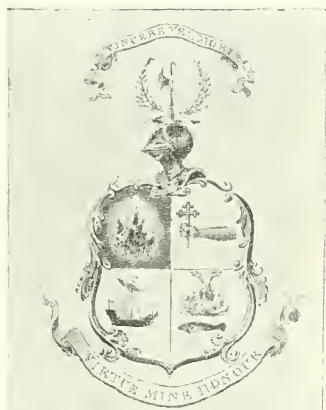
Free Church Manse,
Westerdale, Caithness. ANGUS MACKAY, M.A.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By CHARLES FRASER MACKINTOSH, LL.D

No. IX.—THE MACLEANS OF THE NORTH.

CLAN THEARLAICH.



Dochgarroch.

SIR CHARLES MACLEAN, of the family of Duart, having been appointed Governor of the Royal Castle of Urquhart on the west side of Loch Ness, he and his posterity took up their abode in the North, and were known as the Macleans of the North, and afterwards of Dochgarroch. During his life, Sir Charles maintained his position, and as a matter of tradition, it is stated that he built Castle Spiritan (sometimes Castle Spiritual), at the foot of Loch Ness, of which the view, fortunately preserved, and in my possession, by an amateur taken early in the nineteenth century, is given. Long a ruin, it was at first

an important place from its position, and on one occasion the scene of a very violent contest between the Camerons and the Macleans. The operations connected with the formation of the Caledonian Canal brought about the entire destruction of the buildings, although a part of the castle and a portion of the surrounding moat remained in my own recollection. It was occupied by David Baillie, first of Dochfour, as late as 1671.

Surrounded with foes and situated at a great distance from their own chief and kin in the County of Argyle, the Northern Macleans for their own safety took protection of, and associated themselves with, the Clan Chattan, then a rising and absorbing Confederation. Sir Eneas

Mackintosh places them as No. 9 of the associated tribes; and states that they took protection about the year 1400. Kinrara in his history, dealing with the period of Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, says that "Margaret his third daughter by his wife Mora, daughter of the Laird of Moidart, married Hector Mac Tearlach, Chief of the Clan Tearlach, and that thereafter he gave his bond of service and man rent to Mackintosh, for himself and his posterity."

II.—Hector Maclean, 2nd of Clan Tearlach, lived for some time at Urquhart, at the place now called Balmacaan, really Bail toac Eachin, or the seat of Hector. At a later period he lived at Castle Spiridan, where it is said he was killed. The position of the Macleans of the



CASTLE SPIRIDAN, BONA FERRY, STRATHERRICK HILLS, AND LOCH NESS. FROM A SKETCH IN 1894.

North, military settlers from a distance, was a critical one. The Lordship of Urquhart had fallen into the hands of the Crown, and prior to the ultimate and lasting acquisition by the Grants, was constantly plundered and overrun by neighbouring potentates from the East and West.

It is said that the Macleans had a charter to the lands of Urquhart and Barony of Bona, but I have not been able to verify the point, and the position of Hector and of his son Farquhar was precarious, ultimately resulting in their being dispossessed of Urquhart and Bona. Hector was succeeded by his son,

III.—Farquhar Maclean. Little is known of the third Maclean, but it has been handed down that he was called Farquhar "Gòrach," or the silly, from allowing himself to be over-reached by the new possessors of Urquhart. Members of his family, male and female, held high ecclesiastical positions in Iona and elsewhere, such as Agnes and Marion Maclean, Prioresses of Iona, and one was Bishop of the Isles, owning according to Dean Munro, the estate of Raasay "by heritage," but significantly adding, "but by Mac Gillie Callum (Macleod of Raasay) by the sword." Farquhar's son,

IV.—Donald Maclean, was infeft in Raasay as



Lieutenant HECTOR CAMPBELL.

well as his son Alexander Maclean, and the Macleans up to the year 1635, made repeated attempts to resume possession. The genealogy of the Macleans is distinctly given in the Precept of Clare Constat by John, Bishop of the Isles, perpetual commendator of the monastery of St. Columba in Iona, with consent of his Archdeacon and Canons, dated at Edinburgh, 10th January, 1631, in favour of Alexander Maclean, son of the late Donald Maclean, son of Farquhar, son of Hector, of the eight merks land of Raasay, and three merks in Trotternish. In 1557, Donald Maclean, described as "in Dochgarroch," is one of the Jurymen at Inverness in the service of Lachlan Mackinnon as heir to his father, the deceased Ewen Mackinnon

of Mackinnon. From and after 1557 to 1832, the Macleans possessed Dochgarroch, at first on redeemable rights; but latterly by charter from the Gordons, the Superiors, in 1623, confirmed by the Crown in 1635.

V.—Alexander, eldest son of Donald, succeeded prior to 1600 and was the most important of his race. He was known as Alasdair vic Coil vic Ferquhar, and so described, is a party to the Great Bond of Union among the Clan Chattan, so frequently referred to in these pages, dated 4th April, 1609. He was succeeded by his son,

VI.—John Maclean, who married Agnes Fraser of Struy. His tombstone is in the Grey Friars churchyard of Inverness, wherein he is described



OLD HOUSE OF DOCHGARROCH.

as "an honest man and worthy gentleman." He died in 1674.

VII.—His eldest son, Alexander, married, 28th November, 1659, Agnes Chisholm of Comar, and died in the month of September, 1671, having predeceased his father, although propelled into the property. The next Dochgarroch was Alexander's eldest son,

VIII.—John Maclean, who married, in 1682, Miss Margaret Fowler of Inverness, member of an important Ross-shire family. He fought at Killiecrankie, and exerted himself so greatly for King James as to embarrass his estate. John's third son, Donald, removed to Argyll, and his descendant in the female line, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Maclean, of the 3rd West India

Regiment, has been the greatest benefactor to the name of Maclean, educationally and otherwise, of all others of the name. His large bequests are now carefully and beneficially administered by the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow.

IX.—John Maclean of Dochgarroch, eldest son of John 8th hereof, succeeded prior to 1710, and following the example of his father, took an active part for the Stuarts in 1715, as one of the Captains in the regiment of Clan Chattan. He married Christina, eldest daughter of Alexander Dallas of Cantray, head of a family of long standing in the North, and was succeeded by his son,

X.—Charles Maclean, some time an officer in

the Black Watch, who is found in possession in the year 1752. By his wife, Marjorie Mackintosh of Drummond, he had four sons and three daughters. He died in 1778, being succeeded by his eldest son,

XI.—John, a youth of good promise, who, seeking his fortune in the West Indies, at an early age, met with what was then called "a stroke of the sun," necessitating his being sent home, deprived of reason. In this unhappy state he lingered on until his death in 1826, when the second brother, Captain Phineas Maclean, having previously died in Calicut, in the East Indies, the succession opened to the third son of Charles, viz.,

XII.—William Maclean, a Captain in the British service, in whose time Dochgarroch had to be sold. He died in 1841, and a view of his abode, which has long since disappeared, is here given. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIII.—Allan Maclean, formerly of the Naval Pay Office, Greenwich, afterwards one of the Magistrates of Inverness. He had two brothers, the elder, Charles, for nearly forty years an officer, and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the 72nd Highlanders, who left one daughter, and the younger, William, who ultimately became the representative.

XIV.—William Maclean of Dochgarroch, who resided most of his life in England, where he died. At his death he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

XV.—Allan Maclean, the present Dochgarroch, who is married, and has two sons and one daughter, the eldest son being the Rev. Allan Mackintosh Maclean, 16th in descent from Sir Charles Maclean, who first settled in the North.

The Macleans of the North were long members of the Clan Chattan, and I have included them, being, according to Sir Eneas Mackintosh's History, placed No. 9 of the associated tribes. Up to this day there are several Macleans, remains of the ancient family, in the parishes of Urquhart and Bona.

Through their dissociation to a great extent with the North for the last sixty years, the Dochgarroch Macleans have naturally drawn back to their original clan of Duart. The present Macleans are hearty supporters and chieftains of that flourishing body, the Clan Maclean Association.

(To be continued).

THE RECENT CONCERT which was held in Glasgow on behalf of John Mackay, a native of Melness, under the auspices of the Clan Mackay and the two Sutherland Associations, at which Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, presided, realised the handsome net sum of £25.

UNTO THE HILLS

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

NO. III.—MOTHER EARTH.

THE Earth, says an ancient writer, is our mother, or our step-mother, according to the way in which we treat her. That is, she gives us corn and fruit and flowers if we want them, but she has an equal store of poisons, hemlock, arsenic, and nightshade. She can provide iron enough for any number of big guns, coal to drive ten myriad engines, and wholesale decoration with the national emblem of thorn and thistle in the places where the oak tree and the corn used to grow. All the corn in the country, according to philosophers, would not support our population for one week; for my part I don't see corn enough grown in any Highland parish to keep two dozen good large families going for much longer. In case of war, and blockade of our ports, with coal, iron, and explosives, the conviction might be driven home in us, that food and clothing were after all essential things to the country, and steam hammering a poor substitute for agriculture. Very wholesome last thoughts before we are blown up!

Just reckon now what we ask the Earth Mother to do for us in the way of food growing, as compared to our demands upon her for pig-iron, machine coal, and fusel oil (miscalled whisky). Is it not like comparing a child's cry for the breast with the roar of a mixed multitude for plunder? No wonder then if she turns permanently into a step-mother, like those in the Fairy tales, and smacks us with scrofula, consumption, and insanity. As for the Fairies themselves, they are both witty and wise, much resembling the fair green lady under whose plaid they hide. Did you ever hear how Raonull Crubach slept on the Fairy hill, when watching the cows, and heard them piping, and dancing, and laughing inside, till a shapely old Man of Peace came out and asked him what day of the week it was? "Wednesday," said the herd-boy, "by the leave of the company," and so pleased were they with his courtesy that "the company" took him into the great hall under the hillock and gave him a dance with the Queen of the Fairies, lifted off his hump and put it away behind the door, so that he went home again tall, handsome, and straight as a rush. Everybody heard of the marvel, and among them Ruairidh, who had a hump also, and "independent progressive manners" to match. Off then ran Ruairidh to the Fairy hill, and lay down there and pretended to sleep, when out once more came the shapely old Man of Peace and asked him what day it was? "Wednesday, you fool!" cried independent

Ruaridh. The old man started, but "the company" forgave his rudeness and took him also into the great hall under the hillock, till he elbowed his way up the floor and demanded a dance with the Queen. Suddenly he found himself in darkness going out quickly through the doorway, and as he passed its threshold someone from the back of it clapped Raonull's hump upon his own, and he went home with his deformity doubled.

Returning to our former thought, about the rewards and punishments distributed by Mother Earth herself among her mortal children, I find all sorts of learned and ingenious theories given in the *Scotsman* for the "Recent alarming increase of insanity in the Highlands"—a fine sensational Yankee heading that for a newspaper paragraph, certain to "catch on" and sell papers. A large proportion of our dwindling population in Argyllshire are apt, it seems, to think themselves damned, or changed into tea kettles: and the doctors say its because we live in a damp climate, drink too much whisky, marry our relations, and have too little to eat. Whereas all the good and sober people of the Lothians and pleasant manufacturing towns like Dundee and Greenock subsist on abundance of pure "nitrogenous" tinned pussy cat and Bovril, and scarcely take the trouble to marry.

The truth of the matter may be this! That bad blood (and bad temper coming from it) is upon the increase all over the land, and small wonder considering how we live and what we eat. Among the more poetic and imaginative races bad blood is apt to injure very quickly the finer functions of the brain. Two thousand years ago the all-observing Greeks noticed how a Highlander from Thessaly often went mad when ill, while the driver of oxen from Boeotia only suffered terribly from the colic, the bad blood got blocked up in its usual channel, and, if the man died, it was of his own natural hurt. Reasoning upon Greek principles I should suppose that inflammation of the lower brain, and the black jaundice, called by stupendous dog Latin names, must give the city doctors a good deal of trouble just at present.

Some years ago I had a conversation with a very eminent surgeon, and a kind friend to Highlanders, about the ravages among us of another loathsome disease—cancer: he told me that he had noticed its prevalence among small farmers and shepherds, and strongly suspected that one chief cause was the use of badly cured braxy for food, in place of porridge and milk. "In fact its your own fault," he added, half laughing and half serious, for he knew the complexity of causes which combine to produce the simplest effect, "its your fault who have allowed the land to go out of cultivation."

Porridge* and milk instead of braxy! there at all events is the root protection from bad blood throughout the body, and consequently the branch protection, for the different members where the gathering of bad blood manifests itself, whether in an outbreak of ulcers, as general scrofula, in corrosion of tongue or breast, as cancer, or in irritation of the delicate fibres and cells of the brain, as insanity.

Brown tea, baker's loaf, and fried scraps, are fast becoming the food of the country, taught by the town, and the bandy legs of the town are fast becoming an inheritance of country children. The mother no longer bakes the fresh girdle fulls of oatcake and scones that she used to bake daily as a matter of course, and put her heart's blessing into the food to increase its wholesomeness. Now between the tannin of the tea, the leather of the frying pan, and the alum of the white loaf, good health could hardly creep in edge-wise. And when, as on market days, a bottle of fusel oil is added to the rest no witches' caldron could furnish a more poisonous mess. Then, still following the town model, we build for country cottars neat, rigid, airless barracks, with elaborate drainage for the provision of sewer gas, and when the drains stop up we sanitarily inspect, and fumigate, and doctor the inhabitants with iron tonics and tabloids of dog's liver.† That is not rhetorical exaggeration, if you toss for the name of the place it will be verifiable just there, except that for the new and expensive poison of dog's liver you may substitute the older and cheaper one of strychnine.

And under our feet all the while lies the long-suffering earth, sending her strong current of life up through our bodies, and up through the oats and barley, and the herbs of the field, full of forgotten virtue for the healing of every sickness, and restoration of peace to soul and body. A dog when it is sick instinctively chooses a remedy among the plants growing by the pathway, so does a Red Indian, and the thing sought is never far away. An angel, so

* Besides porridge, two other kinds of wholesome oatmeal food were in daily use in the Highlands not long ago. First, Cabaich or Sowans, the seeds of the meal steeped, strained, and boiled, in fact the oatmeal jelly so much praised by a modern healer. Second, Fuarig or Crowdy, fresh meal stirred into cream, which was the morning 'tea' of the threshers with the flail; another noble and skilful form of exercise gone for the most part, alas! with its accompanying musical beat, but not for ever. In the Tyrol nowadays to pass a barn in autumn, when the flail is going, sets young legs dancing.

† See the advertisement columns of the *Lancet*, and the brave outspoken utterances of Professor Campbell Black.

an Italian peasant once told me, was sent down to the world with the plants in his two hands, in one hand the poisons, in the other the remedies, and he set them always side by side, and whispered to the forefathers the secrets of their use; but the forefathers forgot to teach their children. "Not that the poisons are all bad," added the old man, only we must not mistake them for food, which is exactly what we have done. One thing we may be very certain of, that the plants growing in our own soil are the plants we need. The cool and light wheat and maize were not set in the sunshine of warmer lands, and heat as well as backbone hidden in Northern oats and barley, in order that we might import white flour, deprived already in America of its nourishing golden husks, and grey sweepings of refuse Indian meal, for our children: while we cast the bread of life provided at our doors to the dogs and horses. The old mill of a parish was as sacred and important as its church; to-day the mills are in ruins, because the big farmers could, as they expressed it, "do the thing cheaper," the "thing" done (or done for) being, mind you, the life of the district and their own; they sold it for about a penny on each bag of fusionless Chicago meal, forgetting even to deduct the weight of prairie sand at the bottom of the porridge pot, which in those days still boiled merrily every morning and night. Till the mills are going again what can be done? Two flat circular stones with holes in the middle of them, and a stick stuck through both, and another half-way hole drilled in the edge of the top one, for fastening the wooden turning handle, did all the grinding in Scotland for many a day, and do it still in Bethlehem †. If the *muilleann-làimhe* is too patriarchal, strong, ugly, little, steel mills can be bought for a few shillings, and a child can turn them, so that the cakes and scones for breakfast may still be as fresh and "lifelike" as ever they were. Add porridge and milk, a home grown apple, and a cup of fresh oat "tea" brewed from the grain for the children, and their bones will soon say "thank you."

So fed in the morning, after an early dip in the burn, and with bean soup, and stewed barley, or barley soup and stewed beans for dinner they would soon be as strong and as kindly as their ancestors, if only the frying pan is first beaten into a girdle (as the swords will some day be into plough shares, from their present degradation in the form of steel pens), and the pig§ is sold to the Glasgow butcher

Given a few fowls, an acre or two of oats, barley, and beans, and a plot of vegetable garden, except a little tea for father and mother, nothing in the very smallest farmer's diet need be far-fetched, or killed, as I have personally proved, for I seldom touch flesh if anything else is to be had, and have better health than I had at 18.

But, in order to produce a good crop, we know that the acres of the earth must be drained of their stagnant blood, so must the body. A wash all over with cold water, and into bed without drying, according to good old Pastor Kneipp's recommendation, will keep the little skin drains open and active, and run the poison of the past out of the system, making the sour ground sweet. A better plan, believe me, than storing it up for the hospital or the asylum!

Would that we all had larger sense of the majestic strength and stately kindness of Mother Earth. The Rev. Mr. MacPhail, who knows so much about Gaelic folklore, tells me of a venerable custom, once in use among the people, when the lips of a new born child were made to touch the ground, in order that the gift might be imparted to it of speaking "moderately, respectfully, and deferentially," and that it might be made "both chaste and sparing of speech during the whole course of its after life."

What delicate and beautiful perception of the power of the earth over the souls, as well as the bodies, of her children! Think of this, and forget my words, before you are tempted to apply to me the proverb founded upon the forgotten custom:—"Is e do chab nach do bhuadh anns an làr an latha rugadh tu" (Your mouth was not made to touch the earth on the day that you were born)!

J. A. CAMPBELL,
Of Earbreck.

KILLIECRANKIE.

FROM the gloomy mountain-pass
Joyfully the waters leap—
Yearning for the daisied grass—
Pebbled bed and eddied sweep,
Peacefully too, singing, go,
Kissed, and kissing, as they flow.

Meadows by the river-side
Little need the summer rains—
Hearts in mutual love allied
Each, each others joy sustains,
Peacefully they, singing, go,
Constant as the river-flow.

Glendevon.

K. MATHIESON.

† The House of Bread (as Tíree was once the land of corn).

§ The nasty word Scrofula is Latin for a little pig, and English for the horrible disease which the flesh of pigs, little and big, brings upon people.

We regret that in the "Old Rules for Wearing the Highland Dress" by Lord Archibald Campbell, which appeared in our last issue, a rather curious typographical error occurred. "No. 1.—Bottle and pistols on left side" should read "both pistols on left side."



ROBERT FRANCIS OGILVIE FARQUHARSON.



MRS FARQUHARSON.

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THE FARQUHARSONS OF HAUGHTON, ABERDEENSHIRE.



Chattan, descending from the House of Mac-

THE FARQUHAR-
SONS for several
centuries have occu-
pied a prominent and
influential position in Aber-
deenshire, and still rank
among the leading landed
families of that county.
They are a sept of the Clan

kintosh through the Shaws of Rothiemurchus. The Farquharsons derive their name from Farquhar Shaw. Among the early heroes of the clan may be mentioned Finlay Mòr, the stalwart standard-bearer of the Scottish army at Pinkie in 1547, where he fell, and from whom the clan take the name of Fionlay.

The Farquharsons of Haughton branched from the parent stock about the year 1460; and claim descent from the once powerful house of Cumming of Altyre, and the Ogilvies, Earls of Findlater.

The first of the family of whom we may take note is John Cumming Farquharson of Kellas, Co. Moray, and Haughton, Co. Aberdeen, living at the close of the seventeenth century, who married Janet Dawney, and was succeeded by his second son Francis, who left a daughter, and was succeeded by his nephew, Alexander



HAUGHTON HOUSE

Ogilvie, who assumed the name and arms of Farquharson. His son Francis followed, but dying unmarried the estates devolved upon his younger brother, John Farquharson, J.P. and

D.L., who married Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., of Monymusk, and had issue, five sons and two daughters. On his decease in 1854, his only surviving son,

Robert Francis Ogilvie Farquharson, J.P., D.L., succeeded to the estates. In 1857 he married Mary Sarah, youngest daughter of the late General Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B., of Freefield, and had issue, six daughters, the eldest of whom, Maria Ogilvie Farquharson, now represents the family. Mr. Farquharson married, secondly, Marian, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Nicholas J. Ridley, of Hollington, Hants. Mrs. Farquharson, who is a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Soc., London, in 1881 published a valuable work, "A Pocket Guide to British Ferns," and has contributed largely to botanical literature and research. She takes a practical interest in Highland matters, and in everything relating to the clan. Mr. Farquharson occupied a very high position in Aberdeenshire. As a landlord he took a deep interest in his property and tenants, and was ever honourable and just in his dealings, being an ideal genial laird. In county matters his opinion was eagerly sought. On his death in 1890, not only the public press but numerous Associations eulogised him as an irreparable loss to the district, where, since his succession to the Haughton and Baldig estates in 1854, he had devoted his abilities to the successful improvement of numerous objects in the county. A handsome Drinking Fountain near the Haughton Arms Hotel, bears the inscription that it was "erected by his tenantry, feuars, and friends, as a token of the esteem and affection in which he was held, and for the active and generous interest he took in promoting the prosperity of his native vale." The village of Alford is, however, the best testimony to Mr. Farquharson's practical ability, being as it now is, with its handsome buildings and streets a model village, where, before the late laird's succession, merely a few scattered thatched cottages stood. Mr. Farquharson warmly encouraged agriculture, and was a successful breeder of the Aberdeen Angus cattle, taking first prizes at the chief Societies. He was a keen curler and volunteer, having raised the company of which he became Major. Microscopy had in him a great enthusiast, and to his stimulating sympathy with those engaged in scientific pursuits, many valuable original researches were made.

The new edition of Rob Donn's "Songs and Poems" is now well forward. We are printing the "glossary," which contains about a thousand uncommon or obsolete words, with their meanings. We have included a number of metrical translations, which can be sung to the old Gaelic melodies given in the work. Intending subscribers should send their orders at once to Mr. John Mackay, "Celtic Monthly" Office, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow. The book is issued to subscribers only at 10s. 6d., post free.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. X.—THE MACINTYRES OF BADENOCH.

CLANN AN T-SAOIR.

SIR ENEAS MACKINTOSH places Clan Inteir, otherwise Macintyres of Badenoch, No. 16 of the associated tribes, and states they took protection of William, afterwards 13th Mackintosh, anno. 1496.

The Kinrara historian says, under the heading of the above William,—"It was this William in an expedition to Rannoch and Appin, took the bard Macintyre (of whom the Macintyres of Badenoch are descended) under his protection. It was he who composed the excellent Erse Epitaph in joint commendation of Farquhar vic Conchie, and William vic Lachlan Badenoch, 12th and 13th Laids of Mackintosh." Some have thought that the ancient and famous pibroch, "Mackintosh's Lament," is that above referred to; but judging from the few words of the refrain, being all that is known as authentic of the original, I am inclined to attribute the lament as composed in memory of William, 15th Mackintosh, murdered by order of the Earl of Huntly, at Strathbogie, in 1550.

The name Macintyre is commonly, but as after mentioned erroneously understood to be derived from the occupation of the first, who was a Turner or Wright, in Gaelic, Saor.

It is of the misfortunes attending anything old, either to be obscured, or altered to suit the designs of unprincipled persons. While it was almost pardonable in a Macdonald to designate in Gaelic this famous lament as "The lament of the grandson of Arisaig," a district long and inseparably connected with the Macdonalds, yet the Reverend Collector had some justification for his clever adaptation, in saying what was true, but at the same time misleading. The Mackintoshes of old had some time, through marriage, the designation of "Mac-mhic-a-Arasaig," though in the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's time, it had for centuries been in abeyance. Once more I take the opportunity of protesting against the truly absurd words which of late have been put in circulation to the pibroch of "Mackintosh's Lament," in remembrance of a mythical Hugh Mackintosh, a name not to be found among the twenty-seven predecessors of The Mackintosh.

The descendants of the bard Macintyre settled in Badenoch, and were, like the Mac Vurriehs in the case of Clan Ranald—Macrimmons in the case of Macleod—Macarthur in the case of the Macdonalds of Sleat—hereditary bards to the Mackintoshes and the Clan Chattan. As

they possessed no land as owners, their history as a distinct sept is obscure, and at the present day there are but few living in Badenoch. Mr. S. F. Mackintosh of Farr, in his Collections (1832) thus refers to the Macintyres, "No. 16, The Clan Inteir. This was a branch of the Macintyres of Gleno, who formerly possessed the sides of Loch Laggan in Badenoch; many families of whom are still in that quarter." In the last century one of the clan, Lieutenant-General John Macintyre, born at Knappach, in the parish of Kingussie, was a distinguished soldier in the service of the East India Company.

The grandfather of one of the sept, whom I had the pleasure of knowing in Parliament, the late Mr. E. J. Macintyre, Q.C., was a native of the parish of Moy, and my late friend often told me he was much attached to the place where his predecessors lived, and that he was proud of being of Clan Chattan.

In Celtic poetry and literature, the names of Duncan Bàn Macintyre, the Rev. Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, whose father was some time minister of Laggan, and the Rev. Donald Macintyre of Kincardine, will readily occur amongst those conferring lustre on the name.



A GLIMPSE OF BADENOCH AT RUTHVEN CASTLE

The name of Miss Margaret Macintyre, the famous *prima donna* of the North, deserves honourable recognition.

Mr. D. A. S. Mackintosh, of Bertrohill House, Shettleston, that picturesque Highlander of the old school, and president of the Glasgow Association, of whom Clan Chattan may be proud, writes me in correction of the commonly received definition of the name as the "son of the wright." Mr Mackintosh being of the Macintyres, both his grandmothers bearing that name, has looked into the question thoroughly, fortified by what was told him when a boy by his great-uncle,

Neil Macintyre, and I cannot do better than give his own words:—

"Macdonald, called Cean-teire from his ownership of Kintyre, had a son called John, who acquired the lands of Degnish, a promontory lying between Loch Melford and Ardmaddy Loch, where is the Nether Lorne Castle of the Marquis of Breadalbane. His son John was called John Mac-Cein-teire-na-Degnish, from being the son of Canteire, and himself John of Degnish. My uncle could tell all the names downwards, from John to his own father, who was also called John. The descendants of this John Mac-Cean-teire-Dhegnish were alternatively called John and Donald.

Another branch of the Macintyres originated in the same way from a brother of the said John of Degnish, who was called Donald, and acquired lands at Ben Cruachan, Loch Awe. His son was called Mac-Cein-teire Cruachan, and in this way came the name of Macintyre to light."

The above derivation of the name of Macintyre from the great district of Kintyre should gratify all of the name, and they have good reason to thank the gigantic Highlander of their kin, through whom, it is to be hoped, the matter may now be held as finally settled.

The name is presently numerous and influential, and all who are of the Badenoch Macintyres should fix upon a head, and re-uniting themselves, take up their proper position in the clan.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

THE following extracts from a letter just received from an esteemed subscriber in New York will doubtless interest many of our readers:—

THE NATIONAL PETITION.

So the memorial to Her Majesty against the misuse of the terms "English" and "England" for "British" and "Britain" fell flat, although headed by that venerable and doughty Scot, Mr. Theodore Napier. Scotsmen living abroad did not expect a different result, although their efforts have always been vigorous and persistent in denouncing the abuse. What is most vexing about the matter is that America, with that peculiar inconsistency which, in one breath decries everything English, in the next servilely absorbs every provincial conceit that emanates from that quarter, is one of the *worst* offenders. Only to touch on some recent offense of the American press—the descriptions of the Dargai and Atbara fights, in which, while doing full justice, I will allow, to the gallantry of our fellow countrymen, the pleasure to their Scottish readers was marred, yea almost obliterated, by the absurd and offensive headlines—"England's Highlanders." This is unsurprising, pure and simple, and if England and her American flunkies keep advancing along this forbidden path it may prove that the seeds of disunion they are now sowing will produce some bitter fruit which they shall have to eat some day.

THE MACGREGOR TARTAN.

In a recent number of the *Celtic* I read a paragraph in which one of your correspondents stated that he had discovered a Jewish gentleman of the name of Cohen who had taken a liking to the name of Colquhoun. The next step to liking a thing (with a Jew) is possession. By your correspondent's report we may safely assume that Mr. Cohen retired one night thinking less of the glories of Solomon and his thousand wives than he did of the glamour which surrounded the name of Colquhoun, but how to shed his Semetic personality and awake next morning in all the pride of Colquhoun was the rub. An easy conscience makes all things easy, and we

have no reason to suppose that Mr. Cohen's conscience, or his wit failed him upon this occasion. But if your correspondent thinks that Mr. Cohen's ambition went further and hankered after the delight of wearing the kilt he is entirely mistaken. Not that the Jew is deficient in sturdy or shapely limbs, that would show off to advantage under the pleats of the tartan, but, sad to relate, one of the sacred rites of his religion has effectually disqualified him from wearing the kilt, that is, with any degree of comfort. In recruiting for Highland regiments it will be needless to get up the cry—"no Jews need apply." Nevertheless, the heart of Israel warms dearly to the tartan. I shall relate a case which lately came under my observation. Walking down Broadway one day my attention was attracted to a handsome store front which had been painted in a large check of the Rob Roy Tartan. No Scot could pass such a thing unnoticed. Looking around for an explanation I soon found it in the sign overhead—"James MacGregor"—and in the immense shield of the MacGregor arms, larger than a Highland target, which was emblazoned on the show window, with Gaelic motto standing out clear and vivid as though it came fresh from the Spirit of the Mist. Knowing something of a MacGregor's rights and how valiantly they can defend them, I saw nothing in the display that was not eminently fit and proper, so passed peacefully along. A few days later, walking along the same street, I saw painters at work on another store front a few blocks away laying on the same bold check of the Rob Roy Tartan. Knowing the "boss" painter (an Irishman) I asked him what he was trying to do. "These Sheenies" (Jews), he replied, "have taken a fancy to MacGregor's store front and engaged me to paint their's the same." I remarked that the firm—Brown, King & Co.—did not strike me as being Jewish, King especially. "Yes, they are though," said he, "King most of all. I knew him on the east side as Koenig, but since he moved over here he changed his name to King."

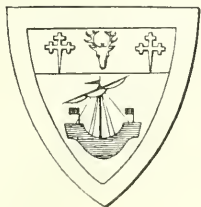
Sometime later I was again walking along Broadway, further up town, when seeing the same bold black and red check decorating a store front, I glanced up at the sign in the hope that I had struck another MacGregor, but my heart sunk as I saw Jacob Cohen & Co. over the entrance, and I knew that it was but a spread of the contagion.

PIPER FINDLATER, V.C.—We had the pleasure of hearing the Hero of Dargai play the "Haughs of Cromdale" and "The Cock of the North" the other evening. He plays fairly well, but, of course, we were more interested in the man than in his music. He was dressed in the kilt of Gordon tartan, and appeared a well built, pleasant featured Highlander. The livid mark of a bullet wound was clearly seen above the hose on his right leg. But what impressed us most of all was the extreme modesty of the man, he never once looked at the vast cheering audience during his performance; the whole business seemed to distress him. It is probable that if the war officials had taken him the right way, he would never have entered upon these public appearances.



ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY.

ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY, LONDON.



IT gives us very great pleasure this month to present our readers with the portrait of a worthy Highlander, now bordering on ninety years of age, whose interest in Highland matters, and especially its literature, is as keen as if he were still animated with the enthusiasm of youth. This "grand old man" of the Gaelic race, Mr. Alexander Macgillivray of London, was born in Inverness on 9th March, 1809, in a large old house on the west side of Church Street, where it is said Prince Charlie slept the night before the battle of Culloden, and the brutal victor, Cumberland, occupied the same room on the following night. His grandfather, Mr. Donald Macgillivray, was a farmer at Dunlichity, a district near Inverness which for many centuries was the cradle of the clan. His brother, Alexander, was an ensign in the army, and fought under Wolfe at the taking of Quebec. The father of the subject of our sketch, Mr. Robert Macgillivray, was an upholsterer in Inverness. He married, as his second wife, Jean Boyd, housekeeper in the family of MacDonell of Glengarry, after whom Mr. Alexander Macgillivray is called. One of Mr. Macgillivray's early recollections is in playing truant from school with another boy, and going to Petty to see the funeral of The Mackintosh in 1821. It was altogether an imposing ceremony, no less than seven pipers taking part in the proceedings. After the interment the church was thrown open, and bread and cheese, and whisky, were served out from the pulpit to the large gathering that crowded the church. The youthful truants did not share in the distribution, their provender for the day's outing consisting of a penny bun, upon which they fared sumptuously! In 1831 Mr. Macgillivray went to London, the journey by sea occupying nine days. On the day of his arrival he had the good fortune to see the Lord Mayor in state enter the Mansion House, and in the evening King William IV. driving in the park with outriders—truly an interesting sight to a lad fresh from Clachnacudain. In a short

time he was successful in securing employment, and remained in the service of Mr. James Cliver till 1844, when on his master's retiring he, in company with another young man, succeeded to the business, which they carried on successfully till 1880, when Mr. Macgillivray decided to retire. He bought a piece of land at Edgware, where he built a house, and where he now enjoys a well earned leisure. On 28th March, 1837, he was married at St. Pancras Church to Miss Mary Wood Kirkham.



Last June Mr. Macgillivray took a longing to see his native town of Inverness, and with his daughter paid it a visit. He hardly recognised the town; it had doubled in size since he left in 1831. On enquiring for the inhabitants whom he knew in his early days there was not one then alive, and, he added regretfully, that even the town stone, "Clachnacudain," from which all public proclamations were formerly made, was also gone, and was buried under a water-trough, he was told! He was greatly delighted with the beautiful villas which surround the west part of the town; on the east side he looked in vain for Lochgorm.

Everything seemed changed, the old landmarks were gone, and all that remained for him was his intense love for the place of his birth, and the little God's Acre where so many generations of his forefathers sleep.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE HIGHLANDS AND FOR HIGHLANDERS.



It is a truism that no nation ever stands still. As in nature, movement is a factor which is never wholly absent, so with nations, must there ever be either constant progression or retrogression. True, it would often appear as if, while some nations are marching forwards, and others marching backwards, a few are "marking time." But that is on the surface only. He who pierces below the surface, and studies the internal workings of a nation, will recognise the existence of forces—silent, perhaps, but none the less potent—which make for gradual but certain progress on the one hand, or gradual but certain decay on the other.

Applying these axioms to the Highlands of Scotland, it is quite permissible to generalise by saying that the movement there tends towards increasing prosperity of the country and increasing welfare of the people. It is not difficult to argue that if the Highlands are more prosperous at the present day than they were twenty-five years ago, they will be still more prosperous twenty-five years hence. Therefore, if it can be shown that recent years have been in the main brighter and more prosperous than their predecessors, it may be assumed that the material outlook for the Highlands and for Highlanders is, to say the least, favourable. That, one ventures to think, is a general conclusion, the accuracy of which few will be disposed to dispute.

It should be constantly borne in mind that the Highlands being an integral part of Scotland, and Scotland being an integral part of the United Kingdom, the parts prosper with the whole. The prosperity of the United Kingdom and the prosperity of Scotland has of recent years been unexampled, temporary checks notwithstanding, and it is an impossibility for the Highlands not to have shared in the general welfare. The material comforts of the Highlanders as a people have undoubtedly increased of late years. Legislation has secured to them rights of which they were long and unjustly deprived. Iniquitous impositions of various kinds have been swept into limbo never to re-appear. In the districts furthest removed from the centres of civilization, more particularly, a state of insufferable bondage to tyrannical conditions had long prevailed, but the galling fetters have been gradually removed, until, at the present day, the Highland peasant can stand upright and thank God that he is once more a man. But much remains to be done, and one of the most cheering features of the outlook consists in the fact that active agencies are now

at work which make for the greater comfort of the people and the closer adjustment of the relations between the various classes of the community. By means of popularly-elected assemblies, such as County and Parish Councils, an intelligent interest in local affairs has been aroused among all classes, and much useful work has been the result. By means of these Councils, and other public bodies, the interdependence of all classes has been clearly demonstrated, and hearty co-operation for the common good marks as a general rule their deliberations. The benefits which are accruing, and which will, in the future, accrue, from these bodies, are incalculable. By knitting together in bonds of friendship, and in joint effort for a common end, classes whose interests have hitherto been distinct and antagonistic, a very important step is being taken towards the realization of that ideal which eliminates equally tyranny and servility, and unites the community in a mutual and hearty understanding. A personal interest in local affairs is stimulating the dormant intelligence of the crofter and fisherman, and is making them fitted for the duties which they owe the communities to which they belong. It is pleasing to note that they fully appreciate, and take advantage of, the means thus provided for making their voices heard and their influence felt. And, needless to say, their political perceptions have by the same process been sensibly quickened. No longer are the crofters like Longfellow's "dumb driven cattle." They may not be "heroes in the strife," but they have at least become strenuously articulate. Their capacity for airing grievances is only equalled by the persistent formulating of their wants to Westminster. No longer does a Highland Member of Parliament recline on a bed of roses. He must work, and work hard, if he is to satisfy an exacting constituency. It need hardly be pointed out that this sudden attainment by the people of their political heritage is not without its dangers. There is often a serious lack of perspective; an exalting of the parochial at the expense of the imperial; a selfishness and a gratitude bound by "a lively sense of favours to come;" and a greatly exaggerated conception of the duties, powers, and responsibilities of Parliament. It is easy to see that the crudeness of these ideas is apt to exert a reflex influence over the individual and collective character of the people. The independence of character which has been acquired since the reform of the conditions in the system of land tenure is liable to be sapped by an expectant attitude towards the State, which is justified neither by fact nor by equity. But it must be remembered that the political education of the people has only commenced, and that in time

the crude conceptions which at present prevail will, one may hope, be rectified. In past years the people have been educated in party politics only; now, however, the party shibboleth is much more rarely heard.

One feature of Highland sociology worthy of notice is the gradual decline in importance of the landed class, and the growing importance of the middle or commercial class. No doubt this is due in a large measure to the action of the wave of democracy which has swept over the whole country during the last quarter of the century. But in the Highlands, there have been special causes which are not far to seek. In any case, there can be little doubt that at the present day, the balance of power in the Highlands largely lies in the hands of the business men of the towns. It is gratifying to think that they are using this power in a legitimate and, as a rule, practical and praiseworthy manner. If there is a tendency to over-acrimoniousness in discussion; if personalities are too freely indulged in; they must be ascribed to the pugnacious temperament of the Highlander. If their methods are often drastic, and occasionally Quixotic, their zeal must be their excuse. But in this direction, also, there is a tendency towards a softening of asperities, a greater urbanity of temper, and the introduction of Matthew Arnold's principle of "sweetness and light," all of which make for tolerance of opinion combined with effectiveness of work. It is also gratifying to observe that a sincere sympathy is felt, and a powerful influence is exerted, by the middle class on behalf of the struggling crofters and fishermen, who are so little qualified either by training or circumstances to help themselves. Thrift, a hitherto unknown and, in many cases, an impossible factor in the lives of the submerged class, is being tardily inculcated as a sacred duty, and the doctrine of self-help is being recognised by the people themselves as an obligation which imperatively rests upon them. A pleasing instance of this was recently afforded in Lewis, where the fishermen spontaneously came forward with an offer to establish a fund, having as its object the relief of suffering caused by the appalling loss of life which too frequently accompanies the prosecution of the fishing industry in that island. In former years, when these fishing disasters occurred, outside assistance was, as a matter of course, looked for as the sole means of relieving the distress. The changed attitude is a circumstance which deserves to be noted. Fortunately the improvements in harbour accommodation and in the class of fishing boat now used will tend to diminish in the future the number of these sad occurrences. The fishing industry of the west coast is about to receive an impetus from the construction of

light railways, which will afford much-needed facilities for marketing the fish.

Machinery, tardily set in motion by Parliament, is at work, having as its professed object the amelioration, more particularly, of the unhappy lot of those who inhabit the crowded areas of the Highlands and Islands. Notwithstanding the obvious defects of this machinery, it should have a fair trial; it must be judged by whatever results it may achieve. It may appear a paradox to assert that the agrarian troubles in the Highlands have all along been attributable to an over-sufficiency and an insufficiency of land. That fact, however, lies at the root of the matter. Square miles untenanted by human beings in some parts; in others, congested areas crowded with semi-starved men and women. Nothing is easier, one would think, than to adjust matters by taking from the land which hath and giving to that which hath not. And in principle this superficial solution of the difficulty is absolutely unassailable, but its practical demonstration bristles with difficulties. Emigrate, the congested people will not, and there the matter ends for all practical purposes. In the circumstances, the question whether or not emigration would be a desirable solution of the problem possesses an academic interest only.

And here one comes in contact with a feeling underlying the Highlander character which has always been, and is now, a dominant factor in the life of the average Highlander. You ask me what lay at the root of the '15 and the '45? I answer, sentiment. You ask me what has made the Highland regiments the most effective fighting machine in Christendom? Again, I reply, sentiment. Why is it that some Highlanders prefer poverty in their native hills to comfort in the plains of the stranger? Once more, it is sentiment. In a study of the true inwardness of the Highlander's character, and of the principles that mould his life and actions, it is absolutely fatal to ignore the existence and the far-reaching operations of this factor. To the want of its recognition are due, in a large measure, the misconceptions of the Highlander which sometimes prevail in non-Highland quarters, and the mistakes which have been made in dealing with the social and political problems which have pressed upon the Highlands. Sentiment is a plant which thrives on the hills but withers on the plains. Himself by nature a comparative stranger to the stronger influences of sentiment, the Saxon has failed to grasp the true significance of this inheritance of the Celt. It is only when due regard shall have been paid to it, that remedial legislation can achieve the most beneficent and permanent results, and that recruiting for the services of

the State can again become popularised in the Highlands.

Here, it will be observed, we have got a step further than the merely material progress and prosperity to which attention has already been directed. Material progress in itself is a small matter unless accompanied by a corresponding development of national character. How does the Highlander stand in respect of his higher self, in the tendencies of his character, "that reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means" as Emerson terms it. It must, one fears, be admitted that some of the primitive virtues which at one time shed so distinctive a halo over the Highlander are no longer so much in evidence. The influences of daily-increasing contact with the outside world are being exerted with mixed results. Beneficent as that contact has been in quickening the Highlander's mental faculties, in ridding him of indolent and procrastinating habits, it may be doubted whether it is all gain. Expansion and contraction are sometimes twin-brothers. Progress and retrogression may walk hand in hand. A widening of the social mental horizon is often accompanied by a narrowing of the spiritual vision. The Highlander is better equipped with material and mental goods, but is he still the essence of courtesy, of hospitality, of reverence, the soul of chivalry, the synonym for honour; is he, in short, at the present day, as formerly, essentially one of Nature's gentlemen? The tendency of the present day, both in the Highlands and, more particularly, in the large centres of population, is to crush the finer feelings out of a man; and it seems to me that it would be more profitable if greater stress were laid at Highland gatherings on the importance of emulating the chivalry, the devotion, the fine sense of honour, of our forefathers, than in belauding mere feats of prowess which are equally characteristic of the most barbarous communities.

The emotional side of the Highlander's nature finds its chief expression in his religious exercises. And here again his attitude has of late years undergone certain modifications which will in the future yield important results. His outlook has widened considerably. Innovations, at the mere suggestion of which, his hands would formerly have been held up in pious horror, are now adopted without opposition or even comment. As a result of the broadening of his views, intolerance in religious matters is passing away. The iron rigorousness of a past generation finds a considerably smaller place in the religious economy of the present-day Highlander. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the effects of this latitudinarian spirit, which has coincided with a decline in the influence of the

clergy, no one will seriously question the beneficent results which have accrued from the practical recognition of the doctrine of charity. The morality of the present-day Highlander is probably on a higher plane than ever it was, notwithstanding a possible decline in the fervour of his religiosity. Superstitions are being gradually relegated to a past of imaginative extravagances, but the poetry of that past is disappearing with them; that is inevitable.

Intellectual life in the Highlands has received a stimulus during the last few years from the wave of Celtic literary fervour, which, having its inception in Ireland, has extended to Celtic Scotland. The so-called renaissance has, so far, produced in Celtic literature two writers of undoubted genius, while the impetus it has given to the study of pre-existing native literature and music, and to Celtic research generally, is of the first importance. Highlanders have become more than ever alive to the fact that the Gaelic language possesses a store of literature, which of itself constitutes a sufficient *raison d'être* for the preservation of the ancient tongue, apart from the sentiment and the educational value which likewise appertain to it. The perpetuation of the Highland dress may have its root in sentiment, as distinguished from convenience, but the perpetuation of the Gaelic language carries with it reason as well as sentiment, and sentiment as well as reason.

From this hasty review of the situation in the Highlands at the present day, as compared with the conditions which previously prevailed, it may, one ventures to think, be safely predicted that a happier era is at hand, and a brighter vista is opening up, for our native Highlands and for our fellow-Highlanders. The sun is breaking through the clouds which darken the horizon, and, in due time, a blaze of light will herald the birth of a day, which will bring with it greater gladness and truer peace to our beloved country than it has ever enjoyed.

London.

WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Following the General Court held on the 21st inst., at the Holborn Restaurant, there was a Dinner, presided over by Mr. Donald Andrew, which proved a most enjoyable function. It was the custom formerly for members to dine together after each General Court held four or five times a year; and, from the success which attended the revival of this custom, it is not likely that it will be allowed to lapse again. The Highland Society has just voted its annual donation of twenty-five guineas to both the Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Asylum; and the usual valuable gold medal for Piobaireachd Playing, presented yearly to both the Northern Meeting, Inverness, and the Argyllshire Gathering, Oban, will also be forwarded in due course.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

—:—:—

A LAMENT.

THIS song is by Evan MacColl, and is well worth the attention of Gaelic singers who are very apt to confine themselves to a limited number of already popular songs, without adding anything new to their stock. The air to which the words are adapted is taken from the "Gesto Collection," where it goes by the

name "Alastair mo roghainn"—Alister my choice. The translation is by Mr. Angus Mackintosh, whose poetical efforts have frequently graced the pages of this magazine. The translator has made the most of a measure which is very difficult when dealing with English words. C. M. P.

RANNAN CUMHAIDH.

LE EOGHANN MAC COLLA.

GLEUS C. Gu tìrsach.

AIR Fonn "Alastair mo roghainn."

: d , r	m : m : s , m	m . r : d : s , l	d' : d : d' , l	l . s : m
Och mo	chridhe! cìod e'n	ceòl - an	Chuireas	fòg - radh air do
Oh! my	heart, what song can	cheer thee,	Or dispel	thy pain and
				sad - ness!

: d' , r'	m' : m' : r' , d'	d' : m : d' , r'	d' . t : l : s , m	r : d
Cha'n e	fonn nam feadan	glé-bhinn	No ceòl theud an diugh ni	stàth dhomh.
Pipe or	harp in this	bereavement	Cannot turn my woe to	gladness.

Mo thruaighe mise nach sgeul bréige
An dubh-sgeul tha nis ri innseadh!
M' euidail fein de mhnaibh an domhain
Bhi 'sa chiste chumham sinte!

'N uair tha tosdachd cho neo-thimeil
Air a' ghuth bha caoinhneil, aobhach,
'S ùir a' falacbadh na h-ionnhaigh
Nach fac duine riamh gun ghaol di.

'N uair 's e ùrlar fliuch na h-uaigne
Th' aig mo luaidh mar leabaidh-phòsaidh;
'N uair 's e 'm Bàs fear-bainne m' uain-sa,
Co nach sìleadh cuan de dheòiribh!

Cìod e dhòmhsa teachd an Earraich?
Cha'n 'eil m' uisge tuille ceòlmhor;
Mhìll an doireann mo lios cùbhraidh
Shearg an reothadh m' ùr-ros bòidheach.

An ròs a's grinne dath 'sa ghàradh,
'S e gun dàil a thèid a' ghàradh;
'S och nan och! an cridhe 's blàithe,
'S e 's luaithe chàirear fo na leacabha.

Co b' e thuir riut "Tìr na Dìochuimhn"
Uaigne dhuibh! cha b' fhirinn dhà sud;
Dhaibh-san a bheir luchd an gaoil duit,
Tìr na cuimhne, Tìr an cràidh thu!

Mo cheud rùn, 's mo rùn gu bràth*thu!
Gus an càirear leac is ùir orm,
Bidh mo chridhe daonnaan làn dìot,
Bidh 'nam dhàn 's 'nam chòmhradh cliù ort.

Would 't were false—this painful story
That has pierced me to the marrow—
My beloved—of women fairest—
Laid out in her coffin narrow.

Now that silence seems untimely
To her voice melodious cheerful;
Now that dust enfolds her image,
Whose the eyes could be untearful!

Now that the grave, cold and dismal,
Is my loved one's bridal bower;
And grim death her ghastly bridegroom,
My tears fall fast, like thunder shower.

What to me is Spring's bright advent,
Since my lark is mute and tuneless!
Death's keen frost my rose has blasted,
And my garden is perfumeless.

Of the fairest, sweetest blossom
From its stem is earliest shaken;
And the heart that beats the warmest
Foremost to the graveyard taken.

Thy name, O dark grave, some bard has
"Land of the Forgotten" rendered;
But to those who loved ones gave thee,
Thou art "Land of the Remembered."

My first love, my love for all time.
In my song and speech I'll praise thee;
In my heart thou'll still be reigning
When death's advent shall release me.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1898

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OUR NEXT ISSUE

Will appear about the middle of July and will take the form of a grand "Summer Number." In addition to its interesting literary and artistic features we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Bogle, London; Mr. John Cran, of Buncbrew, Inverness-shire; and Mr. George Reay Mackay, Chinde, East Africa.

THE LATE JAMES MACPHERSON.—We regret to announce the death of this well-known Badenoch Celt—late of the Union Bank, Edinburgh—which took place at Dalnavert on 25th ulto. Mr. MacPherson went to Edinburgh at an early age, and was connected with the Union Bank for over forty years. Owing to failing health he retired from his appointment a year or two ago and went to spend the evening of his days in his native parish of Alvie. There, after a long illness, he passed away at the age of sixty-one. His remains were removed to Kingussie to the residence of his brother, Provost MacPherson, and were conveyed from thence to their final resting place amid kindred dust in St. Columba Churchyard. Mr. MacPherson was much devoted to antiquarian pursuits, and had accumulated much information, as well as many rare and interesting works bearing on the Highlands. When Professor Blackie was writing his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands" he frequently consulted Mr. MacPherson, and in that interesting volume he expresses his indebtedness to him for the perusal of many rare works bearing on the poetry and music of the Scottish Highlands. Most courteous and obliging, many workers in the Gaelic field will miss his kindly counsel and ready help.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.—The minor Septs of Clan Chattan is now almost ready for binding, and we hope to be able to forward the subscribers' copies about the beginning of July. The volume is got up in the best possible style, and will be a handsome and valuable addition to Highland literature. The price to subscribers is 21/-; but will probably be increased on publication to £2 2/-, as nearly the whole issue is already subscribed for.

THE BLACK ISLE: A TWOFOLD MISNOMER.

SIR—I read with deep interest the papers which appeared in the May and June *Celtic Monthly* from the pen of the Rev. J. Sinclair, under the heading "The Black Isle: a twofold misnomer." Though I cannot agree with him in the derivation of all the twenty words discussed, yet he has brought forward most substantial arguments in support of the view that *duth*, in *an t-eilean duth*, does not signify black but is connected with St. Duthac. I heartily congratulate Mr. Sinclair on the result of his research so far as it goes. He, however, only deals with but one half of "the twofold misnomer," discussing the word *duth* but not the word *eilean*. If it be inappropriate to call the so-called Black Isle black, it is equally inappropriate to call it an island, as it is not surrounded by water.

I would venture to suggest that *eilean* is a corrupt form of *Allan*, a grassy place or meadow, and a cognate of *fàl* a green turf, whence the Scottish *fàl* as in "fàl dyke." Within the Black Isle and in its neighbourhood are such place-names as Allan-grange, Allanfearn, Bogallan, and Allan to denote green grassy places. This of itself would make the suggested derivation probable, and much more suitable to a beautiful place like the Black Isle. I know, however, of two places in the Reay country where the forms *eilean* and *allan* are interchangeable. To the East of Borgie, in the parish of Tongue, there is a green spot with traces of a ruined house, which tradition says was given by the King of Scotland to Farquhar Beaton, the famous physician, who built a hunting lodge there. Some of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood call it *Allan nan Gall*, others *Eilean nan Gall*. Of course, the terms *Gall* was in ancient times applied to West Islanders, and the islands of Lewis the Hebrides, etc., were called *Innis Gall*; so that the name *Allan nan Gall* would mean the meadow land of the West Islanders. There is another green spot in the parish of Farr (Reay country) called sometimes *Allan a' Challaiddh*, at other times *Eilean a' Challaiddh*. If a native who pronounces either of these places *eilean* be asked what he means by calling them "islands," he at once replies that he should have pronounced it *allan*. Here then at the present day we see the corruption from *allan* to *eilean* going on, and have an illustration of how *Allan Dunc* became *Eilean Duth*. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair, who so ably treated the latter part of the name, will at some future date, give us in the "*Celtic Monthly*" a paper on the first vocable of the so-called *Eilean Duth*. I am sure he will find many traces of the now almost unused Gaelic word *allan* within the Black Isle, and as he knows the locality well can easily pick them out.

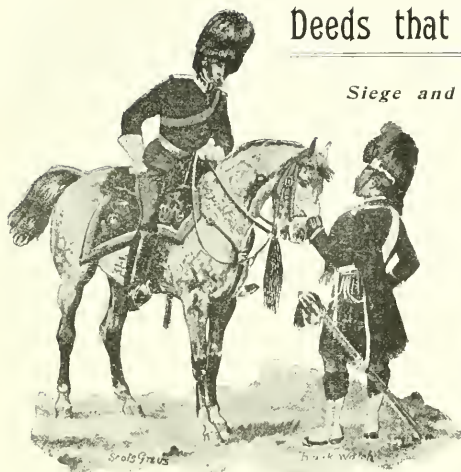
Yours etc.,

F. C. Mansie, Westerdale,
Caithness, 8th June, 1898.

ANGUS MACKAY.

Deeds that won the Empire.

Siege and Capture of Louisbourg.



though they had been reinforced, as had been expected. He might, therefore, have remained on the spot to execute some other enterprise, when he would be reinforced in his turn. Abercrombie was recalled."

Such was the fright given to the French by the fierceness of the attack, that in a few weeks after Abercrombie's retreat they evacuated Ticonderoga, immediately after the fall of Louisbourg.

Early in May, 1758, General Amherst had 12,000 men ready to undertake its siege and reduction, and on being joined at Halifax by Admiral Boscawen, he embarked his column, amongst whom were the Fraser Highlanders, a noble regiment of 1460 rank and file strong, who had never heard a shot fired in anger, except some of them who had followed the banner of the Stuarts till it was trailed in the gore of Culloden.

On the 28th May, 1758, the fleet put to sea from Halifax to Louisbourg. Such a gallant display was never before seen in American waters. This fleet consisted of one hundred and fifty-seven ships, all told, twenty ships of line, eighteen frigates, many bomb-ketches, fire ships, and transports. The troops were 1st Battalion Royal Scots, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 28th, 35th, 40th, 45th, 47th, 58th, two battalions of the 60th or Royal Americans, the old 78th or Fraser's Highlanders, and the new England Rangers. The Brigadier Generals were Lawrence, Monkton, Whitmore, and the heroic Wolfe, whom we last heard of at Culloden, where he refused, at the command of Cumberland, to shoot a helpless wounded Highlander on the field who scowled at the Duke, nobly replying "My commission is at your Grace's command, not my pistol to shoot a wounded helpless enemy."

The armament came to anchor in the bay of Gabarus, seven miles from Louisbourg, then an important and flourishing city, next in importance to Quebec, and strongly fortified. It had been captured by the British fleet and forces in 1745, and restored to France in 1748 by the peace treaty of that year. It was now defended by upwards of 5000 regulars, militia, Canadians and Indians. Six ship of the line and five frigates protected the harbour, which is six miles long and a half mile wide. The ruins of Louisbourg are now covered by moss and turf, a few

IN a previous chapter, the different expeditions intended for the conquest of the whole of Canada were sketched out, and in the last was described the attack upon Ticonderoga, which wofully miscarried. When tidings of this miscarriage, the bravery evinced by the "Black Watch" and the loss the enemy sustained, reached the remote glens of the Highlands, a strong sentiment of vengeance was excited amongst all Highlanders; so much was this the case, that when recruits were called for to fill up the casualties caused by that untoward event, so many offered themselves from many parts of the Highlands that not only were the casualties speedily replaced, but the surplus was found to be so numerous that King George, who had previously conferred the title "Royal" upon the regiment, immediately issued letters of service to form them into a second battalion for the 42nd, and thus it continued to be till 1786, when this battalion was constituted the 73rd Highlanders, and eventually called the Perthshire regiment.

Censure generally attends miscarriage. It did not spare the character of the unfortunate James Abercrombie, whose attack upon Ticonderoga was denounced as rash, and his retreat as timidity. Smollett says, "How far he acquitted himself in his duty as a General we shall not attempt to determine, but if he could depend upon the courage and discipline of his forces, he surely had nothing to fear after the action from the attempts of the enemy, to whom he would have been superior in number, even

fishermen's huts alone mark the site of its great square and fortifications. On the north side of the square stood the Governor's house and the church. The other three sides were occupied by bombproof barracks, in which, on the appearance of the British ships, the women and children were at once secured, and three of the frigates were sunk at the harbour mouth to bar the entrance.

Through the fog, wind, and a heavy surf beating upon the shore, the fleet lay at anchor in the bay for six days before any landing could be attempted. On the 8th June the violence of the weather abated, and the troops left the fleet in boats in three divisions, that on the left, which was destined for the real attack, was commanded by Brigadier-General Wolfe, consisting of the flank companies of the army and the Fraser Highlanders. It may here be mentioned that some time after this noble regiment along with the "Montgomery Highlanders" had landed at Halifax, it was proposed to change the uniform of the regiment, as the Highland costume was judged unfit for the severe winters and hot summers of North America, and for bush warfare, but the officers and soldiers having set themselves in opposition to the ill-judged plan, and being warmly supported by their Colonel, Simon Fraser, who represented to the Commander-in-Chief the evil consequences that might follow if it were persisted in, the scheme was abandoned. "Thanks to our gracious Chief," said a veteran of the regiment, years afterwards, "we were allowed to wear the garb of our fathers, and in the course of six winters showed the doctors that they did not understand our constitutions, for in the coldest winters our men were more healthy than those regiments who wore breeches and warm clothing." Similar experience was acquired, years after this, in the campaigns of the Peninsula, 1809 to 1814.

Before daybreak on the 8th June the troops were all in the boats; Wolfe, as mentioned, led the left, Lawrence the centre, and Whitmore the right division. Wolfe's division was to land first, protected by the fire from the frigates and sloops. The enemy wisely reserved their fire till the boats of the left divisions were close to the shore, and then directed the whole of their cannon and musketry fire upon them. The other two divisions meanwhile only made a feint of getting to land, in order to divide and distract the attraction of the enemy. The surf was so great that a place could hardly be found to get a boat to shore. Yet, notwithstanding the violence of the surf and the fire of the enemy, the gallant Wolfe with admirable deliberation and courage pursued his point and landed at the left of the cove, took post, attacked the enemy opposing him, and compelled them to give way.

Many boats were upset, several were smashed to pieces, but all the men jumped into the water and waded ashore. The place where the Highlanders landed was occupied by 2000 French infantry entrenched behind a work armed with eight pieces of cannon and ten swivel guns, and commanded by Count St. Julien. The fire of the latter knocked many of the boats to pieces, and numbers of men were killed, wounded, or drowned before they could reach the shore. As they struggled through the surf, two officers and thirty-eight of the Frasers were killed and fifty-nine wounded, but nothing could stop the troops led by so daring a commander. Some of the Highlanders and light infantry got first ashore, and instantly attacked the enemy. The rest came up as fast as they could land, and encouraged by the example of their heroic leader advanced to the aid of their comrades. The French were soon defeated, forced to retire, and Highlanders and light infantry pursued them to the distance of two miles, when they were checked by a cannonade from the town batteries.

This cannonade enabled the General to prove the range of the enemy's guns, and to judge of the exact distance at which he might make his camp for investing the town. The regiments then marched to the various points assigned them and lay all night on their arms. The wind blew a gale and nothing could be obtained from the fleet.

In resisting the landing the loss of the French was considerable. Seventy-three prisoners were made in the pursuit. One Indian chief was killed, round whose neck was a crucifix with a medal representing the King of France in a Roman dress shaking hands with an Indian, and a legend, "Honor et virtus." Seventeen pieces of cannon, two mortars, and fourteen swivels were captured in this spirited action.

For some days the offensive operations went on very slowly. The weather continued so violent that the landing of the stores from the fleet was much retarded, and the nature of the ground was in some places so rocky, in others so swampy, presenting many serious obstacles. On the 11th the six pounder field pieces were landed by the artillery men, who numbered three hundred. Three days after this, a squadron of the fleet, under the command of Admiral Hardy, was fairly blown out to sea by the tempest. On the 19th a French frigate crept out of the harbour, intending to reach Quebec. It was captured. On board of her were found Madame Doncourt, the wife of the Governor of Louisbourg, and many other ladies, with all their plate, jewels, and other very valuable effects.

By the 24th the chief engineer had thirteen twenty-four pounders in position against the place. The first operation was to secure a point

called the Lighthouse Battery, the guns from which could play on the ships and on the batteries on the opposite side of the harbour. This duty was assigned to Wolfe, who executed it with his usual activity and vigour with very little loss, at the head of his gallant Frasers and the flank companies.

On the 25th the fire from this post, won by Wolfe, silenced the island battery immediately opposite. An incessant fire was, however, kept up from the other batteries and shipping of the enemy.

On the night of 9th July a furious sortie was made by the enemy on Lawrence's brigade, but was sharply repulsed. In this affair, Captain the Earl of Dundonald, was killed. There were twenty other casualties. The Captain who led the French was also killed, with seventeen of his men.

On the 16th Wolfe, who was the life and soul of the siege operations, with some grenadiers and his Frasers pushed forward and took possession of the hills in front of the Barasay battery, and a lodgment was made despite of the fire from the guns of the town and ships. One of the latter, a line of battle-ship, caught fire on the 21st and blew up, the fire being communicated to two others which burned to water's edge. These events nearly decided the fate of Louisbourg. The guns were almost silenced, and the fortifications shattered to the ground, but to effect the capture of the harbour one decisive blow yet remained to be struck. For this purpose the Admiral, on the night of the 25th July, sent six hundred seamen in boats, with orders to take, or burn, the two ships of the line that remained in the harbour, resolving if they succeeded to send in some of his larger vessels to bombard the town. This enterprise was most gallantly executed by the seamen commanded by Captains Balfour and Laforey. They succeeded in cutting out the two sixty-four gun-ships. While the brave seamen were about this desperate service General Amherst ordered all his batteries to fire into the enemy's works, and as much as possible to keep their attention to the land. Before one in the morning of the 26th the two French ships were in the possession of the British blue-jackets. It is pleasing to add that the gallant Captains were at once promoted, and their two Lieutenants made Commanders. The Captains in after years were knighted, and died Admirals of the Royal Navy.

Next day, the 26th July, the Admiral was preparing to carry out his resolution to bombard the town, when terms of capitulation arrived from the Chevalier de Doncourt. The works were ruined, out of fifty-two pieces of cannon on the walls, no less than forty were broken,

dismounted, or unserviceable. The terms agreed upon were, the garrison to become prisoners of war, all artillery and war stores to be given up, that merchants and inhabitants should be carried to France, and the prisoners to England, till exchanged. Louisbourg was next day taken possession of by Colonel Rollo of Duncrub. The total number of prisoners were 5,637 officers and men, 120 pieces of cannon, 18 mortars, 7,500 stand of arms, and 11 colours were captured, besides 11 ships of war, mounting in all 498 guns, were sunk, burnt, or taken.

The total loss sustained by the fleet and army in the siege and capture of Louisbourg was 525. The Fraser Highlanders lost nearly one-fourth of that number.

Hereford.

JOHN MACKAY.

SHEILA'S OPINIONS.

THEY were mostly original, a few were peculiar, but all of them were emphatic. She was not afraid to express them either; indeed she was known to have enunciated them upon occasions when she was perfectly aware they would meet with scorn and contumely. But she had the courage of her opinions, and that carried both her and them triumphantly through many a battle. Strange to say, original, peculiar, or emphatic as they were, nobody was ever seriously offended by them, for they were as open, genuine, and natural as Sheila herself, and that is saying a great deal in their favour.

"The lassie will never be settled if she says such foolish things," sighed Aunt Crissy.

"Leave her alone, mother," laughed the laird "she is the best, the freshest, the most delightful lassie in all the Scottish Highlands, and if she doesn't get 'settled,' all the better for you and me."

The laird was a shrewd young man, and remembered the piles of "heather hose," the warm driving gloves, the neatly mended garments, which certainly owed nothing to Mrs. M'Arthur's industry. He did not want Sheila to settle; Tillievor could not spare her yet.

"And when will you be asking Alice Mackay? you are very slow, Donald," said Sheila cheerfully, as she swung herself up to the window ledge of the gun-room, the better to look down upon her cousin.

"Well! I'll wait till I'm sure she'll say 'yes.' 'No' would quite bowl me over you see," he replied with a laugh. "But she may ask me. It's leap year you know, Sheila."

"And why shouldn't she if she wants to?" demanded Sheila with asperity. "Hasn't a girl

quite as much right as a man to ask such a question? It is simply ridiculous the old fashioned custom of leaving all the questions to the man. Why should a stupid man have a privilege above a clever girl or woman, Don?"

"I'm sure I don't know, said Don, rubbing up his dark curls perplexedly; "I've never ventured to ask that all-important question myself yet, so if Alice Mackay will save me the trouble and any amount of blushing and stammering, I am sure I'll be quite grateful to her."

"Rubbish," cried Sheila scornfully, "you can't blush, Don, you only wish to make sure first, like all the rest of your mean sex."

"That must be it," said Don equably. "But it's worth while waiting for Alice to make some sign," he added with conviction.

"It is," answered Sheila, coolly. Presently she changed the subject in her customary abrupt manner.

"You will never guess what I heard to-day, Don? The English Cockney who has taken Inchoilla has cut out the 'in' from his name and substituted 'ert,' so he is now 'Samuel Robertson, Esquire,' if you please, and one of the clan. Its a fact, Don! Cameron, the post-man, told me. The vanity of these English *parvenus* is simply astounding. They make a pile of money in trade, then rush to the Highlands, buy an estate from one of the ancient families, and behold! they are Highland lairds at a bound. They go about in kilts, with the wind cutting their poor, thin, white knees, and fancy that 'their foot is on their native heath.' They talk of 'sport,' of 'big bags,' and 'royal heads' so learnedly, one would never imagine they were such wretched shots that the ghillies have to do it all for them. It is just through them that the country is going to ruin, I say."

"Of course, my dear," acquiesced Don mildly.

"And I'm certain," she resumed briskly, "that the little nobody who has just bought poor cousin Colin's land, would have purchased the 'Mac' of the old name with it if he could."

"He would, my dear, he said as much," murmured Don.

"Of course!" she cried triumphantly. And a nice laird for Altnacroich Mr. Spink will make! His pile was made in beer, or tallow, or pork, or soap, I suppose?" she ended breathlessly, with her pretty chin in the air.

"I think it was iron," ventured Don.

"Oh well! it was trade anyway, so its all one," she declared grandly, and naturally her cousin was crushed.

"Spink! Neville Spink!" she resumed, "good heavens! what a name," and quite over-come she fanned herself violently with the laird's cap

"I'm going to see old Katie," she announced

shortly afterwards; "Katie is Mr. Spink's tenant now, and probably he has given the poor old soul notice to quit. I wouldn't put it past him," she added viciously.

"Take care, Sheila, you need to cross Mac-Master's farm, and he has got a new bull, a terribly savage beast," said Don anxiously "promise to be careful."

"Oh! all right!" cried the girl, jumping from her perch and putting on her hat. "I'll look well before I cross the dykes."

"Where are you going, Don?" she enquired affably, as she prepared to start

"I!—oh, I'm going for a little shooting with 'the Mac Spink,'" answered Don gravely, and Sheila made a dignified retreat.

But the dignity went to the winds the moment she was out of sight. Sitting down on the heather she actually rocked with uncontrollable mirth, the tears running down her flushed cheeks.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she gasped. "It's the best joke I've heard for ages. 'The Mac Spink!' I'll never be able to face that man decently if Don brings him to call." And another paroxysm shook her.

"I'll be even with Don though," she declared, her eyes still glistening, "I'll give him as good, no fear."

Stuffing her handkerchief away she took out her pocket crayons and an old envelope. With many gurgles of suppressed laughter she proceeded to sketch a lanky Englishman of the usual tourist type, with an eye-glass stuck in his eye, and phenomenally thin limbs, utterly void of calves. This elegant creature she attired in a kilt, wherein gaudy orange, vivid blue, pea-green, and rose pink were artistically and hideously combined in a most fearful pattern of checks. Then writing under her production the brief title "The Mac Spink—his tartan," with another burst of merriment, she pocketed her sketch and went her way gaily.

Three hours later the laird of Tillievor and his new neighbour were striding up a steep hill, their guns in the hollow of their arms. The master of Altnacroich was a fine specimen of the blond Saxon race, and self-made man as he might be, compared not unfavourably with the long-descended, blue-blooded Celt beside him. He was tall, clean-limbed, strong and manly, with a handsome, good natured face, though a certain squareness of jaw and firm set of mouth hinted at a temper which could be raised upon occasion. He was thirty-five, not much older than his companion.

"We are on MacMaster's farm now," he remarked. "I've a good mind to look him up and see if he has got rid of that vicious bull yet, the creature is a terror to the district."

"Is it so savage as all that?" queried Don.

"It's a perfect demon, I believe," answered the Englishman.

"I hope to goodness Sheila won't meet it! she is out hereabout, I know," said Don uneasily.

"Look! MacArthur! what's that over there?" cried Mr. Spink suddenly. He was the taller of the two, and could see over the rough dyke they were approaching. Donald MacArthur gave a cry of horror.

"It's Sheila, and the brute is after her," he called hoarsely, and cleared the dyke at a bound.

Far away on the opposite hillside two objects were visible, a white fleeing figure and a huge dun yellow mass careering some distance behind. A faint cry came on the breeze, a cry of agony and despair. That the girl would be overtaken ere they could reach her, they saw, even while they tore along to her rescue. The range was a long one, but to try was their only resource to save her, and both were good marksmen. Suddenly Don dropped upon one knee and raised his gun. His companion followed his example, for the Englishman feared that his friend in his excitement might miss; so he waited cool and steady. Donald fired; the yellow mass seemed to waver then bounded on; he had only enraged the brute further by wounding it. He uttered a fierce despairing oath, but sharp as an echo to the first, a second shot rang out as the Englishman fired. The huge animal leaped into the air, plunged wildly forward, and fell a great shapeless heap close to the prostrate form of the girl, who had fallen before either shot was fired. MacArthur turned his pale face towards his friend.

"Thank God for your nerve and pluck, you have saved her," he said with glistening eyes.

A few minutes, and they were kneeling beside her. The beast might not have reached her, but her dress was torn, her hat gone, her dark hair fallen in disorder. She soon revived, and as her cousin lifted her, MacSpink picked up some articles that had dropped from her tattered pocket—a letter and a box of crayons—putting them into his own pocket for the time being. Sheila leant against Don, dazed and white.

"Did that yellow devil reach you, dear? are you hurt?" questioned the Laird anxiously.

"No!" she answered faintly, "Oh! take care! take care!" she cried, struggling to rise as she caught sight of her fallen enemy near her.

"Don't be afraid dear," said Don soothingly, "the brute is dead! Spink sent a bullet through his heart." And the Englishman thought how lovely the Highland girl was, when a wave of crimson rose to the very roots of her dark hair. Though she did not speak he felt amply rewarded. She was quite herself by evening, and had been very sweet and gentle to the Sassenach owner of Altnacroich, though some

what puzzled by the expression she surprised in his eyes occasionally when they met her own. She had thanked him with a faltering voice for saving her life, and he had accepted her thanks simply, like the gentleman he was. As he took his leave on the moon-lit lawn he handed her the articles he had picked up.

"They had fallen from your pocket when you fainted," he explained quietly. The hand with which she took them trembled like a leaf.

"Oh Don, look here! see what he has carried in his own pocket for me all day," she cried in distress, "What a mean, hateful, spiteful thing I was ever to draw that." And quite overcome she laid her head down on the couch, sobbing with shame.

Don's shout of laughter roused her, she sprang up and faced him, her eyes flashing.

"If he gave me that back without seeing it, he is a gentleman though his father may have been a crossing sweeper," she cried defiantly. "And if he could retain it after seeing it, he is a better gentleman than the Prince of Wales himself.

"I believe you, my dear, and I think he did see it," answered Don coolly. But he did not tell his cousin how heartily he and MacSpink had laughed over the sketch a few hours earlier.

"You had better make up your mind to come to Tillievor, Alice, for Sheila has made her's up to leave it, said Don one October evening, as he and pretty Alice Mackay stood together in the window recess. "Sheila is deserting us basely, going over to the enemy. She has changed her opinions entirely, became a regular renegade, scouts all the traditions, beliefs, and creeds of the race. Henceforward her place will be in the camp of the Aliens. Promise you'll come, Alice."

"You had better say 'yes' Alice, for it is true. It will soon be 'going—going—gone!' with me, said a lugubrious voice from the dusky corner by the wide hearth.

"Going with her beloved Neville to be happy ever after," drawled Don, not one whit disconcerted by his love-making being overheard.

"Nothing of the sort," retorted the voice, no longer lugubrious but brisk and decided. "I am going with The MacSpink."

And there was a saucy laugh with a deep masculine echo, as the room door was sharply shut—Sheila had gone with "The MacSpink."

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

GAELIC TEACHING IN THE MACKAY COUNTRY.—Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, Rev. Angus Mackay, Westerdale, Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, and other clansmen have arranged to visit the Reay country in September to form classes for the study of Gaelic and Highland music in each parish. We shall be glad to hear from any clansmen who would like to take part in the trip.

KENNETH MACRAE, BELFAST.

MR. MACRAE is a representative of the ancient house of Inverinate; and on his mother's side he is connected with the Dallas' of Cantray, a family of old standing in Inverness-

shire, whose chief was killed at Culloden, fighting for Prince Charlie, and the family estates forfeited.

He was born at Arkendeth, Ross-shire, where his father was a farmer. The family having later removed to Belfast, where his father had been appointed to manage Lord Deemore's Belvoir Park Estate, Mr MacRae entered as an apprentice in the employment of Messrs. John Lytle & Sons, one of the largest firms in the wholesale seed business in the kingdom, where he remained upwards of twenty-one years, during which time he filled many important positions, and for several years past acted as traveller.

Evincing from his earliest years a great interest in the breeding of all kinds of live stock, he was naturally anxious to enter a business which would further tend to develop his tastes in this direction, and on the position of Secretary and Manager to the North-East Agricultural Association becoming vacant some two years ago, Mr. MacRae was unanimously appointed to the post, and has since given proof of his aptitude for overcoming obstacles, and getting through a great deal of arduous work, and has shown by that perseverance, courtesy and indomitable pluck peculiar to the Highlander that he is the right man in the right place.

That Mr. MacRae is highly respected and popular in business circles was evidenced by a valuable presentation which was made to him by his fellow travellers on receiving his present appointment. A handsome challenge cup, valued at 110 Guineas, subscribed for by commercial gentlemen, was at Mr. MacRae's request presented to the Council of the North-East Agricultural Association, in token of their esteem for the worthy Secretary. Mr. MacRae was also presented with an illuminated address. Several speakers bore eloquent testimony to Mr. MacRae's good qualities, affirming that "a more upright, independent, and straight-forward man they had never known." It is very pleasing to find our countrymen, when they go into other parts, thus earning the respect and good-will of those among whom their lot is cast. Mr. MacRae's father was equally esteemed by his Irish neighbours, and on several occasions

was the recipient of tangible tokens of their regard. It may interest our readers to learn that an uncle of Mr. MacRae's recently left a legacy for Strathcarron Free Church, and a large sum of money for educational purposes in his native parish.

**THE BROYNACH SINCLAIRS AND
THE EARLDOM OF CAITHNESS.**

AS my name has of late been somewhat prominently associated with the Broynach claim to the now practically titular Earldom of Caithness, it may possibly interest the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* to be told the exact grounds on which the claim rests. I shall endeavour to set before them as brief a statement of these as will be consistent with a clear comprehension of the subject.

The elder people of our family had always a constant and well ascertained tradition that we were descended from Donald Sinclair, the youngest son of David Sinclair of Broynach by his housekeeper; but whether this Donald was born in or out of wedlock was a question which seemed to them to be very doubtful. Donald Sinclair, or "the Sailor" as he was called, because he owned two vessels, the "Rose" and the "Thistle," was married to Catherine Sinclair, a sister of Ephraim Sinclair who long held the farm of Rosemarkie in the last century, and whose tombstone can still be seen in the churchyard of Avoch. The eldest son of Donald and Catherine Sinclair was William Sinclair, who was my great-grandfather. All these Sinclairs at first belonged to Caithness, and traded between Sarclet and Avoch long before any of them settled down in the so-called Black-isle. William, when very young, married Isabella Cameron, and from 1758 to 1760 held the farm of Isauld in Reay, where at least one member of his family was born and baptised, as seen in the register of that parish. In 1760, on account of an unfortunate tumult into which he was literally dragged in that unsettled time, he was obliged to leave Reay, and went to live in the Black-isle. He first held the farm of Killen, on the Rosebaugh estate. Then he proceeded to the farm of Munloch on the Kilcoy estate, which he held until 1784, when he took a lease of Muirends, now forming part of the farm of Balnakyle. He died in December, 1788, and was survived by four sons and a daughter. The original lease of Muirends and William Sinclair's Last Will and Testament are still extant. Muirends was held by our family for sixty-six years, or up to 1850, when we got notice from



KENNETH MACRAE.

the Kilcoy Trustees to quit as our farm was to be added to the neighbouring farm of Balnakyle.

The names of William Sinclair's four sons in their order of birth were John, Charles, Alexander, and James. John died in 1798, leaving a widow but no children. The papers of his sale are still extant. Charles died unmarried in 1795. Alexander died in 1800, leaving a widow and a son, Alexander, who died unmarried in 1828. James married Christina Jack in 1798, and by her had a large family of sons and daughters. My father, John, born in 1806, was his eldest son. James Sinclair died in 1834. John Sinclair, my father, married Janet Mackenzie, and by her had a large family, of whom I am the eldest son, and now the only remaining son. He died in 1886.

I may here add that my grandmother, Widow James Sinclair, who died in 1859, was a very good genealogist, and, when I was a boy, I heard her several times expatiating on the merits of the Sinclairs in Muirreids and of their forbears, and tracing back their descent to the laird of Broynach. She could clear up the Rosemarkie connection with the "Ephraim" family very thoroughly. I remember in January, 1880, at my mother's funeral, that my late father explained to me, in the Avoch Churchyard, the Ephraim Sinclair stone, and the connection of Ephraim with our family. "Ephraim Sinclair," said he, "was my grandfather's uncle by the mother's side. My great-grandfather, Donald Sinclair, the son of Broynach, was married to Ephraim's sister."

The above then is the family tradition as known to me prior to 1889. I confess I did not pay so much attention to it as I ought; and though I frequently heard of Broynach, I probably could not tell who that mythical person was, or where he stood on the Caithness family tree. Indeed from the growing remoteness of its origin in the past, and from there having been nothing of a stirring nature to keep it alive, this family tradition, at one time so vivid, was in danger of being wholly obliterated; but, strange to say, when it was apparently about to die, it suddenly sprang up again into newness of life!

In 1889, during the sitting of the General Assemblies of the Churches, the last Mey Earl of Caithness died very suddenly in Edinburgh, and under circumstances over which it were well to draw a kindly veil. He was succeeded in the title by Mr. James Augustus Sinclair, of the Durran branch, who was then a Bank Agent at Aberdeen; but Barrogill Castle and the estates of Mey were found to be gifted by will to an Englishman who was no relative at all, and not even a Sinclair, and thus the new Earl did not possess a single acre of land in Caithness,

nor, so far as known, in any other part of the British Isles. There can be no question that the Durran Sinclairs are the true heirs and successors of the Mey Sinclairs. They are the true heirs of the Mey Baronetcy, which nobody ever challenged; they ought to have succeeded to the Mey estates; and if the Ratters and Meys were true Earls, Sir John Sutherland Sinclair of Mey is also entitled to be regarded as the true Earl of Caithness. But they were not the true Earls, as will be seen in the sequel, and therefore he cannot be the true Earl now.

In the same year of 1889 some able papers were published in the now defunct *Highland Monthly* from the pen of Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Town Clerk of Inverness, a Solicitor, which proved conclusively that in the protracted contest for the Earldom of Caithness in the last century between James Sinclair, grandson of David Sinclair of Broynach, and William Sinclair of Ratter, the former was unjustly ousted from the Earldom by the latter, and that had the former lived longer he would have undoubtedly regained the lost dignity; but that he died in 1788 without posterity, or collateral successors in the Broynach line, and therefore that the struggle died with him. Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A., the eminent Caithness historian and antiquary, followed Mr. Macdonald with a paper which not only confirmed the fact of the marriage of Broynach to Janet Ewing, and the consequent injustice done to James Sinclair, but also showed that although the line of David, Broynach's son by his second wife, was extinct when James Sinclair died in 1788, the descendants of his youngest son Donald were numerous and held important positions both in this country and the colonies; and that now the great problem was to find out the eldest representative of that line, because this representative was entitled by right of blood to be the lawful and only Earl of Caithness. Your readers will at once perceive how it was natural that I should then step forward—which I did—and say "if that is so, I am Donald Sinclair's eldest representative through my great-grandfather, William Sinclair, his eldest son, and through James Sinclair, William's eldest ultimate representative, and through John Sinclair, my father, James Sinclair's eldest son." I can assure your readers that I was as much astonished and amazed as anybody could be at the intimation of Donald Sinclair's *proved* legitimacy, and still more so at the far reaching consequences which this proof of legitimacy would have on all the parties concerned. It is now acknowledged by all competent genealogists that I am "the Senior Representative of the Broynach Sinclairs."

I now proceed to state briefly the proofs of David Sinclair of Broynach's marriage to Janet

Ewing. David Sinclair was married first in 1683 to a daughter of William Sinclair of Dunn, who bore him three children, named John, James, and Elizabeth. This first wife died in 1697, and shortly thereafter one of the Colquhouns of Lass recommended to David, Janet Ewing, daughter of Donald Ewing, the "bonnet laird" of Bernice in Argyllshire, as a suitable person to be his housekeeper. The situation of the widower at that time is thus described by a writer of the last century:—"David Sinclair was the brother of Sinclair of Murkle who became Earl of Caithness, but was in a mean situation, living upon a pendicle of the estate of Murkle without substance or education; so that except his pedigree there was no woman that was not a suitable match for him." "Janet was his servant: they cohabited together, and afterwards married."

A child was born out of wedlock, and David desired to make amends for their fault by marrying Janet. This his brother, Earl John, violently opposed. David requested the parish ministers of Thurso and Olrick successively to marry them, but they would not do so, because they knew that if they did they should thereby incur the displeasure and perhaps vengeance of the Earl. The pair tried to flee to Orkney to get married, but were prevented by an armed force and brought back. At last in desperation they went to the Rev. Arthur Anderson, the outed Episcopal minister of Kilmory in Fifeshire, who duly solemnised the marriage and baptised the antenuptial child by the name of Francis. This child died in infancy. The marriage took place at the beginning of June, 1700; and on the 24th of the same month, for performing this and other clerical functions, said Arthur Anderson was deposed from the holy ministry by a Commission of the General Assembly acting along with the Presbytery of Caithness. Ommand, the Town Clerk of Wick, and Procurator of the Church, swore before that venerable body that Anderson "married David Sinclair and Janet Ewing, and that yesterday (21st June, 1700, by the minutes) he declared the same to the deponent, and that if it were to do he would do it again." This marriage of Broynach's was indeed the leading charge upon which Mr. Anderson was deposed, and it is pointedly referred to as "a great scandal to the kirk" in the printed transactions of the General Assembly. Now, surely this is a conclusive proof of the fact of a marriage, seeing that the Episcopal clergyman was deposed for having solemnised it. [N.B.—An Episcopal clergyman was not allowed at that time to exercise any ministerial function in Scotland, nor did such obtain permission until Queen Anne granted it by Act of Parliament in 1712,

much "to the disgust and scandal of the kirk."]

But David and Janet were prosecuted and persecuted after marriage to "satisfy discipline" by the minister and elders of Olrick, urged on, as was well known, by Earl John; and the curious records of the kirk session afford additional evidence of the fact of the marriage. Eight months after the marriage, viz: on the first week of February, 1701, Broynach's second son, afterwards named David, was born; and the sinning pair were ordered to do penance. The session's minute of August 3rd, 1701, states that Broynach was informed upon "for not coming to church, and for having a child nearly half a year old without baptism." The minute of the 19th September gives his answer to a deputation, viz: "He could not attend the ordinances until his mother (Jean Stuart, Lady Murkle) would give him clothes, and then he would do satisfaction to church discipline." He, and as the record expressly says, "*his wife, Janet Ewing*," were summoned to the next meeting, but did not appear, the minute of which again writes down the words "*Janet Ewing, his wife*." On October 30th, 1701, Janet appeared, and "acknowledged a second relapse with David Sinclair of Broynach before marriage with him, as also that she lived some years in the same house with him before Rev. Arthur Anderson married them, being forced thereunto contrary to her own inclination." After this "confession" she was exhorted and rebuked by the minister, and told she had to begin her public appearances before the congregation the next Sunday. She promptly asked for the child's baptism there and then, but was refused until, as the record says, "her *husband* likewise submitted to church discipline."

It was the books containing the originals of the above certified extracts that were hidden away during the famous litigation for the Earldom from 1765 to 1772. On this account there was nothing but the parole evidence of witnesses in support of Broynach's marriage to Janet Ewing, and that of an event that had taken place more than sixty years before the trial; and yet so strong did this *parole* evidence appear that such an eminent judge as Lord Monboddo thought the marriage ought to be sustained on this alone, without any documentary proof. Had the entries which I have quoted been available at the time, without any question James Sinclair would have been triumphantly declared to be the tenth Earl of Caithness, and William of Ratter would have been nowhere!

It was William of Ratter, who by an infamous dodge, contrived to put these documents out of the way during the trial. Being aware that the proofs of the marriage were in the hands of the Session Clerk of Olrick he invited that official

to the house of Ratter, exhorted him to keep the books out of the way, and tried to prevail on him to destroy them altogether. Oliphant kept the Session books secret, but happily did not destroy the records, which are extant to the present day. This is well known now to have been part of the paction between Earl Alexander and Ratter to rob the Broynachs of their blood rights. "If you," said Earl Alexander in effect to Ratter, "undertake to prove that the Broynachs are illegitimate by destroying the proofs of that marriage, you as next heir in line can have the title of Earl of Caithness, and this will enable me effectually to gift the lands of Murkle to my old schoolfellow Sinclair of Stevenston." This is not putting the case a whit too strongly. There is evidence extant that the two worthies had several conclaves over the matter. There is also sworn evidence that Earl Alexander with his own hand tore out an entry from a parish register certifying to the fact of this very marriage, an act in itself from the nature of the case highly criminal! The instrument these two worthies forged was only too effectual in carrying out the dire ends they had in view. It has been by this instrument of unrighteousness and falsehood that the Sinclairs of Ratter, Mey and Durran, have been enabled to hold the empty title of Earl of Caithness, and that the Sinclairs of Stevenston have been enabled to hold unmolested the lands of Murkle in Caithness, from the time of those troubles and deplorable perversions of justice in the last century down to the present day.

Kinloch Rannoch.

JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

BORN, DECEMBER 29TH, 1809; DIED ASCENSION DAY, MAY 19TH, 1898.

"His last word was 'Amen.'"



LIGHT has gone out of the land,
A Day-star has dropped from our sky;
While the weary world slept,
The long vigil they kept,
By the warrior waiting to die.

He came in the dark winter hour,
No herald of pomp at his birth;
But Britannia smiled
Swift to see in her child
A Sun yet to shine o'er the earth.

The beacon-light flashes no more,
The busy hands lie on his breast,
And Britannia's tears
Drop the tribute of years . . .
An Aëthles has passed to his rest.

What homage to him shall we pay,
This Hero of Ages' long span?

Comes the voice of the State,
'With the Dust of the Great,
We would bury the Grand Old Man.'

Then lift him O! nation and leave
Him there in the Peace of the Fane;
Till the Last Trump shall roll,
And the King of his Soul
Shall finish the conquest of pain.

A Light has gone out of the land,
The Lion lies slain in his den:
Yet a Victor is this
Who o'er Death's dark abyss
Joined for aye in the endless AMEN.

MAYOR ALLAN.

PRESENTATION TO MISS KATE FRASER.—An interesting function took place on 3rd June, when a most representative meeting of Highlanders was held in Glasgow under the auspices of the Inverness-shire Association. Mr. James Grant presided, and there were present Messrs. Peter Grant, John Maclean, Dr. Magnus Maclean, James Mackellar, Malcolm Macfarlane, John Mackay (*Celtic Monthly*), Peter Macdonald, Dr. Alfred Grant, Henry Whyte, Archibald Ferguson, W. Drummond Norie, J. A. M'Keggie, Lieut. D. P. Menzies, &c. Dr. Maclean presented a beautiful Highland Clarsach to Miss Kate Fraser, in the name of many Highland friends who had subscribed, and referred in suitable terms to Miss Fraser's services to Gaelic music. Mr. Roddie, Inverness, in a very interesting speech, acknowledged the gift on Miss Fraser's behalf, and speeches and songs were afterwards given by Messrs. John Maclean, Archibald Ferguson, Misses Kate Fraser, Emily Macdonald and others. Tea was then served in another room, after which the evening was devoted to dancing. The whole proceedings were very enjoyable, and Mr. James Grant is to be congratulated on the complete success which attended his efforts.

SCOTCH OATCAKES.—No firm of biscuit manufacturers enjoys such a world wide celebrity, or as large a share of the public favour, as Messrs. M'Vitie & Price. Indeed, it is hardly needful for us to recommend their goods to our readers, for we daresay they have long occupied a place on many of their tables. We should like, however, to refer chiefly to the most favourite of their products, their oatcakes. The nourishing properties of the good old fashioned Scotch oatcakes have now been universally recognised, and we were glad to publish in our last issue Mr. Campbell of Barbreck's eulogium of such homely and strengthening fare. Messrs. M'Vitie & Price did much to encourage the use of this healthy food, by placing on the market their celebrated oatcakes, which are prepared in such an appetising fashion that they are now favourably known in all parts of the kingdom. If there are any of our readers who have not given them a trial, we would just say that the sooner they do so the better. Of course, as biscuit manufacturers this firm has no superior. We have sampled many of their products, such as their shortbread specialties, oat-wafers and assorted varieties, and we heartily recommend them.

MISS EMILY MACDONALD.



ONE of the most pleasing indications of a revival of interest in Celtic literature and music is the importance which is now being attached to the ancient Highland Clarsach or Harp, and certainly no one has done more to popularise that sweet sounding instrument than the subject of this sketch. Miss Emily Macdonald was born at Glasgow. Her father, Mr. David Macdonald, was a native of Brora, Sutherland, and to his love for music the family ascribe their intense devotion to Gaelic melody. Miss Macdonald studied Gaelic at the High School, after which she naturally interested herself in the Highland harp. Competing at the Gaelic Mòd in Glasgow she gained first prize, and on subsequent occasions at Perth and Inverness was also successful. At last Mòd she was the recipient of a handsome Gold Brian Boru Harp from the delegate of the Irish Feis Ceòil. She was invited to give a rendering on the clarsach at the recent Feis Ceòil at Belfast, and Oireachtas at Dublin, and on each occasion received a great ovation. She was elected a member of Committee of the Congress of Celtic peoples, to be held in Dublin in 1900, and we understand she has consented to appear at the National Celtic Gathering in Brittany in August. Miss Macdonald has during the past winter assisted at many concerts in Glasgow and

throughout the country, and her able rendering of Gaelic songs and pipe tunes on the harp always created enthusiasm.

It is interesting to mention that her eldest sister, Miss Margaret Macdonald, is an accomplished Gaelic vocalist, and was the gold medallist for solo singing at the last Mòd held at Oban, while her brother, Mr. Peter M'C. Macdonald, took second prize on the same occasion. We may add, in conclusion, that all the members of this musical family belong to the famous Glasgow St. Columba Gaelic Choir, which under the able conductorship of Mr. Archibald Ferguson, has done such valuable service in creating a revival of interest in our beautiful Gaelic melodies.

THA MISE CIANAIL.

SEISD :—

HO, rò, mo ghrìdh geal, na'm bithinn làmh riut,
Gur e do mhànan a bhiodh mar chèòl domh,
Ach oeh, mo léireadh ! cha 'n fhaic mi-féin thu,
'S ro-chian uam m' fheudail an tìr nam mòr-choill'.

Tha mise cianail ré còrr is bliadhna
Mu 'n aininn chiatnach a rinn mo leònach,
An cailin uasal dh' fhàs ceanalt', suaire,
'S nach gabhadh guaim riom 'n uair bheirinn pòg dhi.

'N uair 'bha mi 'm shaighdear, bha mi gle aoibhneach
A' chailleag chaoimhneil a bhi cho còir riom ;
Cha d' ghabh i nàire de 'n chòta sgàrlaid
A bh' anns an là ud a ghnàth 'g am chòmhdach'.

Thug mise gaol di, 's cha robh sin faoin domh,
Oir thug a' chaomh-the a gealladh dhomh-sa,
Gu 'n d' thug an ribhinn blàth-ghaol a cridh' dhomh,
'S gur bochd ri inns' e nach 'eil mi pòsd' aic'.

'S ann thall thar chuaintean a tha mo luaidh-sa,
'S tha mi gun suaimhneas o Luan gu Dòmhnach.
Ma thig an t-àm ud 's am faicear thall mi,
Gu 'n téid mi shealltainn na cruinneig bhòidhich.

Mo lurag cheutach, gur tu mo cheud-ghaol,
'S gu'n cuir mi'n cèill sud cho fad's 'is beò mi ;
Cha leig mi dìochuimhn', a ghaol, air t'ionmaigh
Gus an la 'san sinear fuar fo 'n fhòid mi.

CALUM OG.

THE MOD AT OBAN.—We would like to remind our readers that the Mòd takes place at Oban, under the presidency of that most popular of Highlanders, Dr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, on 13th September, and a most attractive programme of competitions has been arranged. The value of the prize list has been increased, and we have no doubt but this year's Mòd will be even more successful than those held in the past. Intending competitors or those desiring information can have copies of the programme from the popular and energetic Secretary, Mr. John Mackintosh, Solicitor, 15 Union Street, Inverness.



STEWART BOGLE.



MRS. STEWART BOGLE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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STEWART BOGLE, LONDON.

THE subject of our sketch this month is a son of the late Hugh Bogle, W.S., a member of the very ancient Lanarkshire family of that name, through whose great-grandmother, Agnes Stewart, he is a direct descendant of Sir John Stewart of Ardgowan, son of Robert III. of Scotland. Mr. Bogle is a grandson of the late Rev. John Macrae, for over fifty years minister of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, whose memory is still green in the district. Mr. Macrae's wife, Jamesina, was a daughter of Norman Macleod, 7th of Drynoch, and last of Ellanriach, by Alexandrina, eldest daughter of the celebrated Donald Macleod of Bernera, great grandson of Sir Roderick Mòr Macleod, XIII. of Dunvegan (the famous Ruairidh Mòr).

Brought up in Glenelg by his grandfather, Mr. Bogle's first introduction to professional life occurred in Glasgow, when at an early age he entered the office of Messrs. Miller & Ferguson, Chartered Accountants. Subsequently drifting, like many other canny Scots, to London (now about fourteen years ago), he became a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales, winning many distinctions on passing his final examination, and he is now a member of the well-known firm of J. E. Denney, Bogle & Co., of Palmerston Buildings, E.C. Mr. Bogle has written a great deal on professional subjects, and is the author of a text book on "Book-keeping" which is extensively used throughout the kingdom. He has done useful work as Auditor of the Gaelic and other Societies of which he is a member, and is the Honorary Secretary of the London Inverness-shire Association in London, which is doing excellent work, both social and educational, and in lending a helping hand to distressed Invernessians. He is a brother of Mr. Lockhart

Bogle, the well-known painter of Celtic subjects whose name is not unknown to readers of this journal.

Mr. Bogle was married on the 2nd July at Selhurst, Surrey, to Frederica Edith, daughter of Mr. Osborne Mortimer, Banker, London, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. James Torath, of Goldcliff, South Wales.

We have much pleasure in being enabled to present our readers with a portrait of Mrs. Stewart Bogle in Highland costume, from which it is evident that she shares her husband's tastes, and their many friends and well-wishers will wish the young couple every good thing in their future career.

"LUADHADH," OR THE FULLING OF CLOTH.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

ONE of the most ancient customs among the Highlanders was the "Luadhadh," or fulling of cloth, an institution which is now rapidly dying out, and as far as can be judged from appearances its extinction is not very far off. It is threatened on all sides by the march of commerce, multiplication of mills, railway and steam communication with populous places, change in fashions, and the cheapening of all articles of wearing apparel, likely to supplant home-made stuffs.

At the same time, old customs die hard, and the predictions of philosophers are not always verified. The object of this article, therefore, is to plead for a little more delay, but if it is doomed to extinction its "last will and testament" should at least be written by a Highlander, for the purpose of removing some misconceptions which many hold on the subject, from the descriptions given of it by the writers of the last century, and the first half of the present one.

There is just one speck of silver lining to the threatening cloud of destruction, and that is the

possibility that the people of this country in their state of "splendid isolation" may in the future look a little more to the developing of Highland industries than they have done in the past, and that by fostering all native productions in preference to things foreign, an impetus might once more be given to the weaving of cloth in the Highlands, and its subsequent preparation. For instance, if all patriotic Highlanders were to wear nothing but native made cloth the "millennium" of the "Luadhadh" would be at hand, and the music and songs which have always accompanied it would also be saved for future generations to marvel at and admire.

The custom must have existed among the Celts from the very earliest times, probably

thousands of years ago, and long before they invented, or thought of wearing tartans. Indeed, it is more than probable that it was coeval with their advance into Europe, as the necessity of wearing clothing of more or less density must have forced itself upon them when they first emerged from a tropical or semi-tropical climate. It may, therefore, be safely inferred that it is nearly as old as the people. Woollen garments must first have been woven of one colour, probably white, and subsequently of white and black, as being the most natural colours.

Blue was the favourite colour of the painted Britons, from which Britannia was represented arrayed in a blue garment. The Celtic tribes of the continent in ancient times arrived at a



WAULKING CLOTH AT TALISKER, SKYE, 1772.

high state of perfection in the art of dyeing. "The Gauls," says Pliny, "were wiser than others, for they did not endanger their lives and ransack foreign countries for articles to dye their stuffs, but with excellent thrift and good husbandry they stood safe upon the dry land and gathered those herbs to dye such colours as an honest-minded person hath no cause to blame, nor the world reason to cry out upon."

With the use of herbs only in the process of colouring, the Gauls produced colours so beautiful as to excite the admiration of the polished Greeks and Romans.* They had a

dye which rivalled the Tyrian purple, said to have been derived from the hyacinth or blaeberry. The British Gael were unable to give those rich colours to their stuffs which appeared in the manufactures of the ancient tribes of the continent, but they employed various articles of native production which were very successful in dyeing their cloths.

The bark of alder was used for black, and that of the willow produced a flesh colour, corker or crotil geal (a lichen-white crotil), found on stones and rocks, was used by the West Highlanders to dye a pretty crimson colour, and crotil dubh (black crotil), also a lichen, dyes a "philomot," which is very permanent. Rue

* Logan's "Scottish Gael."

was also used to dye red, and other vegetable substances were employed by the Highlanders, who were able to produce finer colours than is generally supposed. The Caledonian women who "wove the robe for their love, made it like the bow of a shower."

General Stewart had seen specimens of very old tartan that retained the tints in their original brilliancy, and another gentleman affirmed that he had seen a garment two hundred years old, the colours in which were still admirable.

A Mr. Gordon of Kirkmichael, Banffshire, about 1775, introduced to notice the simple process by which an elegant purple can be obtained from the crotil, cupmoss, or lichen, to which he gave the name of cudbear.

"Give me bullock's blood and lime," said a Highlander, "and I will produce you fine colours." Most farmers' wives were competent to dye blue, red, green, yellow, black, brown, and their compounds.

There is a portrait of Sir William Wallace at Taymouth Castle, the seat of Lord Breadalbane, where the patriot is represented with a plaid of tartan fastened on his breast by a large brooch. The derivation of the word Breacan from breac, chequered, is one strong proof of the antiquity of the tartan. The number of colours among the Irish and Caledonians indicated the rank of the wearer, a King or a Chief having seven, a Druid six, and other nobles four. This is another proof in favour of the antiquity of the tartan.†

The first who gave an account of a "Luadhadh," in the West Highlands, with a print, was Pennant, who in 1772 made a tour of the Western Isles—his print is reproduced on preceding page.

In his description of the process which he had seen at "Coire Chattachan"—Corry, Skye, and introduced in the plate with a view from Talisker, he says that "twelve or fourteen women divided into two equal numbers, sit down on each side of a long board, ribbed lengthwise, placing the cloth on it. First they begin to work it backwards and forwards with their hands, singing at the same time as at the quern.‡ When they have tired their hands every female uses her feet for the same purpose, and six or seven naked feet are in the most violent agitation working one against the other, as by this time they grow very earnest in their labours. The fury of the song rises, and at length it arrives at such a pitch that, without breach of charity, you would imagine a troupe of female demoniacs to have been assembled."

They sing in the same manner when they are cutting down the corn, when thirty or forty join in the chorus. The subject of the songs at the "Luadhadh," and the quern, and on this occasion are sometimes love, sometimes panegyric, and often a rehearsal of the deeds of the ancient heroes, but all the are tunes slow and melancholy.§

James Logan in his "Scottish Gael," published in 1831, describes the "Luadhadh" as follows—"The 'Luadhadh,' or process of fulling or cleansing cloth, in the Highlands is conducted in a singular manner. Six or eight, sometimes even fourteen females sit down on each side of a long frame of wattled work, or a board ribbed longitudinally for the purpose, and placed on the ground. The cloth being wet is then laid on it, and the women kneeling rub it with all their strength until their arms become tired, when they sit down, and applying their bare feet, commence the waulking in good earnest, singing a peculiar melody, the notes of which increase in loudness as the work proceeds."

There is also an account of the manner of preparing the plaids and the expense attending the manufacture of them about the middle of the last century, given in the Agricultural Report of Caithness—"When the web was sent home it was washed in warm water, and if it was necessary to full it the door was taken off its hinges and laid on the floor, the web having then been taken out of the water and laid on it, four women with bare legs having sat down on a little straw at equal distances on either side. On the signal of a song (similar to the *Ran de Yacke* of Switzerland||) each applied the soles of her feet to the web and began pushing and tumbling it about until it was sufficiently done, when it was stretched out to dry." "That industry and simplicity of life," the reporter adds, "are now gone." It is also related of an English gentleman that having accidentally looked into a cottage where the females were engaged waulking cloth, hastily retired reporting that he had seen a whole company of furious lunatics!*

§ Pennant's "Tour in Scotland, and Voyage to the Hebrides," 1772:

|| This does not look like the report of a Highlander!

* When Sir Walter Scott visited Dunvegan in August, 1814, he witnessed a "Luadhadh," and it is described as follows in *Lochhart's Life of Scott*, vol. iv.—"In a cottage at no distance, we heard the women singing as they wauked the cloth by rubbing it with their hands and feet, and screaming all the while in a sort of chorus. At a distance the sound was wild and sweet enough, but rather discordant when you approached too near the performers."

(To be concluded).

† Logan's "Scottish Gael."

‡ Cronauns were generally sung when working the quern.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

NO. XI.—THE CLAN TARRILL.

THIS ancient sept has distinctively long disappeared, having become incorporated with the name of Mackintosh.

Being undoubtedly of Clan Chattan, and placed as No. 6 of the associated tribes of Clan Chattan by Sir Eneas Mackintosh—in any history of the clan, they can not, and should not be overlooked or omitted, particularly when it is considered that their virtual extirpation occurred in a clan battle. Sir Eneas Mackintosh, in placing them as No. 6 says, that they took protection of William, 7th of Mackintosh, in 1350.

Kinrara, in his history, referring to the period of Lachlan, 8th Mackintosh, says, that in this Lachlan's time, "the Clan Tarrill, a family that lived in Petty, and were constant followers of the Laids of Mackintosh, were in a flourishing condition." The death of the above Lachlan Mackintosh is recorded as having occurred, 4th November, 1407.

The late Mr. S. F. Mackintosh of Farr, in his Collections so often before referred to, enumerating the associated tribes, places as "No. 6 the Clan Tarrill from Ross-shire. Of this tribe there are now several in Strathnairn who call themselves Mackintoshes." Following up this indication that the sept came originally from the County of Ross, it is found in the Calder papers, published by the old Spalding Club, that in the year 1457 Andrew Tarrill, and his deceased wife Janet, are named as among the Crown vassals within the Earldom of Ross, and included in the Collecting Book of the Chamberlain, William of Calder. The lands appear to be those of Killen and Pitfour, parish of Avoch, and as there are to the present day important lands called Meikle and Little Tarrill in said county, the origin of the family as from Ross seems clear. In the year 1449 Thomas Tarrill appears to be proprietor of the estate of Skibo in Sutherland.

The last time Clan Tarrill is found in the field as a distinctive tribe occurred a few years before the death of Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, who died about 1457. The event is recorded under the head of Duncan Mackintosh, 11th Mackintosh, as he, during the last years of his father's life, in extreme age, took the leading part. The circumstances are thus recorded by Kinrara:—

"Duncan Mackintosh, Captain of Clan Chattan, was a man of a meek and quiet disposition, and not subject to much trouble in his time, for his

father had so composed and ordered his affairs in Lochaber, and daunted his enemies there and elsewhere, that the son was not much troubled or disquieted on that account after his father's death. He is not recorded to have the chief leading of the Clan Chattan at any memorable fight while his father lived, save once. This arose from a sudden recontre, which he and his two brethren, Lachlan and Allan (Lachlan Badenoch and Allan, first of Kelachie), with a few of their friends had against Gillespie Macdonald (according to other historians, Celestine Macdonald), natural brother of the Earl of Ross, at the recovery of a speath of cattle which the said Gillespie and his associates had taken out of Petty. Both parties met at Culloden, when after a bloody fight, Gillespie and his accomplices (howbeit by far the greater number) were routed, the speath recovered, and the greater part of the drivers killed. Yet not without great loss to Mackintosh, for a branch of the Clan Chattan, called Clan Tarrill, were that day almost extirpated. This fell out some years before the death of Malcolm, Laird of Mackintosh, who at that time was a very old man."

From and after the fight, which occurred probably about 1450, Clan Tarrill as a sept sunk, although, in 1672, the Lord Lyon enumerates them as of Clan Chattan, and the descendants of the few survivors in course of time called themselves Mackintoshes. The Tarralaichs had their burial place in Dalarossie; the grounds can still be identified. Of this race is Mr. Lachlan Mackintosh, Postmaster of Daviot, who with others gladly count themselves as of Clan Tarrill.

The etymology of the name Tarrill has been explained to me by that accomplished Celtic scholar, Mr. Alexander MacBain, Rector of the High School of Inverness, as in Gaelic "Tarralaich," in English "Harald," and that the designation "na Tarralaich" is occasionally used by old people at the present day in Strathnairn and Strathdearn.

As the Clan Tarrill had their chief abode in Petty, with this light thrown on the name by Mr. MacBain, there is no difficulty in indentifying as one of them, "John Makherald roy," a sufferer in the her ship of Petty by the Dunbars in 1502; or in another at a much earlier date, being a man of standing, "Angusius Haraldi," one of the Inquest in the succession to the lands of Geddes.

(To be continued).

The meetings which the Clan Mackay are arranging to hold in the Reay Country in September, to encourage the cultivation of Highland music and the study of Gaelic, promise to be a great success.

MEMBERS OF THE CLAN SUTHERLAND will, doubtless, be pleased to learn that Her Majesty the Queen has graciously sanctioned and approved the admission of Dr. C. J. Sutherland, of South Shields, as an Honorary Associate of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England.



JOHN CRAN, J.P.

John Cran, ☼

Kirkton, Buncbrev.



KIRKTON, BUNCBREW, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

MR. CRAN was born at Mains of Lesmurdie, 17th December, 1841, and is the eldest son of a large family of sons and daughters. His parents both belong to Aberdeenshire, his father, William Cran, being the younger son of John Cran, farmer, Scurdargue, Rhynie, and his mother, Anne, daughter of John Kellas and Elizabeth M'Hardy of Aldivalloch. In 1841 his parent removed from Scurdargue to Mains of Lesmurdie, where they resided until Mr. Cran's death in 1882.

The spirit of agricultural improvement was very strong in the late Mr. Cran, and notwithstanding his being educated for a professional career he chose the life of a farmer, and during the forty years that he occupied the Home Farm of Lesmurdie he reclaimed and added some fifty acres to it, built a new steading and some six miles of stone dykes; he also created a second farm about a mile apart, by reclaiming upwards of a hundred acres from moorland and bog into arable land, erected a complete steading and dwelling houses, and several miles of dykes, and all at his own expense. The only remuneration he received from his landlord being one of faith and hope for future generations, viz: a lease on favourable terms which expires in 1911. These farms are now occupied by the third son, and the farm of Scurdargue by the second, while the two youngest sons are prosperous members of the medical profession in England.

The subject of our sketch received his education chiefly at the public schools of Rhynie and Huntly, and was early taught to become self reliant.

At the age of fifteen years he began business in a small way on his own account as a grazier, and at that age he attended such markets as Muir of Ord for the purchase of stock, where he received many rebuffs on account of his youth. He continued trading in cattle, sheep, wool, grain, etc., and assisting his father until 1869, when he took a lease of the farms of Kirkton and Englishton, and subsequently the adjoining farm Phopachy. In the spring of 1870 he erected fertilizing works at Buncbrev, and began operations upon a small scale, gradually increasing the business by dint of active and persevering effort, until in 1885 the concern had assumed such large dimensions that it was found advisable to convert it into a limited liability company, Mr. Cran retaining the post of Managing Director. In 1887 the works of the late Mr. Munro, Invergordon, were acquired, and have since been considerably extended. Messrs. John Cran & Co., Ltd., are the only firm north of Morayshire possessing such works as Buncbrev and Invergordon, and besides the very large output of chemical fertilizers they maintain at these places, they are extensive importers of all kinds of cakes and feeding stuffs, and also deal in and export grain, potatoes, hay,

and all kinds of farm produce. During Mr. Cran's occupancy of the farms he has spent large sums of money in reclaiming waste land, draining, building, etc., which was quite outside any ordinary tenant's province; it, however, shows his hereditary spirit, his attachment to the place and his faith in the honour of the Lords of Lovat, for whom he cherishes the highest, yea almost adorable respect. During Mr. Cran's residence in Inverness-shire he has taken his share in public life. For ten years he acted as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Northern Counties Fat Show Club, and during his tenure

of office removed an incubus of several hundred pounds of debt from the club, increased the premium list four-fold, and left a handsome balance to his successor in office.

During his first twenty years of farming he evinced great interest in breeding and feeding cattle, and owned both Shorthorn and and Polled herds which he exhibited at local and provincial shows successfully, as the many handsome trophies at Kirkton testify. Mr. Cran often acts as a judge of stock at local and provincial shows, and frequently at the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show.

Mr. Cran is a J.P. and County Councillor for Inverness-shire, Director of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, Managing Director of John Cran & Co., Ltd., Director of the British Oil & Guano Co., Ltd., and other Industrial Companies, also a F.S.A. Scot.

Mr. Cran was married to Georgina, youngest daughter of the late Mr Smith, Raitloan, Nairn, who died some twenty years ago and left issue, a son and daughter.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN AT KIRKTON.

THE YEW.

CLAN FRASER'S BADGE.



WHERE Beaufort rears its massive tower
Above the lofty trees,
And on the Beaulieu boatmen spread
Their canvas to the breeze,
Where Glass and Farrar's waters flow
Through tangled wood and den,
And bents bespecked with spotless snow
Keep watch o'er strath and glen.

The bard, whate'er may be his theme,
May find a place to sing—
Some bosky nook, or charming scene—
Where he his harp may string.
And to a spot that once I knew
Beneath that Northern sky,
To sing of Frasers and their yew
On fancy's wings I fly.

On Southern fields heroic worth
Had stamped that race of yore,
And to the wild and rugged North
Their stainless flag they bore,

And there it waved for ages long
On rampart, dun and field,
The antlered stag, of tale and song,
On its embroidered shield.

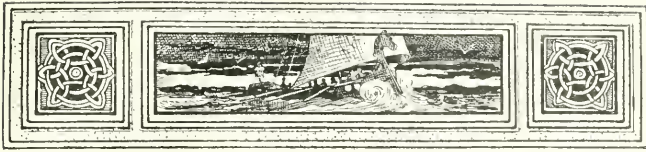
When "Feachd 'Ic Shimi" trod the heath
In martial proud array,
'Twas aye to victory or death
They sternly marched away.
And when the stalwarts of the clan
On foreign fields were tried,
They, like their sires, in battle's van
Undaunted fought and died.

Nor is the prowess of the race
A tale of long ago,
Their country's foes still Frasers face,
Who pluck and valour show.
Their badge is still the yew that braves
Unnumbered years of storm,
And yet in pristine vigour waves
O'er glen and glade unshorn.

Hatfield,

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE MEMBERS OF THE LONDON INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION entertained Mr. Stewart Bogle to dinner in the Holborn Restaurant on the 29th June, and presented him with a magnificent solid silver salver, suitably inscribed, on the occasion of his marriage. There was a large attendance, among those taking part being Messrs. Charles Clark, D. C. Fraser, Eric Mackay, Ewan Cattanach, William Macbean, William Grant, and others. Several speeches were made, and Mr. Bogle's health was drunk with much enthusiasm.

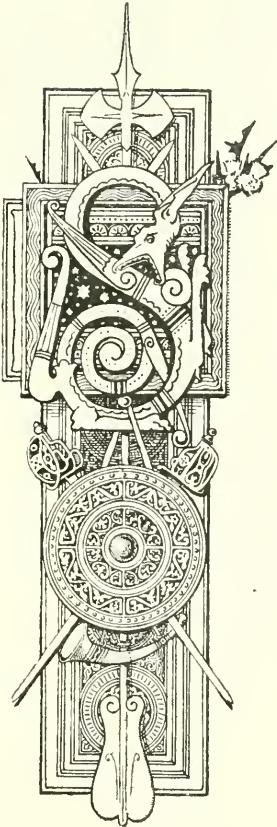


The Clan MacEwen.

Ewens—Eoghan h-Oitrich.

—207—

[We give herewith a valuable and interesting contribution to Celtic literature and history in the form of an article on an ancient but little known and almost forgotten clan—Clan Ewen, Eoghan h-Oitrich, Mac-Ewens, but which at the present day includes many influential representatives. The historical sketch is necessarily brief, but if clansmen will assist us we hope to elucidate the later history of the clan and its wanderings, and bring the different families sprung from it up to date. The various forms of the clan name include Ewens, Ewans, Ewins, Ewings (with other names prefixed or affixed), MacEwens, M'Ewans, M'Ewens, Mackewins, and others. They are to be found pretty well all over Scotland; particularly in Glasgow, the neighbouring counties and the west country, while many are resident in England and abroad, and they belong to every profession and walk in life. It will be another and considerable advance in Celtic history to trace the scattered remnants of this 'lost tribe' of an early race to the present time. With this object in view we would invite all clansmen to assist us. We hope to be able to give special sketches with genealogical details of leading families, with portraits, arms, and other illustrations, and the clan tartan in colours, etc. If the response is sufficiently numerous to warrant the undertaking we should be in a position to add fuller details to the historical sketch and to bring out a volume devoted entirely to Clan Ewen, its septs and dependants, as we are now doing with Clan Chattan.—EDITOR.]



THIS ancient clan, which once possessed a stronghold of its own, was amongst the earliest of the western clans sprung from the Dalriada Scots who settled in Argyllshire in the beginning of the 6th century. St. Columba, who was one of them, established the Monastery of Iona in 573 A.D. Somerled, Regulus of Argyll, in the middle of the 12th century, was their leader. Under him they defeated a large force of Norwegians and advanced their territories. In 1153 they rose against Malcolm IV., but Somerled was detached by an offer of the Isles, while some of his chiefs were imprisoned in Roxburgh Castle. Ten years later (1165) he again rose, landing at Renfrew, but was defeated and slain. He left four sons: the eldest succeeded to his father's possessions on the mainland: the second received the Isles: and up to 1222, according to Mackintosh, 'Argyll maintained semi-independence of the Scottish Crown from the Clyde to Loch Broom.' Burton says the Celtic races had a literary language and a written literature in their own tongue, and were in a higher stage of civilization than the Picts, the Britons, or the Saxons,

and that this was the cause of their success in Scotland. As to their religion we know they were under the spiritual sway of Iona, and whatever the cause there can be no doubt of their success; they came, they saw, they conquered, they settled and spread, and eventually gave their name to the kingdom—Scotland.

Up to the thirteenth century these Scots were divided into a few great tribes, corresponding with the ancient maormorships or earldoms, and Skene in his "Table of the Descent of the Highland Clans," divides the Gallgaeil into five great clans, from whom nine smaller clans sprung. From the Siol Gillevray, the second of the great clans, he gives the Clans Neill, Lachlan and Ewen: Chiefs MacNeill, Mac-lachlan and MacEwen. He shows the Clan Lamond to have sprung from Siol Eachern, although elsewhere it would appear that Ferchard and Ewen, the ancestors of the Lamonds and MacEwens, were brothers. The genealogies given by Skene are taken from the Irish MSS. and Mac Firis. He considers the later portion of the pedigrees, as far back as the common ancestor from whom the clan takes its name, to be in general tolerably well vouched for and may be held to be authentic.

Referring to the Mac-lachlans, MacEwens, and Lamonds, he says, "this group brings us nearer historical times. They are sprung from Aodha Alain, termed Buirche, called by Keltie De Dalan. This Aodha Alain or De Dalan, was the son of Anradan, and grandson of Aodha Allamuin (Hugh Allaman), the then head of the great family of O'Neils, kings of Ireland, descended from Niall Glundubh, and the fabulous King Conn of the 100 battles." Niall Glundubh lived about 900.

Aodha Alain had three sons; Gillachrist, Neill, and Dunslebbe. Gillachrist had a son, Lachlan, who was the ancestor of the Mac-lachlans; Neill, was the ancestor of the MacNeills; Dunslebbe had two sons, Ferchard, ancestor of the Lamonds, and Ewen, ancestor of the MacEwens. The four were kindred tribes; but if Ferchard and Ewen were brothers, the Lamonds and MacEwens were originally more closely allied to each other than they were to the Mac-lachlans and MacNeills. "These clans were in possession, in the twelfth century, of the greater part of the district of Cowal, from Toward Point to Strachur. The Lamonds were separated from the MacEwens by the river Kilfinnan, and the MacEwens from the Mac-lachlans by the stream which divides the parishes of Kilfinnan and Strath Lachlan. The MacNeills took possession of the islands of Barra and Gigha."

"The MacEwens possessed a tract of country about twenty-five miles square, and could pro-

bably bring out 200 fighting men. On the conquest of Argyll by Alexander II., 1222, they suffered severely, and were involved in the ruin which overtook all the adherents of Somerled, except the MacNeills, who consented to hold their lands of the Crown, and the Mac-lachlans who gained their former consequence by means of marriage with the heiress of the Lamonds.*" But although the MacEwens suffered severely at this time, a remnant survived under their own chief at Otter on the shores of Loch Fyne, where the last chief died two-and-a-half centuries afterwards.

MacEwen I. of Otter, flourished about 1200. He was succeeded by Severan II. of Otter, who was probably the chief of 1222. He was succeeded by two others, the latter of whom was succeeded by Gillespie V. of Otter, about 1315. From this date there were four chiefs; Ewen VI., John VII., Walter VIII., and Sufnee or Swene the IX., and last of the Otter Chiefs, in 1450. So late as 1750, it is recorded in the "Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Kilfinnan,"—"On a rocky point in Loch Fyne, there stood in 1700 the ruins of Castle MacEwen (Caisteal MhicEobhain), the stronghold of the earlier lords of the Otter." On the same authority, quoted by Skene, this MacEwen is described as the chief of the clan, and proprietor of the northern division of the parish of Otter, and in the M.S. of 1450, which contains the genealogy of the Clann Eoghain na h-Oitrich, or Clan Ewen, they are derived from Anradan, the common ancestor of the Mac-lachlans and the MacNeills.

In 1431-32, Swene MacEwen IX. of Otter, granted a charter of certain lands of Otter, to Duncan, son of Alexander Campbell. In 1432, he resigned the barony of Otter to James I., but received it anew from the king with remainder to Celestine Campbell, son and heir of Duncan Campbell of Lochaw. After Swene's death, King James, in 1493, confirmed the grant to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, as heir to his father, Colin. In 1513 the barony of Otter was confirmed to Earl Colin by James V. In 1526 it was resigned by Earl Colin, and granted by James V. to Archibald, his son and heir apparent. In 1575 another Archibald Campbell appears in a charter "as of the Otter." So that after the middle of the fifteenth century the barony and estates of Otter passed and gave title to a branch of the Campbells, and the MacEwens became more than ever "children of the mist."

In consequence of their desperate condition the remnant sought new alliances as a necessity of the times. Some remained in their own

*Skene.

neighbourhood, becoming affiliated to their kinsmen the MacLachlans and the MacNeills, while others joined the Campbells. Mr. Lovat Fraser, M.A., in his "Highland Chief," says the MacEwens were hereditary bards of the Campbells; and from old chronicles it appears there were other MacEwen poets and bards in different parts of the country. One lived in Inverness-shire. Some families joined the Camerons of Lochiel, adding the name to their own. In the history of the Camerons of Erracht, the family were known locally as the "Sliochd Eoghain." In consequence of an old feud between the Camerons and the Robertsons of Struan, Sir Ewen Cameron, in 1666, marched with eighty men to Struan's lands in Kinloch, and raided the Robertsons. Amongst them were two MacEwen-Camerons, John and Duncan, dhubie vassals. This formed the subject of a trial before the Privy Council. The name MacEwen constantly appears in connection with the Camerons. Others again settled in the Western Isles. From General Wade's statement of the Highland clans in 1715, there were 150 MacEwens then in Skye.

A considerable sept of the clan settled early in Dumbartonshire, on the shores of Loch Lomond, owing allegiance to the Stewart Earls of Lennox, and gave their name to certain lands in the district. Between 1625-80 there are at least four charters in which successive Dukes of Lennox and Richmond are served heirs in the lands of "Mackewin" and "M'Ewin," as the name was then written.* But there is reason to believe that their advent there was much earlier. According to tradition this sept, under a chieftain of their own, sought the protection of Levenach, the Celtic Earl in the fifteenth century. They are said to have joined the standard of Mary, under Lennox, and to have fought at Langside in 1568, where they received a banner which seems to have gone the way of many other ancient clan banners. They were a powerful race of men, and a story used to be told in connection with an old stone coffin which at one time lay on the MacEwen burying-ground, that a man of the clan carried the coffin under one arm and the lid under the other from the loch to the churchyard of Luss. Descendants of this sept, in the last and beginning of this century, settled in Ayrshire, Wigtonshire, and Sutherland, and there are many bearing the name in Stirling and Clackmannan, on the banks of the Clyde and the surrounding districts. In Argyllshire there are the Muckly and other families; in Stirlingshire the Glenboig and others. The member for West Edinburgh, the munificent donor of the "M'Ewan Hall,"

belongs to a Clackmannan family. In Glasgow and the West of Scotland there are a number of well-known families.

Lord President Forbes described a "Highland Clan" as "a set of men all bearing the same surname, and believing themselves to be related the one to the other, and to be descended from the same stock."* According to Lower, surnames and the practice of transmitting them to descendants, came gradually into common use during the eleventh and three following centuries. Clan names, as a rule, were derived from the christian or first name of the ancestral chief with the prefix *Mac* or the affix *Son*; just as in latter times they have been derived from the christian name of the father; but tradition, locality and family histories, will generally afford a clue to the progenitors. From the time of the Reformation, surnames may be said to have been established on something like their present footing; but there has always been what Mr. Adam calls "villainous and erratic" spelling, to the confusion of antiquaries and genealogists. This name alone furnishes several variations, as Ewen, Ewan, Ewing, MacEwen, M'Ewen, M'Ewan, MacKewen, M'Ewin, and others. Skene and the early authorities spell the name "Ewen" and "MacEwen," and there are families who have always adhered to this form. There must at the present time be many descendants of the Clan MacEwen, and if mustered to-day would make a goodly show as compared with the "200 fighting men" of old.

The clan tartan is a handsome blue and green check with red and yellow stripes, somewhat resembling the Farquharson and MacKenzie, with distinctive stripes. It is not to be found in the table of Highland Clan Tartans in Mr. Adam's well arranged and concise work, and this is not astonishing. Distinctive clan tartans are of comparatively recent date, not earlier than the seventeenth century, and in their present style probably much later, while Clan MacEwen became extinct as a territorial clan at a much earlier period. Mr. Adam gives the number of principal clans, each having its own tartan, at 78, while the number of septs affiliated to them is given at 501. Many of the latter have, however, their own tartans, possibly more modern, but it would be impossible to say when they first came into use. Mr. Adam ranges the Ewans, Ewens, Ewings, MacEwans, and MacEwens, with the MacLachlans and MacNeills, because sprung from the Siol Gillevray, but we know some joined other clans. When and where the clan tartan originated, there is no means of saying.

*Mr Frank Adam, F.S.A., Scot., in "What is My Tartan?"

* Report on the Public: Records of Scotland, 1811.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1898.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our next issue will complete Volume VI. As we are anxious to complete the list of subscribers for Volume VII. as soon as possible, readers who desire the "Celtic" to be sent for another year, might kindly forward their annual subscriptions (£4- post free), on receipt, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Subscribers will greatly favour us by giving this their immediate attention, as delay in remitting entails upon us a good deal of extra trouble.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Next month we will give plate portraits of Dr. Alexander Finlayson, Munloch, Mr. R. K. Shaw, Marietta, United States, and Mr. George Reay Mackay, Chinde, British Central Africa.

THE MOD which takes place at Oban on 14th September, promises to be the most successful yet held. Particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Out of 29 applications received for the University Bursaries, and 20 for the School Bursaries, offered yearly by this Society, the following have been awarded for session, 1898-99, amounting in all to £153 10s. University Bursaries:—£25 for two years, James Mackenzie, Kingussie Public School; £25 for one year, Angus Munro Urquhart, Poolewe, Ross-shire, and Aberdeen University; £10 10s. for one year, Duncan Macarthur, Islay, and Glasgow University, Eric Macdonald, Lairg, and Aberdeen Grammar School, Neil MacLunes, Skye, and Glasgow High School. £20 School Bursaries, Archibald Campbell, Island of Eigg, and Kingussie Public School, Donald Macleod, Stoer, Lochinver, and Kingussie Public School; Donation of £7 to Murdo Macleod, Stoer, Lochinver, and Aberdeen Grammar School.

THE BLACKISLE: A TWOFOLD MISNOMER.

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR.—The letter on the above subject by the Rev. Angus Mackay, Westerdale, which has appeared in your July number, is a timely and valuable contribution. I confess that I left the discussion of "*Eilean or Isle*" as a "Misnomer" when used as a combination in "*Eilean-duth*" or "*Blackisle*," in a very unsatisfactory condition, and Mr. Mackay has just made the suggestion required to explain the strange anomaly. I think there can be no doubt this "*Eilean*" was at one time called *Allan*, and that such local place names as Allangrange, Allan-Bank, Allan-nan-Clach, Bog-Allan, Allan-fearn, Clay of Allan, &c., are good and sufficient illustrations of the word "*Allan*," as still used in its uncorrupted or unmodified state. It is indeed fortunate that my article in the *Celtic Monthly* should have directed the attention of one so skilled in the treatment of Gaelic place names to this curious misnomer, and in this one point at least it has borne good fruit. I now make the suggestion that on the analogies of *Balmaduthy* and *Pitmadduthy*, the beautiful and interesting peninsula that went so long under a misnomer should be called *Allan-duthy*, which is in reality no change but a reverting to the original name.

It has been objected by one able critic that *Black Isle* and *Eilean-duth* have been comparatively modern designations of the peninsula, because in all the old maps it is *Ardmanach*, and as such was one of the courtesy titles borne by the second sons of our Scottish kings. I shall endeavour to explain the apparently strange confusion of names implied in this statement viewed as an objection.

St. Duthac died in Armagh in 1065. A quotation from the old Irish annals runs:—"1065 A.D. Duthach Albanach precipuus confessorius Hibernie et Alban in Ardmacha quievit," that is "Duthach of Alban, the chief confessor of Ireland and Armagh, died in Armagh, in A.D. 1065." Now, as I mentioned before, St. Duthac's body was translated from Armagh to Tain in A.D. 1253; and when spoken or written of in Latin he was elegantly called *Ardmanachensis*, for *Ardmachaensis*, which latter would not be good Latin, hence the "*Allan-duth*" would be called by the learned and ruling classes *Ardmanach*, or the "*Allan of the Armagh saint*." Of course the common people would still continue to call it "*Allan-duth*," which, when the memory of the saint faded away, was corrupted into *Eilean dubh*. Certainly the misnomer *Black Isle*, as a translation of the corrupted form *Eilean dubh*, must have been modern, and also the rendering of a people utterly ignorant of its original meaning.

I remain, your faithful servant,

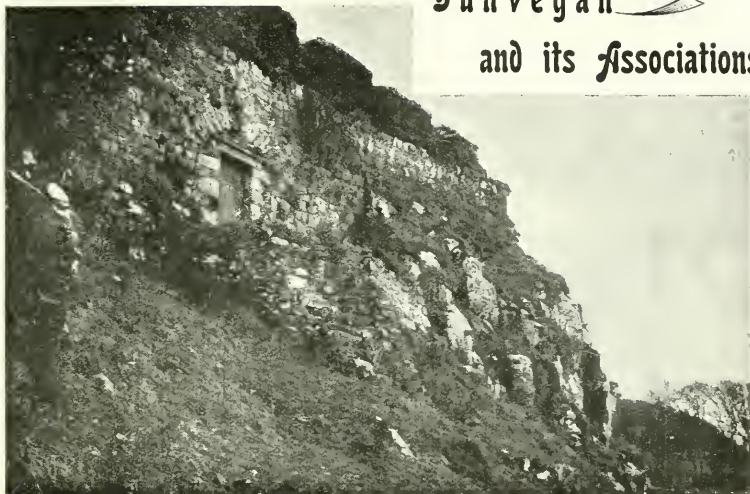
JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D.

MANSE, KINLOCH RANNOCH, 7th July, 1898.

THE CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION have arranged to take a trip to Moy Hall, the seat of The Mackintosh, chief of the clan, on 4th August, where they will be welcomed by the chief, and the various places of interest in the vicinity will be visited. The excursion is sure to be thoroughly enjoyed by all who take part in it.

Dunvegan

and its Associations.



THERE are few, if any, ancestral halls in Scotland so steeped in interesting associations as the ancient stronghold of Dunvegan. It is one of the oldest inhabited houses in Scotland. Its halls have reverberated to the sublime strains of the MacCrimmons; here the inimitable clan bardess, Mary Macleod, rehearsed in Gaelic measure untranslatable—the praises of more than one Macleod chief; and here the generous Rory Mor dispensed unstinted Highland hospitality to the nobles of his time. In later centuries its portals were thrown open to the learned Dr. Johnson and his garrulous companion, Boswell, while the observant Scott slept unmolested in its Fairy chamber.

THE FAIRY FLAG.

It is impossible to determine whence the Fairy Flag came. Two suppositions are usually advanced to account for the possession of this relic of the ancient house of Macleod. Tradition says it was given to one of the chiefs of Macleod by his Fairy sweetheart, who informed him that whenever he or any of his race were in distress the flag was to be unfurled and waved, and relief would be certain. It was only to be unfurled on three great occasions. On the third occasion the flag and its bearer were to disappear for ever! The other supposition is that it was brought from the East by some of the Macleods who took part in the Crusades. This latter

supposition is suggested by antiquarians, who state that the silk and the red figures upon it would indicate Eastern origin. I am not aware, however, that we have any mention of any of the Macleod family having taken part in the Crusades. Be that as it may it would appear as if the Fairy Flag possessed some at least of the powers ascribed to it, as the following narrative will prove. The Macdonalds anxious to retaliate on the Macleods for the Massacre of Eigg sailed for Skye. When passing Dunvegan Head on a Sunday morning they were observed by the watchman, or *fear-faire*, who at once sounded the alarm. Macleod immediately despatched the *Crois-tàra*, or Fiery Cross, and summoned his clansmen. They proceeded in boats and moved about Loch Follart, but could find no enemy. He landed at the Island of Isay, when he observed a large fleet of boats at the head of Airdmòr; for when the Macdonalds found it dangerous to land on the Duirinish side they sailed across the loch and collected, during the night, all the sheep and cattle they could find in Waternish below the high ridge on which the church stood, at the inner end of Airdmòr, intending to embark them there, where the water was deeper and where the place was covered from view by the ridge. When the Macleods of the district went to church according to custom, at sunrise, the Macdonalds surrounded it, barricaded the door, and, being a thatched

building, they easily managed to set it on fire. The Macleods forced the barricade, but were cut to pieces as they came out. And not one escaped alive except a woman who was left for dead among the slain, with one of her breasts cut clean off. She died from loss of blood two miles from the church, and the place is still called after her name, which was "Mararat Macleod." It is related erroneously that the unfortunate woman came out through one of the windows. That was impossible, for the

openings are only four inches wide by two feet high. Besides, she had no better chance of escaping alive through the window than by the door.

Swift retribution followed this cruel deed; for Macleod sent a strong party to Waternish at daybreak to warn the people, who quickly assembled. He also sent for the Fairy Flag to Dunvegan. Macleod's united forces rushed on the Macdonalds with terrible fury. It is said that the Macdonalds were gaining ground till



THE LATE CHIEF AND HIS THREE SONS.

THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, XXII. OF DUNVEGAN. CAPTAIN NORMAN MAGNUS MACLEOD (PRESENT CHIEF).	REGINALD MACLEOD, C.B. REV. RODERICK CHARLES MACLEOD
---	---

the arrival of the Fairy Flag. On its arrival it was unfurled and waved many times—an action which made the Macleods rally, and they drove the Macdonalds down the hill to the sea. "The Clan Ranald," says the historian, "became panic-stricken, and ran for their boats, followed by the Macleods, who cut to pieces every one they could overtake; but, on reaching the beach, the Macdonalds were in utter despair, for Macleod had previously removed their boats.

Finding themselves in this terrible dilemma, they formed under cover of a high loose stone wall, built above the beach to shelter the crops. The Macleods charged the wall in line and threw it down, when a savage struggle ensued, in which all the Macdonalds were slain. Their bodies were covered over with the stones of the dyke where they fell, "and my father," says Major Macleod, "saw several of their bones, in his day, on the beach." The place is called "Mille-

adh Garaidh" to this day; which means "The destruction of the wall."

On a second occasion the Fairy Flag was displayed when the cattle of the people were dying of a murrain, and the plague was stayed. Let us hope that despite the surreptitious opening of it towards the close of last century its virtue is not yet dispelled, but that it may still have the power of retrieving in a measure at least, the fortunes of the family.

MACLEOD'S BAND OF STALWARTS.

It would appear from history that during the sixteenth century, and probably for ages before then, the chief of the Macleods was in the habit of maintaining a band of stalwarts called "Buanaichean," for the enforcing of his behests among refractory clansmen. The mode of their selection was rather peculiar. They were chosen by tests of strength—lifts, throwing the stone, hammer and caber, or young trees with roots and branches. Then a bull would be killed, when they had to twist off its four legs at the knees by strength of arm, a feat known as "*Toirt a mach dorn bhuar*." If they successfully performed this feat of strength they were enrolled among the "Buanaichean." As might be expected, a band of men chosen because of their physical powers to coerce, sometimes become overbearing, and oppressed the tenants in many ways. They billeted themselves upon the people and demanded to be provided with the best fare. The people were afraid to complain of the extortion of this band to the chief, and so the stalwarts waxed bolder than ever.

On one occasion they were thoroughly checked and vanquished. There lived on the Macleod estate a strong clansman called Finlay Macleod—commonly called "*Fionnlath na plaide bàine*," or Finlay of the White Blanket, because he always wore home-made uncoloured plaiding. A dozen of these "Buanaichean" came on a visit to Finlay's house when he was out fishing and ordered his wife to prepare pudding for their dinner. It seems they were aware that Finlay had informed the chief of their conduct on a previous occasion, and in order to punish him for reporting them to Macleod, they killed Finlay's best cow to feast themselves on when it lasted. When Finlay returned home he at once divined their intentions, and on being told what they had done, he demanded the reason why they had killed his cow. They replied that it was merely to please themselves, and warned him that the less he said about it the better, or they would kill another. "Then," said Finlay, "if that is your game, gentlemen, I must play my best trump," and calling his wife and children out of the room, he proceeded to the barn and soon returned with a heavy ash flail supple, with which he made a murderous onset on the "Buanaichean," making their blood, skin, and hair fly in all directions, and laying low all who attempted to move or escape. Several, to avoid his dreadful blows, threw themselves on the floor, where they lay bleeding, groaning, and trembling. They offered to pay the value of the cow if allowed to get away, but this was scornfully refused. Finlay requested his wife to dress their wounds, and afterwards

bind the men with the long limes, which she did, while he watched over them with his dreaded supple. Next morning he took them in a boat to Dunvegan. When Macleod saw his twelve champions bound, and so severely punished by one man he indignantly dismissed them, and never after kept any "Buanaichean" in Dunvegan.

FIONN.



MACLEOD'S MAIDENS, SKYE.

We are indebted to the Rev. Roderick Charles Macleod of Macleod for the photos, from which are reproduced the illustrations which appear with this article.—EDITOR.

THE CAMPBELLS.

IT has been said of the Scotchman that he keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands upon. This has been pre-eminently true of the numerous race which bears the name of Campbell. The most prominent feature in the character of the clan in former days was its intense love of self-aggrandizement. Its history is one long record of unscrupulous ambition. Of the many who fished in the troubled waters of Highland politics none secured such large and numerous catches as the sons of Diarmid. Rising on the ruins of the power that had belonged to the Lords of the Isles, they succeeded in making themselves one of the most powerful clans in Gaeldom, and in securing not only much of the land but also much of the influence and prestige of the princely house of Macdonald. The foundations of the family greatness were laid by Colin, the third Earl of Argyll. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Lordship of the Isles was falling to pieces. The duty of "redding" the southern part of the Highlands was committed to the chief of the Campbells, whose family had just obtained by marriage the district of Lorn. Colin performed his duty with most pleasing results to himself and his house. He and his brother, Sir John Campbell, of Cawdor by dint of treachery, intrigue, and bonds of manrent, succeeded in tacking on to the Campbell domain many a mountain, tract and island, which had owned the sway of the Lords of the Isles. Their methods were not those of civilisation. In building up their power, "we look in vain," say the Reverend authors of the *History of the Clan Donald*, "for that lofty national spirit which their modern apologists claim for the house of Argyll and find instead thereof the old-fashioned method characteristic of the age and country." Argyll's conduct disgusted even the Sassenach King at Holyrood. The Earl was thrown into prison and, although soon liberated, he was discredited and disgraced. In view of the future greatness of the family the price which he paid was not too high. Building on the foundations laid by him, the future chiefs of the clan piled possession upon possession and honour upon honour, until at length the power of Argyll reached a pitch almost regal, and overshadowed the influence of every other Highland house.

One of the most curious features of the clan system was the manner in which the greater tribes assimilated and absorbed the smaller ones. The Clan Campbell was continually aggrandizing itself at the expense of lesser septs. Some were expelled from their territory, some were forced

to pay tribute, some were incorporated with the victors. Two clans in particular were the special objects of their hatred and enmity. The "Red Gregara" were long a thorn in the side of Argyll. After the battle of Glenfruin, in 1604, Argyll trapped Alaster McGregor of Glenstrae, in true Machiavellian fashion. The Campbell chief pretended that he only wanted to rid the country of him, and offered to send the robber across the border with an escort to protect him against his enemies. The escort went with him a short way to England and brought him back again to Edinburgh, where he was hanged with many of his kindred. The massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe was mainly the work of Campbells. "Towards the branch of the Macdonalds who lived in Glencoe," says Burton, "the Campbells had a special ground of hatred. Their inaccessible mountain fastnesses protruded, as it were, into the Campbell country and were in that shire of Argyll, which they loved to consider entirely their own." The Campbells regarded Glencoe as the French in the sixteenth century regarded Calais. The Campbells resolved to take it. The story of the massacre has been told a thousand times. A Campbell was the bloody instrument of the slaughter.

The most famous of all the Lords of Argyll was Archibald, the ill-favoured, the enemy of Montrose. A good deal of hero-worship has been expended on this personage. A more unfitting object could scarcely be chosen. On the monument to his memory in the High Kirk of St. Giles in Edinburgh, he is described as "leader in council and in field for the Reformed Religion." If, by the expression "leader in field," it is suggested that Argyll was a great soldier, the description is a ridiculous misnomer. "The great Marquis" was a proven and notorious coward. His craven conduct at the battle of Inverlochy was alone enough to damn his character as a soldier for ever, not to speak of his cowardly flight in the fishing boat in December, 1644, when Montrose unexpectedly penetrated into Argyllshire. Argyll's military achievements consisted in attacking lonely castles with large forces and burning them. His cruel destruction of the "The Bonnie House of Airlie" is still sung in Scotland:—

The lady looked frae her high castle wa',
And oh! but she sigh'd sairly,
To see Argyll like a reiver come
To plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

His methods may be illustrated by a single incident. Argyll had sent one of his followers called Sergeant Campbell to attack Craigie, the house of Lord John Ogilvie. The Sergeant returned saying there was a sick woman in the house and it was not a place of strength, "and

therefore he conceived it fell not within his order to cast it down. Argyll fell in some chaffe with the Sergeant, telling him that it was his part to have obeyed his orders; and instantly commanded him back again, and caused him to deface and spoil the house. At the Sergeant's parting with him Argyll was remarked by such as were near for to have turned away from Sergeant Campbell with some disdain, repeating the Latin political maxim, *abscondantur qui nos perturbant*—a maxim which many thought that he practised accurately, which he did upon the account of the proverb consequential thereto and which is the reason of the former, which Argyll was remarked to have likewise often in his mouth as a choice aphorism and well observed by statesmen, *Quod mortui non mordent*.* It is true that, when Montrose was out of the way, Argyll, with a body of regular troops, massacred great numbers of Highlanders. It is true that he almost exterminated the Macdougalls and the Lamonts. But these acts scarcely entitle him to the character of a great soldier. His attitude towards the fallen Montrose has left an indelible stain upon his memory. Who can ever forget Aytoun's lines? As Montrose was led up the Canongate to execution, Argyll was sitting on a balcony, gloating over the degradation of his hated rival:—

Then, as the Graeme looked upwards,

He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyll!

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyll grew ghastly pale,
And he turned his eyes away.

The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him.

And a Saxon soldier cried aloud
'Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.'

Archibald, the ill-favoured, was certainly no hero.

The Campbells have a mighty opinion of themselves. That opinion cannot be better summarized than in the words of Andrew Fairservice. "There was never ane o' the Campbells but was as wight, wise, warlike, and worthy trust, as auld Sir John the Graeme." History does not bear out this view. Popular tradition is equally unfavourable. nevertheless, there have been, and still are, good men of the name. The memory of "Jeanie Deans' duke"

must ever yield a sweet savour like unto the memory of Nehemiah, son of Hachaliah, who forgot not the children of Israel in the Court of Shushan the Palace.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

[NOTE.—In case any of our readers of the Clan Campbell should desire to have a friendly interview with the author of the above article, we may at once state that Mr. Fraser is "from home." Along with the MS., we received a note from our contributor stating that he was leaving Scotland for a little while, which we consider very sensible on the part of Mr. Fraser, for we feel sure that there will be a tightening of sword belts, and a handling of *spian dubhs* among the many sons of the race of Diarmid who read the *Celtic*! To ensure our own personal safety (!) we desire to dissociate ourselves entirely from the opinions expressed by our contributor, and beg to state that we have a large circle of readers of the name Campbell, good Highlanders all, and further among our most intimate personal friends we are proud to number several gentlemen who wear the tartan of Argyll. Having thus expressed our friendly feelings towards the clan, we hope that when the Campbells find Mr. Fraser from home they will not transfer their attentions to the Editor! Our office boy, however, has his instructions—that if any gentlemen call sporting dirks and fire-arms, and wearing the *breeacan* of Diarmid's race, the Editor is indisposed and cannot receive visitors! Probably ere this reaches the eye of the clan, we shall follow Mr. Fraser's wise example, and take a holiday in a far country! —EDITOR.]

JOHN MACGREGOR, BEARSDEN.



MR. JOHN MACGREGOR is descended from two of the most notable of our historical clan families—on his father's side he is a direct descendant of the "bold Rob Roy," and maternally he is connected with

the MacDonalds of Glencoe and Keppoch: two clans which have contributed to the history of the Highlands some of its most stirring episodes. Mr. MacGregor's family are worthy representatives of such renowned ancestors, for his father, Mr. John MacGregor, stood six feet two-and-a-half inches in height; while of his six brothers, not one of them was under six feet. The family was renowned in Braemar for their manly proportions and great physical strength. They went abroad—to Australia, America, etc.—where they prospered, and upheld the traditions of the race. Our Lochaber readers will doubtless

* Gordon's *Scots Affairs*, iii., 16.

be interested to learn that Mr. MacGregor's grand-uncle was the well-known Captain MacDonell of Killichonate, Spean Bridge; whose son, Brigadier-General George Gordon MacDonell, of the Madras army, achieved great renown in India. Another son was a captain in the Royal Navy.

The subject of this brief sketch was born at Achnabonane, Lochaber, his father being for many years head gamekeeper to Lord Abinger; while his brother, Charles, is now ground officer on the Inverlochly estate. Mr. MacGregor was educated at Kilmonivaig school, under the celebrated James Munro—one of the most distinguished Gaelic scholars and musicians of his time, and author of a Gaelic Grammar and other Celtic works. He entered the Excise Service in Inverness, where he remained two years, when he was promoted to Cambus, and shortly after to Gainsborough, in England. Here he joined the rowing club; and, being of exceptional physique, Mr. MacGregor won a great many valuable trophies. Indeed, he was only once known to be beaten in a race. Having served seven years here, he was promoted to Glasgow, where he has held the appointment of officer of the Inland Revenue for the long period of twenty years, his total service in the I.R. now extending to over thirty years. He has the reputation of being one of the most able and competent officers in the department, the position of supervisor being offered him and declined.

Mr. MacGregor is a member of that most influential and useful society, the Clan Gregor, and takes a warm interest in all matters affecting his native Highlands. Physically, he is a sturdy representative of a stalwart family, although one of the most modest and reserved of men. He is a fluent Gaelic speaker, is deeply read in Highland history, and is in every other respect a worthy descendant of his gallant ancestor, Rob Ruadh Griogarach.

THE TWO WRAITHS.

*LONG and dark was the night of my trouble:
everywhere did I seek her: by the shores of the
fearsome tides where the song of the sea queen is
heard in the night: far up in the mountain
corries beside the sleeping deer: in the green-
gladed woods and on the lonely moor, the home
of the yammering whaup: but the darkness
brought only sorrow with it and the daylight
wearied me with the brightness of its shining:
for nowhere on land or on sea could I find the
hope of my heart.*

* * * *

*But now? My love is coming to me out of
the shadows: with the whispering winds of*

*dawn she is speeding swiftly across the waves:
I see her in the sunlight that is scattering
myriad gems of fire upon the waters: I hear
her in the song of the sea-birds and the rippling
laughter of the wavelets: everywhere and always
my heart is full of the great peace, for the
world is full of blitheness and my love is found
at last.*

So Alan Ban dreamed as he lay on the turf that grew round the ruins of the Caisteal Moil and watched the eddies of the tide as it raced through the narrows of the Caol. Far across the whirling waters he could see the sunlight playing among the mountain corries of Loch Alsh. The white-feathered birds came sweeping down from the blue and kissed the leaping tides. And as Alan lay and dreamed his dream there was a light of heaven in the eyes of him.

Alan the dreamer, he was called. The son of the fair-haired stranger, the man with the flaxen locks and the clear blue eyes—he taught the bairns at the Caol the mystery of books and the magic that lay in the crooked figures—*Aon Dhà, Tri, Ceithir*.

He had learned smooth ways in the towns of the south, the land of fertile valleys and slow running rivers. But always for the hamlet by the shores of the Caol of Haco did his heart yearn, and so on the evening of a day when the year was at the turning of another summer Alan Ban, the dreamer, came across the Caol and settled down to teach the bairns the language of the books.

And it was of Morag Chaomh that he dreamed—Morag the gentle one, the woman with the fine soul, whom Alan had wooed and won up at the sheilings on the long light nights of summer, when the moon rose behind the distant coolins with its silver rim of light.

Often when the work of the day was over would he sit by the walls of the Caisteal Moil and dream the daylight out. It was strange things that Alan would be seeing in his dreams, things that the books of the south never told him of, shapes and creatures and queersome goblins that rose out of the leaping tides when the dusk of night was creeping over the hills. His ears, too, were quick to catch the music of the sea-queens, and he would be lying on the rocks among the slimy wrack with his ear to the tide, when as yet the sun had scarcely climbed above the ridge of the Mountain of the Moaning Winds, to take his first look at the sleeping islands of the west.

But always in the shapes of the sea-queens he would catch the look or the turning of Morag's form, and in the singing of them he would listen for the sound of Morag's voice. There was no care at all in Alan's heart, and at the end of the harvesting he was to bring



JOHN MACGREGOR.

Morag home to the white house above the Caol, where he could watch from the window the meetings of the waters. But the fisher lads about the hamlet were often speaking with one another about Alan's dreamy ways, and it was whispered that there might be some of the sea-queens of the Caol at the wedding of the Man of Dreams.

So the summer went by. And the autumn began to turn. And still Alan Ban dreamed on the edge of the tide. Hector the piper was practising the *piobaireachd* nightly. Alan's wedding was to be after the setting and rising of four more suns. The lads were coming across from Glenelg and Duich; and many a lass was already kiltling her coats between the milkings in the byre, and going through the skilly steps of reel and strathspey.

Morag herself was away at Strome, and was to return to Caol the third night but one before the great day. And Alan was waiting for her coming with the love-fire burning deep in his heart.

The day had been dull and lowering, with a snell bite in the wind. Between the going of the light and the coming of the dark, Alan was on the shore, wandering up and down. Often did he look across the Caol to the creek on the mainland where Morag was to get Duncan Roy's boat. He could just see the boat lying on the shore, as he strained his eyes in the dusk. Then the Man of Dreams would take to his wandering up and down again among the black rocks.

The night came on dark and chill and gurlly. There was not so much wind that a man would be afraid to venture to sea. But there was enough of a moaning in the bag of it to make Alan wish his white love was by his side. And he could see that the tide had already begun to race.

By the time the clocks had turned eight, Alan Ban was sitting on the hillside, peering through the darkness that was only made the blacker by the flashing of the lighthouse at the point. He could hear the tide racing, with a wild kind of laughter in the roar of it. The Water Fiend was hissing music to his Queen.

Then Alan started to his feet. The fear was on him. The Man of Dreams threw up his hands and cried:

"Och a Dhé! O my God!"

For slowly out of the night there rose the form of a woman's wraith. Morag Chaomh stood before him, with the sad look in the eyes of her. No word did she speak, but slowly and silently she glided towards the quaking man. When the sorrowful eyes had pierced the very soul of the Dreamer, the wraith faded away again, and there was nothing left but the black-

ness of the night and the hoarse hissing laughter of the tide, as it seethed and raced and tumbled along the shores of the Caol.

So Alan knew that the woman of his heart was in a wild danger. She was not dead, for the wraith had come towards him. But even now she might be looking in the eye of death. So the cheek of Alan Ban turned pale in the dark.

Quick as lightning he made for the shore, and began to launch a boat. He would be at the side of his white love in spite of the roaring tide. So he began the fearsome voyage against the whirling waters. An easy thing it was for Duncan Roy to cross the Caol in the dark, when he had the tide to carry him across and down, and the light of the clachan to guide him. But a mad thing it was for Alan Ban to be thinking of rowing, in the teeth of the tide, up and across to the ferry from the Caol side, until the stream of the sea had slackened.

But the creeping fear had hold of him, and in a moment he was in the midst of the seething waters, pulling wildly against the stream. Hoarse and mocking was the roar of the Water Fiend as he caught the little boat and whirled it round and round like a bit of wreckage; and the more the mad man pulled the more did the leaping tides tumble into the sinking craft. The Water Fiend hissed horrid laughter in the ears of the drowning man, and the Dreamer of Dreams felt the water closing over his head. The Sea Queens were drawing Alan Ban down, down, down at last into the eddies of their treacherous whirlpools. And then—the racing tides rushed on once more, tumbling and lashing and roaring death music in the night.

* * * * *

When the wraith appeared to Alan Ban, Morag was lying, bruised and bleeding and stunned, on the moorland between Strome and Caol. Duncan Roy had missed the track in the dark, and his cart heeled over with a mighty lurch as the wheel caught the face of a rock in the peat.

Then followed a confusion of rattling chains and kicking hoofs and black cursings that was shameful to hear.

"Morag! are ye hurt!" cried Duncan Roy, between his mouthfuls of cursing.

But there was no answer.

Then the old man began to grope about, until he found the woman lying below the cart, with her head against a stone. And while he groped, his hand came upon a pool of thick warm blood.

* * * * *

It was a long cry from the peat hag to the Caol, but when the clocks were turning eleven, Duncan Roy was helping a woman to step down

from the cart, on the shore of the racing tides. Her brow was wrapped round in a white clout, and she sat down on the beach to wait until Duncan Roy and Ian of the Boats had launched the ferry.

The two men had just got the boat afloat, when a wild shriek rang through the darkness. And when they turned round, Morag was lying in a faint.

"God keep us! but the Black Spirit himself will be following me this night!" said Duncan Roy, with a terror in his voice.

"Lift the woman in quick, Duncan, for the tide will be running stronger every minute!"

And before Morag could come to herself again, she was sitting propped up in the stern of the heaving boat, as it was swiftly rowed down the tide.

Then she opened her eyes. The flash of the lighthouse lay on the whirlpools, and she could see them circling and seething and twisting like oily snakes. Suddenly she sat up and stared into the gloom. For the wraith of the Man of Dreams rose out of the water, and seemed to stand at the side of the boat. Morag sat bound to silence by the spell of the lifeless eyes.

Would the ghost of her lover move backwards or forwards?

Slowly the apparition began to recede away and away and yet further away into the night, until at last there was nothing left but darkness.

Then the spell was lifted from the woman's soul. And, springing to her feet, she cried:

"*Sìod e!* Youder he is . . . Alan my white love . . . *Ochanorie a Dhé mo thruaighe!* O God, alas for my trouble . . . Alan! Alan!! Alan!!!"

The rowers, who had seen none of the wraith, paused in terror. Ian reached forward to pull the woman down to her seat again. But, before he could reach her, there was a splash! The keel of the boat hit something with a thud. And the stern seat was empty.

Twice they heard a voice cry "Alan!" above the roar of the tide. But before they could get the bow of the boat round again, the wraith of a man and the wraith of a woman rose out of the water side by side, and began to move above the mirky flood like two dead folks dancing in their grave clothes.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

Deeds that won the Empire. *

*Capture of Fort Duquesne—Montgomery's Highlanders—
Fate of Allan Macpherson.*

THE next enterprise of the eventful year 1758 was one of greater magnitude, the reduction and capture of Fort Duquesne, situated on an elevated point of land at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, in the north-west corner of Pennsylvania, which has given great trouble to the colonists in preceding years.

The troops detailed for this arduous expedition consisted of the Montgomery Highlanders, 1,300 men, 550 of the 60th Royal Americans, and 4,400 Provincials, in all 6,250 men, with 1,000 waggons, wood cutters, and camp followers. The whole commanded by Brigadier General Forbes of Pittencrief, who served with distinction in the Scots Greys and on the Staff in the German campaigns. The manner in which General Forbes carried out this campaign is thus commented upon by the "Westminster Journal" of the day: "By a steady pursuit of well concerted measures, he, in defiance of disease and numberless obstructions, brought to



a happy issue a remarkable expedition, and made his own life a willing sacrifice to what he valued more—the interests of his King and country."

With his little army General Forbes in July began his march from Philadelphia for the banks of the Ohio through a vast tract of wild country, then little known, destitute of any

roads, and where the paths, such as they were, traversed steep mountains, great morasses and dense old forests, which in some places were almost impenetrable. Smollett says, "It was not without the most incredible exertions of industry that he procured provisions and carriages for this expedition, forming new roads as he marched, extending scouting parties, securing camps, and surmounting innumerable difficulties in his tedious route."

Having at last brought the main body of his forces as far as Ray's town, forty miles from Fort Duquesne, he sent forward Colonel Bouquet with 2,000 men, chiefly Highlanders, to a place called Loyal Henning; this officer in turn detached 840 men of the Montgomeries and Provincials under the command of Major Grant of Ballindalloch to reconnoitre the fort and outworks. Arriving within eight miles of the fort, Major Grant sent a subaltern with a few Indians forward to the fort to reconnoitre. These men lay on a hill near it all night. They saw many Indians in canoes paddling across the Ohio to join the enemy. Major Grant, impatient of delay, began his march before his scouts could return, and arrived within two miles of the fort when he received the report of his subaltern. He then halted, left his baggage under guard, and proposed that night to attack the encampment which the scouts alleged to be outside and in front of the fort.

Finding the alleged camp did not exist when dawn drew near, he marched steadily against the fort, with pipes playing, drums beating, as if going to a parade, or about to enter a friendly town. The French instantly stood to their arms, threw open the gates, and accompanied by more than 1,000 Indian warriors armed with musket, knife, tomahawk, and yelling like so many fiends, flung themselves upon the Highlanders. Major Grant ordered his men, in the old Highland fashion of attack, to fling away their plaids and tunics, and rush at the enemy sword in hand. French and Indians were dismayed, they turned their backs, and fled into the adjoining wood, where they dispersed themselves, but on being joined by another body of Indians they rallied and surrounded the detachment on all sides. Protected by the thick foliage they poured on the devoted band a heavy and destructive fire, which could not be returned with effect. Major Grant endeavoured to force his way into the wood whence the fire was thickest, but was soon surrounded and taken prisoner, and several officers and men were killed and wounded. On losing their commander and so many officers, and being unable to get at the unseen enemy, the men dispersed. Only 150 Highlanders got back to Loyal Henning. The bayonet, the axe, and the scalping

knife speedily disposed of the rest. The French infamously gave a premium for every scalp brought in. When Lord Rollo that year took possession of an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence he found in the Governor's quarters a vast number of scalps stored up like trophies. The Highlanders lost 8 officers and 230 men, and the 60th 3 officers, and some Provincials were also slain. Major Grant and 19 men were made prisoners. This untoward event did not discourage General Forbes. He pressed forward with increased expedition, and soon came in front of Fort Duquesne. The garrison dreading a siege abandoned the fort as soon as his troops appeared and fled down the Ohio to their settlements on the Mississippi. They left all their ammunition, stores, and provisions intact. This took place on the 24th November, 1758.

General Forbes put the fort in proper repair and changed its name from "Duquesne" to "Pittsburg," in honour of Mr. Pitt, secured it with a garrison of Provincials, and made treaties with the Indian tribes around it.

On the then bleak green point where this solitary stockaded fort looked down on the lonely waters of the Ohio there now stands the large town of Pittsburg, second only in importance to Philadelphia, with its flourishing manufactories, and its spires and chimneys overhung by the perpetual cloud of black smoke, the surrounding country being rich in coal, iron, and other minerals.

General Forbes, leaving a garrison in Pittsburg, returned to Philadelphia, where he died, universally lamented and respected as one of the most accomplished and able officers then in America. The Montgomery Highlanders passed the winter in Pittsburg. In the following May they joined part of the army of General Amherst, who, after the conquest of Louisburg, came to clear the Lake district of the French. He found Ticonderoga and Crown Point deserted by the French, but the Indians, especially the Cherokee tribe, very unsettled. In consequence of some atrocities committed by this tribe, he detached Colonel Montgomery with 700 of his own regiment, 400 of the Royals, and some Provincials, to chastise the savages. They fled into the woods. He destroyed two of their towns and retired to Fort Prince George. They still remained refractory. He paid them another visit in a different quarter, inflicted further punishment upon them, and sustained a loss of 2 officers and 20 men killed, and 26 officers and 68 men wounded.

"Several of the soldiers fell into the hands of the Indians, being taken in ambush. One of these, Allan Macpherson, witnessing the miserable fate of several of his fellow prisoners, tortured to death by the cruel Indians, and seeing

them preparing to commence some operations upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate to them. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them that if his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate to them the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would enable it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or a sword, and that if they would allow him to go to the wood with a guard to collect the proper plants for this medicine, he would prepare it and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior amongst them. The story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was instantly complied with. Being sent into the woods he soon returned with such plants as

he chose to pick up. Having boiled the herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head upon a log of wood, desired the best man amongst them to strike at his neck with the tomahawk, when he would find he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian levelled a blow with all his might and with such force that the head flew off to the distance of some yards. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him, but instead of being enraged at this escape of their victim they were so pleased with his ingenuity that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remaining prisoners"—*Stewart*.

Hereford.

JOHN MACKAY.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

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A POPULAR WAULKING SONG.

HE following popular waulking song is the composition of the late Lady D'Oyly.

It is generally understood that the chorus, and perhaps the first verse, belonged to a much older composition, and are coeval with the air.

Lady D'Oyly was daughter of Thomas Ross, R.A., who was married to Isabella, daughter of John Macleod, IX. of Raasay. She married—as his second wife—Sir Charles D'Oyly, Bart., the celebrated amateur artist. She resided with him for some years in India, and died without issue on 1st June, 1875. Lady D'Oyly was brought up in Raasay, and while resident there she noted down the numerous Gaelic airs which

were current in the island. This valuable musical MS. is now in the possession of the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*. She also composed a number of Gaelic songs of considerable merit, a selection of which was published with their airs in 1875 under the title of "Orain Ghàidhlig le Baintighearna D'Oyly. Glaschu: G. Mac-na-Ceàrdadh, 1875." The following song is admirably adapted for waulking operations, for which hearty tunes, with distinct rhythm and marked time, are essential. I have endeavoured to imitate the action and rhythm in the free translation now submitted.

FIONN.

THAINIG AN GILLE DUBH—MY BRAW DARK LADDIE, O.

KEY F. *With marked time and spirit.*

{ d : - . d : d d : - . r : m l : - : d d : l : s : s : - : s s : - : m	
SEISD—Thàinig an gille dubh 'n	raoir do'n bhaile so
CHORUS—Back to this toon cam' my	gay young laddie, O
{ l : - : s m : r : m d : - . d : d d : - . r : m l : - : d d : l : s : s : - : s s : - : m	
thréig mo leannan mi,	Thàinig an gille dubh 'n
tartan plaid - ie O,	Hame to this toon cam' my
{ . s s : l : m s : - : s l : - . s : m s : - : l d' : - . d' : d' l : - : s l : - : s m : r : m	
RANN—Gur mis' tha gu tinn,	le goirteas mo chinn 'S ged rachadh mi'n chill, cha till mo leannan rium.
VERSE—My heart it was sore and sick to the core,	Lest I should no more behold my laddie, O.

And now I am fain,
His favour to gain—
And ever retain
My ain young laddie, O.

With countenance bright,
And eye full of light,
A gallant young wight
'S my tight brave laddie, O.

A boat he can steer
And never show fear,
Tho' danger be near—
My dear young laddie, O.

For ladies fu' grand,
Wi' riches and land,
Would gie ye their hand
My bland young laddie, O.

The deer on the hill
He brings down at will,
Of fish in the rills
He kills fu' many, O.

Whatever betide
I'll faithful abide,
And wish as your bride
A fine young lady, O.



CAPTAIN ANGUS MACLEOD, R.N.



MRS. ANGUS MACLEOD.

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CAPTAIN ANGUS MACLEOD, R.N.



CAPTAIN ANGUS MACLEOD, now in command of H. M. first-class battleship 'Jupiter,' one of the Channel Squadron, was born in 1847, and entered

the Training Ship for Royal Naval Cadets when 13½ years of age.

His first sea-going vessel, as a midshipman, was the 'Magicienne,' whose captain was H.S.H. Prince Leiningen, and after nearly four years in the Mediterranean he returned to England, completed his junior time and successfully passed the necessary examinations for the rank of lieutenant.

In 1867 he proceeded to China and Japan in the battleship 'Rodney,' bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Hon. Sir H. Keppel, and obtained a death vacancy on the station in 1868. The experiences in the period spent in eastern waters was seldom without excitement, and included some stirring scenes witnessed during the civil war between the Mikado and the Tycoon.

In 1872, having qualified as a gunnery officer upon arrival from China, he spent a year in the frigate 'Aurora,' followed by an unsought honour in the shape of an appointment as junior staff officer of the gunnery ship 'Excellent,' hardly valued at its proper worth, as, tempted by a chance of seeing active service, Mr. MacLeod volunteered for and obtained the first lieutenancy of the 'Barraconta,' then operating, under the present Admiral, the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, against the Ashantees, on the Gold Coast.

When the Naval Brigade was sent to the front Mr. MacLeod was in it, and at the action of Amoafu, while temporarily commanding a company of Royal Marines, was slightly wounded, but a few days later, after the fight on the

Ordah river, entered Coomassie, with Sir Garnet Wolseley and the victorious forces. As soon as it was decided not to pursue the King beyond his charnel-house city, but to gather up the loot and return to the coast, Mr. MacLeod was selected as Naval prize agent, and in co-operation with two military representatives, carried out the sack of the (so-called) palace.

The 'Barraconta' returned to England as soon as the war was over, and when refitted served on the Australian station, including nearly a year in the Fiji Islands and Navigator Group. In the last named, at Samoa, in March, 1876, a very complicated series of misunderstandings led to a sharp action with the party opposed to King Mahietoa, resulting in the loss of several valuable lives on both sides, and to this day it is well nigh impossible to explain how the British made good their passage back to the boats from which they were cut off. Mr. MacLeod commanded the blue jackets.

Promoted to Commander early in 1882, he was appointed to the 'Boadicea,' on the Cape of Good Hope and West African station, flagship of the present Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., G.C.B., and while detached, in the gun vessel 'Algerine,' to watch Franco-Portuguese affairs in the Congo regions, gained official approbation for "the very able and judicious manner in which orders were carried out, and for valuable reports made." In 1885 he was appointed to the gunnery ship, 'Excellent' at Portsmouth, and obtained post rank on conclusion of three years' duty in that widespread establishment.

Having to wait his turn for employment, the middle of 1891 saw Captain MacLeod's pendant hoisted in the cruiser 'Pallas,' in which ship he spent three years on the China station, much occupied in independent missions, but the most interesting events with which he was concerned were those connected with the Franco-Siamese difficulty of 1893. Throughout the exciting incidents that so nearly brought Great Britain and France into collision, Captain MacLeod was our Senior Naval Officer in Siamese waters.

Though sorely tried and irritated by the proceedings of the French captains, patient forbearance won the day and in due season the crisis was tided over. The Admiralty wrote that "recognizing the extreme difficulty and delicacy of the position, they appreciated the efforts made to maintain an attitude of strict impartiality under very trying circumstances." Not long after our strained relations with the French in Siamese affairs, Captain MacLeod was glad to be able to render material assistance to the Messageries Maritimes Mail Steamer 'Godavery,' badly stranded on a reef in Rhio Straits, near Singapore. Two days' labour upon the part of the officers and men of the 'Pallas' resulted in the vessel being towed off, and the thanks of the Government of the French Republic were officially communicated through, and accompanied by the approval of, the British Admiralty.

Almost directly the 'Pallas' reached England Captain MacLeod was again sent to China, in the first-class cruiser 'Gibraltar,' to strengthen our squadron, in view of possibly awkward developments of the Japanese-Chinese war, and after most interesting professional "watching of events" off Wei-hei-wei, he was present, near that place, when the surrender of the fortress was so tragically followed by the suicides of the Chinese admiral, general, and commodore, shortly after which peace ensued and the 'Gibraltar' returned to England.

In December, 1895, he was appointed to the first-class battleship 'Empress of India,' in the Channel Squadron, from which vessel, with all the complement, he was transferred to the 'Jupiter' in June of last year in order that she might take part in the Jubilee Review at Spithead. Having run considerably over the period usually allowed in command of a Channel ship, Captain MacLeod is to be appointed to H. M. S. 'Pembroke,' at Chatham, for command of the Fleet Reserve in the Medway, in October.

It may be pointed out that as the 'Jupiter' was built in Scotland (on the banks of the Clyde) it is quite appropriate that her first captain should be one of our own countrymen, whose people hailed from Glenelg, and, later, from Bracadale in Skye, but as we understand that all family details are likely to be published soon in the interesting work, now in the press, by Lieut.-Colonel J. Macinnes, entitled "The Brave Sons of Skye," it will suffice here to say that his great-great-grandfather, Donald, known as Donull Og, had a tack of land in North Uist, and that this Donald's son and grandson were, in succession, appointed ministers of St. Kilda, in 1774 and 1778, respectively.

The last mentioned, Lachlan, had several sons. All died young, or unmarried, except

Angus (whose wife was the only daughter of General Sir Alexander Macleod, Bengal Artillery, of the Bernera family), and Captain Norman, the father of the subject of this sketch, who commanded several well-known East India-men before taking office under the Board of Trade, in 1851, at Liverpool, from which appointment he retired on pension a few years before his death at Edinburgh in 1877.

Captain MacLeod married, first, Rose (daughter of the late Robert Hickem, and widow of James, son of Venerable Archdeacon Pollock), who died in 1886, and secondly Jane Margaret (whose portrait we give), the only daughter of the late Captain Forster of the 62nd (Wiltshire) Regiment, an officer who served with distinction in India and fell in the Crimea. Mrs. Angus MacLeod's only brother, Lieut.-Colonel J. Burton Forster, now commands the 2nd Batt. Royal Irish Regiment, quartered in Mhow.

SINE BHÀN.

AH Shina, my heart with the sadness was
breaking,
With sorrow and anguish this bosom was
burning,
As over the mountain my way I was taking,
Leaving my home without hope of returning,
Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, Shina Bhàn.

Full oft have we strayed o'er the wild springing
heather,
And over the moorlands of beauteous Strath
Naver,
'Twas there by Ben Clebrig we last met together,
And parted, a ghaol, may be for ever,
Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, Shina Bhàn.

Ah Shina, thine eyes with the lovelight were
beaming
As fair as the stars that herald the morning,
Tho' in their dark softness the tears were gleaming
Like glittering dewdrops sweet bluebells adorning,
Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, Shina Bhàn.

* * * * *

But now there are tidings that banish my sadness,
With love's joyous fervour this bosom is burning,
I weep but for joy and my tears are of gladness,
For now to Strath Naver and thee I'm returning,
Shina a graidh mo chridhe—Shina Bhàn.

R. ROSS NAPIER ("Rob Lom").

A GATHERING OF THE CLAN GRANT is to take place at Grantown, Strathspey, on the 27th Augst. The Countess Dowager of Seafield will entertain the members of the clan at Castle Grant. A large gathering of clansmen is expected.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. XII.—THE MACANDREWS.
SLIOCHD GILL' ANDRIS.

THIS Sept is placed by Sir Eneas Mackintosh as No. 11 of Clan Chattan, and adds, "that they took protection of Mackintosh about 1400." The Kinrara historian, under the head of Malcolm, tenth Mackintosh, after recording the association of the Macqueens or Clan Revan, goes on to say—"And sicklike Donald MacGillandrish, of whom the Clan Andrish are named, came out of Muidart, with Mora Macdonald, Lady Mackintosh."

It is thus seen that the Macqueens and Macandrews of Clan Chattan, originally and at the same time, came from Muidart, in the train of the bride Mora Macdonald, daughter of Clan Ranald. The descendants of the above Donald MacGillandrish settled in Connage of Petty, at the time a favourite abode of the Mackintoshes, and in course of time the name was anglicized into Macandrew, or found to be so by scribes, as more euphonic. The name of Gillanders is in the same way a variation of the original Gaelic.

After the heranship of the Lordship of Petty and of the Ogilvies, these eastern invaders took steps to recover their losses sustained by and through the Clan Chattan, the old possessors, and in the year 1516-17 the name of William MacGillandrish is found amongst those summoned for the spuilzie.

Possessing no lands, the after history of the Macandrews is obscure; but the name of that notable Bowman, John beg Macandrew of Dalnahatnich, who flourished in the middle of the 17th century, may be included among the celebrities of the name. An illustrated sketch of his life and adventures appeared in our issue of October last.

In the present century, the name has come well to the front. Donald Macandrew, who resided near the Bridge of Dulzie, was progenitor of a race, who for three generations have been prominent in the north. His son George, Land Surveyor, held important offices in the Counties of Inverness and Nairn. He was succeeded by his son John, the well-known, talented Solicitor of Inverness; and he in turn by his son, the present Sir Henry Cockburn Macandrew, alike prominent in law, soldiering, literature, and politics. The progress of this family has been steadily upward, and its members have been and are a credit to the North and to Clan Chattan. The name of the late Sir W. P. Andrew, a native of Inverness, so long prominent

in Eastern affairs in the opening up of traffic routes to the East, should not be forgotten. Nor the names of (1) Mr. William Macandrew, who, after an active commercial career abroad has settled in Essex, restored in 1888 the old Market Cross of Elgin, the place of his birth. (2) Captain John Maclean Macandrew, who has restored the old castle of Dalcross, an interesting historic places in the united parishes of Croy and Dalcross, combining with an harmonious preservation of the past, all the comforts of present day occupation. The situation of the castle is one of the most commanding in the North.

Nos. XIII., XIV., XV., AND XVI.

As we have now arrived towards the end of the sixteen associated tribes of Clan Chattan, it may be as well to give the complete list as written down by Sir Eneas Mackintosh upwards of a century since. These run as follows:—

- 1.—The Clan vic Gillivray, 1271.
- 2.—The Clan Wurrich (Macphersons), 1291.
- 3.—The Clan Vean (Macbeans), 1292.
- 4.—The Clan Day (Davidsons), 1350.
- 5.—The Clan vic Govies, 1369.
- 6.—The Clan Tarrill, 1372.
- 7.—The Clan Chean duy, Glen Beg of Strathnairn, 1373.
- 8.—The Sliochd Gow Chruim (Gows), 1399.
- 9.—The Clan Tearlich (Macleans of the North), 1400.
- 10.—The Clan Revan (Macqueens), 1400.
- 11.—The Clan vic Gillandrish Connage (Macandrews), 1400.
- 12.—The Clan Clerichs (Clarks), 1400.
- 13.—The Sliochd Gillie Vor Mac Aonas, 1485.
- 14.—The Clan Phail (Macphails), 1500.
- 15.—The Clan Fmlay Cheir, 1502.
- 16.—The Clan Inteir (Macintyres), 1496.

I have abstained from referring to No. 2 of the above list, as judging by their assertions, their dignity might be hurt, if placed under the heading of this book. Want of authentic material and the decay of the septs, has compelled four in the above list, viz: Nos. 5, 7, 13, and 15, to be put in one chapter.

No. XIII.—VIC GOVIES.

This sept is placed by Sir Eneas Mackintosh as No. 5, who says they took protection of Lachlan, 8th Mackintosh, anno 1369. No reference to the sept is made by the Kinrara historian, and I am disposed to think that this word should be Gorrie, or Godfred, as a few years after the above date the name of Donald Gorrie Mackintosh is mentioned.

No. XIV.—THE CLAN DHU OF STRATHNAIRN.

This clan is placed No. 7 by Sir Eneas Mackintosh, under the head of "The Clan Dhu,

Glenbeg of Strathnairn," who adds, they took protection of Lachlan, 8th Mackintosh, anno 1373. The Kinrara historian, under the head of the above Lachlan, narrates, "In his time lived Gillie Phadrig vic Iain, commonly called Iain Dhu vic Iain," the progenitor of the Clan Dhu.

NO. XV.—THE SLOICHD GILLIE VOR MAC AONAS.

Sir Eneas Mackintosh places this sept as No. 13 of Clan Chattan, and states that they took protection of Duncan, 11th Mackintosh, anno 1485. The Kinrara historian, under the head of the above Duncan, says, "In his time Angus, the father of Mulmore, of whom the Sloichd Gillie-mor-vic-Aonas are so called, had their beginning."

NO. XVI.—THE CLAN FINLAY CHEIR.

This sept is placed by Sir Eneas Mackintosh as No. 15 of the associated tribes, and says that they took protection of Farquhar, 12th Mackintosh, anno 1502, while the Kinrara historian says that they, with the Mac Aonas tribe above mentioned, and the Macphails, had their beginning in the time of the 12th Mackintosh.

If there be representatives of any of these four tribes, now that attention has been drawn to the matter, it is hoped they will come forward and assert their position.

The Farquharsons, like the Shaws, having been originally Mackintoshes, will next be dealt with, in so far as connected with Clan Chattan.

(To be continued).

THE WELSH EISTEDFODD.

HIGHLANDERS, now that they have an Annual Mòd of their own, are taking a greater interest each year in the proceedings at the Eistedfodd of their Welsh brethren. This year's gathering, which was held at Blaenau Festiniog in July, was a great success, and was of special interest to Highlanders through the fact that the Highland Association was formally represented for the first time, the delegates being those two stalwart and veteran Gaels, Mr. John Mackay of Hereford, late President, Clan Mackay Society, and Mr. D. A. S. Mackintosh, Shettleston, President, Clan Chattan Association. The appearance on the platform of two such stalwart representatives of the Highland race, dressed in the tartans of their respective clans, created quite a sensation among the vast audience of 8000 persons. The following reference to the presentation of the Scots and Irish delegates, copied from the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, will doubtless interest many of our readers:—The Scots' delegation were Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, and Mr. Donald A. S. Mackintosh, President of the Clan Chattan Association, a pair of venerable stalwart Highlanders, neither

below six feet in height, and well proportioned in breadth. Mr. Mackay is close-cropped and shaven, but his companion has flowing locks and beard, whitened by the snow of years. Both were in full Highland costume, and wore the plaids and brooches of their respective clans. Two such magnificent and picturesque figures are rarely seen on an Eistedfodd or any other platform. Beside them, even Hwfa Môn was for a moment of secondary importance. The Irish deputation, who were ordinary civilian dress, and were therefore undistinguishable from the crowd, were Mr. Alfred P. Graves, Honorary Secretary of the Irish Literary Association of London, and Mr. E. E. Fournier, Registrar of the Feis Ceiol. The attendance of the delegation was a compliment reciprocal of a similar recognition by the Eistedfodd of the most recent gatherings of the Mòd and the Feis Ceiol. The address of the Mòd and written in Gaelic was presented and translated by Mr. Mackay, who naively remarked that he was compelled to fall back on the language of the "predominant partner," in order to make himself understood. The document was brief and couched in terms of warm fellowship. The President of the Session, Mr. Owen Jones, accepted the address in a few well-chosen sentences of Welsh, and as a special welcome to their visitors, the audience sang in tremendous spirit the chorus of the national hymn "Land of my Fathers," and so this unique gathering of every component nation of the United Kingdom—for there were several Englishmen on the platform—closed.

Mr. John Mackay, on being invited to address the gathering, made a characteristic speech. He stated that he had been deputed by his countrymen of the Highland Mòd to represent them at the Eistedfodd, to convey to the Welsh people their best wishes and congratulations, and to deliver to them an address, written in Gaelic, expressive of their gratitude to this ancient Celtic institution for its courtesy in sending last year a delegate to the Mòd at Inverness, holding out to their infant Eistedfodd the right hand of fellowship and parental acknowledgment. The Gaelic address would not, he was afraid, be understood by the audience, but he had handed the President a translation in English, which was the common language of communication between them. Time was when the Caledonians of North Britain and your ancestors of South Britain could understand each other in one common language, but events and invaders thrust them apart for so many centuries into their mountains—always the asylum of freedom—that this common language was general to them no more, and they had to resort nowadays to the language of the predominant partner to make themselves mutually understood. These misfortunes of the past had their present-day lesson, to enable them, with the civilization and easy means of communication, to bind themselves the more closely in the future, and to unite for the elevation and advancement of all the Celtic races of the British Empire and in France. The Welsh Eistedfodd had been an inspiration and a grand example to all, and one which the Gaels of Scotland intended benefiting by. (Great cheering.)

The delegates stood on the platform while the audience sang with great heartiness "Land of my Fathers," and on their bowing their acknowledgments and retiring to their seats, there was a



DR. ALEXANDER FINLAYSON.

perfect roar of cheering, again and again repeated. Altogether, the Highland delegates received a right royal welcome, which we have no doubt will be repaid with equal spirit when the Welsh and Irish representatives appear at the Mòd at Oban on the 13th September.

It is interesting to mention that Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, Elderslie, who represented the Mòd at the Irish National Gathering at Dublin, created an equally favourable impression, and made many friends. He read a Gaelic address from *An Comann Gàidhealach*, which was received with great enthusiasm.

DR. ALEXANDER FINLAYSON, MUNLOCHY.

DR. FINLAYSON'S name is a household word in the North Highlands. There are few members of the medical profession in the North who have attained such a degree of popularity, or acquired such an excellent professional reputation as the subject of our sketch enjoys. No Gallery of notable Highlanders could be complete which did not include Dr. Finlayson.

He was born in 1833 at Lochcarron, Ross-shire. His parents were noted for their piety and industry, and like most of their class were not blessed with too large a share of this world's wealth. Their most earnest desire was to see a son of theirs "wag his head in the pulpit," and indeed in this respect their wish was gratified. His two grandmothers were, curiously, Macraes of Kintail, that grand race of stalwart clansmen who in many climes rendered good service to the nation. In those days education in the Highlands was in a most unsatisfactory state, and the youthful aspirant after knowledge had many difficulties to contend with which would appall the School Board taught youth of the present day. Schools were scarce, and books were a luxury enjoyed by few. A crofter's son started an adventure school in the village, which our friend was considered too juvenile to attend, but nothing daunted, he ran away to school armed with a dictionary, probably a century old! This school had only a very brief existence, the next being opened by the Free Church a few years after the Disruption of 1843. From Lochcarron Dr. Finlayson went direct to the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh, where, after obtaining a small bursary and a Queen's scholarship, he attended a two years' course. Having neither liking nor aptitude for teaching he entered, with the help of a bursary, the University of Edinburgh, completing his curriculum, and in due time was licensed by the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh. Discovering,

fortunately, in time that by nature, taste, and social instincts he was unfitted for the work of the ministry, he determined, at a time of life when most men would shrink from entering upon a new life, to devote himself to the study of medicine, for which he always had a strong liking. The doctor has never had reason to regret his choice, for he feels himself a "free man," and after twenty years' residence at Munlochy he has a practice which extends more or less over four parishes. Prior to settling at Munlochy he acted as assistant to Dr. Macleod, Kilmarnock, where, on leaving to fill another appointment at Fort-Augustus, he was the recipient of a handsome testimonial.

In Highland circles Dr. Finlayson is a prominent figure. He has been for many years a member of that most useful and patriotic institution, the Gaelic Society of Inverness, which has done so much for the language and literature of the Highlands. He possesses a valuable library, in which Celtic literature occupies a prominent place; in politics he is a staunch Conservative. His hospitality is proverbial in the district, and indeed it may be truthfully said of him that his chief pleasure is to be surrounded with genial and intelligent friends, of whom, we need hardly add, he has never been without a goodly number.

Dr. Finlayson is the central figure of our plate—the gentlemen on either side are well-known residents in Inverness.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE GLENS; OR MARI DONN.

HAVE you ever looked into those soft dark blue Highland eyes, all the darker from the shade of their long lashes, as the lights and shades of hopes and anxiety passed over them, or their wistful gaze seemed to rest on some far away object, beyond the reach of your vision? If you have you will be able to picture to yourself Mari Donn's eyes as she stood in the doorway of her heather-thatched cottage, in white cap and home-spun gown—too short to cover her shapely feet and ankles—looking away down the winding road that led from her native glen to the wide world beyond. Down that road her tearful eyes had years ago followed the receding form of her son Donald—whose father shall be nameless.

One of my earliest kirk recollections is Mari Donn standing with shawl-covered head in the midst of a large sitting congregation, and the minister, according to the forms of discipline then common in Highland congregations, lec-

turing her upon the enormity of the sin she had been guilty of. I could see the venerable old preacher did not like his task (who would?) but his puritanical elders had to be reckoned with. Indeed, his closing words, borrowed from his master, in which there was forgiveness and "go and sin no more," were afterwards criticised by Alister Cruaidh, one of the elders, for their lack of necessary severity. Mari Donn did not sin again. Her life thenceforth was an exemplary one, and her tidiness and industry were often spoken of by her neighbours.

Her son at the age of sixteen resolved to leave his mother and home and go into the world. He came to this resolution, although he never told his mother so, because his illegitimacy had been cast in his teeth one day in the shinty field by Alister Cruaidh's son. Of all places to go to Glasgow seemed to him the most desirable. Glasgow! a name that has an enchanting sound in the ears of young Highlanders—the city of their dreams. Glasgow! where the poor may become rich, and the lowly great: where those who enter in home spun may emerge in broad cloth.

It was summer when he left with only a few shillings in his purse. His progress southward was slow, as he had to earn his living by the way. Nor was he destined to reach his destination without trouble. On a Lowland farm, where he engaged to work at harvesting for the season, a severe illness laid him low. He lodged at the time with Jock Gray, one of the ploughmen on the farm. Jock and his wife, Elspet, were childless, having seven years before laid their only son in the neighbouring churchyard; and the warm-hearted couple nursed the strange lad with almost parental care.

"Dae you ken, Jock, my heart gangs oot tae that Heilan laddie, he maks me think o' our ain Jemmie," said Elspet one night as she and her husband sat beside the sleeping lad's bed. "He's nae sae roon faced as Jemmie, but he's a bonnie laddie. His mother's heart would be sair if she kent o' his illness. His father's deed 'am thinking. Last night when I half woke frae a short sleep I thought it was our ain laddie's heid showed aboon the pillow. But syne he began raving i' the Gaelic, I woke and kent wha's heid it was. His heart, puir laddie, is i' the Heilans. He sometimes prays 'am thinking, although 'am nae sure. His Faither aboon, wha kens a', kens the Gaelic."

In the crisis of Donald's illness, although the doctor said he would get over it, Jock seemed haunted with the idea that he would die. Elspet, however, seemed prepared for any emergency, and her large heart was ready to follow the lad that was so like her own even beyond the portals of death.

"If he dees, Jock, we'll lay him beside our ain laddie, wha kens but they may meet aboon. I ken the Heilan folks aye like to burried wi' their ain kin; but I heard Davie Hay, the auld sodger, say that he saw mony a braw, brave Heilan chiel put i' the lang trenches o' Waterloo. Sae we'll lay him in our ain kirkyaird, which is nae sae far awa frae the Heilans as Waterloo. You ken we can see the hills aboon Dunkeld on a fine day frae our Jemmie's grave."

But Donald recovered, and after a time resumed his southward journey. On his struggles, temptations, and trials in the great city we shall not dwell. These he battled with, with the weapons temporal and spiritual that are never out of the reach of the true and the valiant, be they ever so lowly. In his struggles the face of his beloved far away mother seemed often present with him, and in his dreams Jock and Elspet sometimes sat beside his bed. By self-denial, in the course of time, he was able in a tangible form to remember them all, and to spare the time and money for a visit to his mother and the old home amongst the hills. His mother we have introduced to our readers looking for his arrival.

Away down a far away bend of the road a dark speck appeared which Mari conjectured as her son, and with heart beating fast she hastened to meet him. As the pedestrian drew near, however, she saw, with disappointment, it was not her son. A blotchy-faced, bleary eyed individual in a shabby, greasy black suit, and boots much in want of repair, greeted her in a mixture of Cowgate English and her own native Gaelic. She did not at first remember the face, but at length recognised the features of Alister Cruaidh's son. He also had gone out into the world some years before, and had sent home in the early part of his career glowing accounts of the progress he was making as waiter and butler. But after a time he ceased writing. His progress was in the wrong direction. Acquaintances from time to time saw glimpses of him behind the bars of glittering gin palaces and whisky shops, until at length they lost sight of him in slums, frequented only by those who shun the light. He was now on his way home, not like the prodigal of old to ask for forgiveness, but to break his rigid old father's heart.

But Alastair's son had hardly passed on when Mari saw her own coming, and the contrast filled her heart with joy and motherly pride. Donald was changed, but not for the worse. The boy had become a man, a man who, though young, bore the stamp of one who had been tried and not found wanting. To his mother's delight he assumed no airs, nor belittled the old customs, simple manners, and frugal fare of his old associates and old home. Seonaid Bheg, the

gossip of the glen, wound up her description of him with "*'S tha Ghaeligh aige cho math 'sa bha i riamh. Cha'n ionann dha 's an bruidealair salach aig Alistar Cruaidh*" (And his Gaelic is as good as ever. He is not like Alister Cruadh's dirty butler).

Donald would have taken his mother back with him to Glasgow, but her attachment to the old home was too strong to be broken. On his return to the south, however, further successes enabled him to keep her in comparative ease and comfort in her native glen.

Meanwhile Alistar Cruaidh became frail and infirm, and was drawing near the end of his earthly journey. His wife died some time before, and his reprobate son only cast a dark shadow over his declining years. A relative of little or no sympathy kept house for him. He was not one who drew out the love of others, having incased himself for long years in a hard shell of self-rectitude, through which an unsparring condemnation of evil alone seemed to work its way. Mari Donn had frequently called at his house, but was not received with much warmth or gratitude. Nevertheless she persevered, bringing him little things she knew he was badly in want of; and at times washed his furrowed face and combed his thin grey locks. At length the spark of love and charity that was not wanting in the rigid old man's heart burst into flame, the hard lines in his face relaxed and a new light beamed in his eyes. Alistar Cruaidh, "Hard Alexander," became a child again. His gratitude to Mairi would at times find expression in the terse Gaelic words: "*A bheannachd bitheadh agadsa, 's a mhathanas agamsa*" (His blessing be thine, and His pardon mine). In the few days of life that remained to him he always spoke to her as to one above him, and it was she who held his hand when the shadows of death gathered round him, and into her ears fell his last words: "*Tha'n oidliche air sinubhal, a Mhairi, tha an cèd ag àiridh dheth 'n abhainn, 's tha mi faicinn nam beannan grianach air an taobh thall*" (The night is gone, Mairi, the mist is rising off the river, and I see the mountains beyond).

A. G. M.

THE MONARCH OF MIGHT.

TO those who are living one fate
Is sure to await for them all,
Alike for the humble and great,
And Death is that fate, at the sound of whose call,
The least and the greatest must helplessly fall.

Most mighty of monarchs is he,
Whom monarchs must meekly obey,
Regardless of rank or degree,

For none can oppose his victorious sway,
Though hard are his edicts and blood is his prey.

The high he condemns like the low,
Impartial though sternly severe,
Lays prostrate the weary with woe;
And they who are merry and joyful of cheer,
Grow faint and forlorn at the glance of his spear.

The tyrants that nations subdued,
And revelled in human distress,
He maketh subserve for the food
Of creatures that crawl in their lowly recess,
As mean as the poor they were wont to oppress.

Though numberless causes contend
To vary the aspects of life,
They all come to him in the end,
In spite of the vain affection and strife,
Wherewith the wide world is so woefully rife.

Ambition, though high it may climb,
And soar the sublime overhead,
Is doomed in the process of time,
At last to subside in the dust whence it sped,
Therein to repose with the lowly laid dead.

No matter how great the renown,
How proud the vain-glory of might,
They shrink from his terrible frown,
That withers them down with its pitiless blight,
Till even their memory fades out of sight.

The beauty that blushes in bloom,
He shrivelleteth soon in decay,
To rot in the gloom of the tomb;
And those who may flourish in glory to-day,
To-morrow he turns to corruption and clay.

How vain are our day-dreams of hope,
Our cravings for riches and fame,
Confined as our lives are in scope,
And fated so soon to relinquish our aim,
With all our achievements so meagre and tame!

But hostile as Death is to Life,
His empire will yet pass away,
For Life, at the end of the strife,
The dead will revive on the great Judgment Day,
And then will Death die, and Life triumph for aye!

JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

THE CLAN CAMPBELL.

SIR—As one of the Clan Campbell, as also a descendant of "Rob Roy," will you allow me to correct an error which appeared in Mr. J. A. Lovat-Fraser's article on "The Campbells?" (I am not going to comment on the article itself). The error referred to is in stating that after the Battle of Glenfruin in 1604, etc.; this should be 1602, because we find that the Act of Privy Council abolishing the name of Macgregor was passed on 3rd April, 1603, after the battle, and it was in 1604 that Macgregor of Glenstrae was tried before the Court of Justiciary and found guilty.

I am, etc.,

Barrowfield,
30th July, 1898. MALCOLM MACGREGOR CAMPBELL.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.—ISEABAL NIC AOIDH.

IT is a very unusual thing in the present day to have a piobaireachd rendered vocally. Duncan Ban's song "Beinn Dòran," while much and deservedly admired as a poetical composition, is hardly ever sung, and is certainly never attempted by cultivated singers. MacCrimmon's Lament and Mackintosh's Lament are no doubt piobaireachdan, and frequently sung to words. But they are not sung to the words of the piobaireachd; nor are they sung in the style of the piobaireachd. It has been left to Miss Kate Fraser and Mr. Roderick Macleod of Inverness to "bring out" a

real piobaireachd, namely "Is'bal Nic Aoidh." With Mr. Roddie's skill in setting the music, Miss Fraser's and Mr. Macleod's ability in rendering the same, and its own intrinsic merit, the piece could hardly fail to be well received, as it has been wherever it has been produced. The real piobaireachd of this name is much different from what is given below and does not seem to have "caught on," for the words are usually sung to "Fàilt' a Phrionnsa"—The Prince's Salute. The vocal set of the same was recovered from the late Rev. Dr. Mackay of Inverness, a native of the Reay country.

PIOBAIREACHD ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

Air fonn "Fàilt' a' Phrionnsa."

KEY D. { r : -r : r | l : - : - | l : -s : m | s : - : - | d : -d : d | m : -m : m | s : - : - | d : - : - }

D.C.

{ r : -r : r | l : - : - | l : -s : m | s : - : s | d : -d : d | m : -s : l | m : - : - | r : - : - }

S B

{ r : -r : r | m : - : d | r : -r : r | m : - : d | r : -r : r | m : - : d | r : -r : r | m : - : d }

Repeat *ad lib.*

{ r : -r : r | r' : - : t, s, l, t | d' : - : - | - : - : d | d : -d : d | s : - : l, s, f | m : - : - | d : - : - }

D.S.

Repeat *ad lib.*

S C

{ r | r : r, m | l : l, l | l : s, m | s : s, d | d : d, r | m : m, m | r : r, r | m : m, r }

1st Time. D.S. || 2nd Time. || S D

{ m, s : l, l | s : d, || m, s : l, s | m : r || r, r : r, r | m, d : d, d }

Repeat *ad lib.*

{ r, r : r, r | m, d : d, d | r, r : r, r | m, d : d, r | m, s : l, l | s : d }

D.S.

S E

{ r, r : r, r | m, d : d, d | r, r : r, r | m, d : d, d | r, r : r, r }

Repeat *ad lib.*

{ m, d : d, d | d, d : d, d | s, d : d, d | m, s : s, l | m : r }

D.S.

URLAK (A).

- Is'bal Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoi gh,
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, 's i' n a h-aonar;
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoi gh,
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, 's i' n a h-aonar;
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoi gh,
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, 's i' n a h-aonar;
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoi gh
 Am bonnabh na fridh, 's i' n a h-aonar.

SIUBHAL (E).

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
 A dhuine gun mhnac,
 Ma thig thu a chaidh,
 'S i so do thiom;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a' chrodh laoi gh
 Am bonnabh na fridh,
 'S i' n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh! &c

Comharradh dhombh
 Nach 'eii gu math,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-tigh
 Air Rìothan nan Damh
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-rithe.

Comharradh dhomb, &c.

URLAK (A).

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

SIUBHAL (B).

Seall sibh bean-tigh
 Air Rìothan nan Damh
 A muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-rithe;
 Seall sibh bean tigh
 Air Rìothan nan Damh
 A muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i' n a h-aonar.

Duine 'sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 De chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do Rìothan nan Damh,
 Gheobh e bean-tigh,
 'S cuireadh e rithe.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 De chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do Rìothan nan Damh,
 Gheobh e bean-tigh,
 'S i' n a h-aonar.

URLAK (A).

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

SIUBHAL (C).

Nach faic sibh an aibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh

Air achadh 'n a h-aonar:

Nach faic sibh an aibseig, &c.

'S neònach am fasan
 Do dhaoineibh tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nìthean bu taitneil'
 Dhaibh fèin a bbi aca,
 Bhi 'fulag a faicinn
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh
 Air achadh, 's i' n a h-aonar.
 'S neònach am fasan, &c.

URLAK (A).

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

CRUNLUATH (D).

Seall sibh air a' chionnaidheachd
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean
 Am bliadhna, 's i gu muldach,
 Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' chionnaidheachd, &c.

(E).

Innsidh mis' do dh' iomadh fear
 'S an rannaidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
 Gu bheil i air a cumail
 As na h-nìle àite follaiseach
 Le ballanaibh is cuinneagaibh
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean
 Am bliadhna, 's i gu muldach,
 Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.
 Innsidh mi, &c.

URLAK (A).

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

The words are the composition of Rob Donn, the Reay Bard, and were made in compliment to Isabella Mackay, daughter of John Mackay (Iain Mac-Eachainn), in whose service the bard seems to have spent his young days.

C. M. P.

CORSICAN OPINION OF HIGHLAND HONESTY.

 LMOST invariably, where Highland regiments have been garrisoned among foreigners, they have won the foreigners' respect by honesty. That this attribute is not one of modern days only, the following anecdote will serve to shew:—

Whilst the Island of Corsica was in the occupation of the British, one of the regiments in garrison was a Highland one. The Governor's butler was a Corsican, and had in his charge the Governor's plate, which was used during fetes and on public occasions. During one public function, greatly to the butler's horror, the bare-legged Highlanders were on guard in Government House. Their good behaviour, however, so impressed the butler, that, after the function was over, he requested the Governor that in future the "*men without breeches*" (meaning the Highlanders) might have charge of the plate and valuables.

Rangoon,

FRANK ADAM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This issue completes Volume I. As we are anxious to complete the list of subscribers for Volume VII, as soon as possible, readers who desire the "Celtic" to be sent for another year, might kindly forward their annual subscriptions (4/- post free), on receipt, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow. Subscribers will greatly favour us by giving this their immediate attention, as delay in remitting entails upon us a good deal of extra trouble.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT MONTH we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Messrs. J. W. MacGillivray, Chief of the Clan; R. K. Shaw, Marietta, United States; and George Reay Mackay, Chinde, British Central Africa.

VOLUME VI.—We will be able to supply a limited number of copies of the volume now completed, nicely bound, at 6/6 per copy. As the supply is limited an early application is advisable.

CLAN MACKAY TOUR IN THE REAY COUNTRY.—Arrangements for this interesting event have now been made, circulars containing full particulars having been circulated in the Mackay country. Quite a number of distinguished clansmen have intimated their intention of taking part in the tour, and we have no doubt that they will receive a hearty welcome from the clan in the various parishes to be visited. Copies of the official programme can be

had from the Editor. The party leave Thurso on Friday, 16th September, and about a week will be spent in Sutherland.

DR. SHAW OF WADDESDON, who attended the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his recent accident at Waddesdon Manor, and accompanied His Royal Highness to Marlborough House, has been presented by the Prince of Wales with a handsome gold scarf pin, set with emeralds, and bearing the Royal crest, in recognition of his kindness. Dr. Shaw has also received a letter of thanks from Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis on behalf of the Prince. Dr. Shaw's portrait and sketch appeared in our issue of November last.

HONOUR TO A NATIVE OF GAIRLOCH.—We are pleased to notice that Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie Chisholm has just been appointed a Justice of the Peace for Lancashire.

DEATH OF EVAN MACCOLL,
THE LOCHFYNE BARD.

WE regret to have to announce the death of the aged bard of Argyle—which took place at his residence, Toronto, Canada, on the 24th July. Born at Kenmore, Lochfyne, in 1808, the bard was consequently in his ninetieth year. His father and the rest of the family emigrated to Canada in 1831, leaving Evan behind in Scotland. In 1839 a place was secured for him in H. M. Customs, but after ten years' arduous service his health broke down and he was induced to visit his relatives in Canada. He was persuaded to accept a position in the Civil Service of Canada, and accordingly settled in Kingston in 1850, where he remained until superannuated in 1880. His first poetic collection, called "The Mountain Minstrel," was published in 1836. It contained English and Gaelic poems, and was well received. A few years later he issued his Gaelic effusions under the title of "*Clàrsach nam Beann*," of which there have been several editions. The last edition of the "*Clàrsach*" was published by Mr. Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, in 1886. This edition was enlarged and improved. His English poems have been published more than once in this country as well as in Canada, and received the commendation of Dr. Norman Macleod, John Mackenzie of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," Dr. Carruthers, Inverness, and other literary men of his times. The bard was twice married, first to Frances Lewthwaite, a native of Cumberland, and then to a Miss MacArthur—born in Canada of Scottish parents—and who survives him, along with three sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Evan, is minister of Forest, Ontario, and his eldest daughter, Mary, is wife of Professor Otta H. Schulte, of Newark, N.J., and is the author of "Bide a Wee" and other poems. As a writer of Gaelic love songs Evan MacColl's name stands high, while his "*Beannachd dheireannach an Eilthirich*" touches a responsive chord in the heart of every Gael. His name has been long before the public, and he had long regarded himself as "the last of his race," and like Ossian mourned for his comrades who had "gone before."

THE MACLEODS OF HARRIS.

SOME of the oldest and most interesting incidents in the eventful history of the Macleods are associated with Harris. Here is their ancient residence, and here in the venerable Cathedral of Rodil is their place of sepulture. It is difficult to determine how old this church is. The tower, called St. Clement's Tower—*Tùr Chliamhain*, is of older date than the main building, and upon this tower are certain pieces of sculpture of a kind, the last which one would have expected on a building dedicated to religious purposes. While it is impossible to say with certainty who built this

ancient edifice, it was repaired by Alexander VIII. of Dunvegan. We learn something additional regarding this old building from the Latin inscription on a tablet inside the church. This tablet was placed there by Captain Alexander Macleod, VI. of Bernera, who in 1779 purchased from the Commissioners of General Macleod, XX. of Macleod, the estate of Harris, the islands of Bernera, St. Kilda, and other small isles adjoining them for the sum of £15,000. The following is a translation of the Latin inscription on the tablet already referred to—"This sacred edifice, dedicated by the piety of his forefathers in former times to God and St. Clement, after the fury of the Reformation, overturning and devastating everything every-



RORY MOR'S HOUSE, HARRIS.

where, had levelled with the ground the adjoining convent of friars and nuns and scarcely spared these very walls, now for over two hundred years bare and neglected, Alexander Macleod of Harris restored and decorated, and, after its accidental destruction by fire, rebuilt a second time, A.D. 1787."

It was the same Alexander Macleod who erected in Rodil churchyard a tablet to his father's memory with the following interesting inscription—the father must have been a wonderful personage—"To the memory of Donald Macleod of Berneray, son of John, Tutor of Macleod, who in vigour of body and mind, and firm adherence to the principles of his ancestors, resembled the men of former

times. His grandfather and grand-uncle were knighted by King Charles II. for their loyalty and distinguished valour in the battle of Worcester. When the standard of the House of Stuart, to which he was attached, was displayed anno A.D. 1745, though past the prime of life, he took up arms, had a share in the actions of that period, and in the battle of Falkirk vanquished a dragoon hand to hand. From this time he lived at his house of Berneray, universally beloved and respected. In his 75th year he married his 3rd wife, by whom he had nine children, and died in his 90th year, the 16th December, 1783. This monument was erected by his son, Alexander Macleod of Harris, Esq."

In Rodil churchyard also rest the remains of



RODIL CHURCH, HARRIS.

the famous bardess, Mary Macleod—*Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*—who died in 1693, at the great age of 103. As our readers are aware Mary was banished to Mull by her chief, he being annoyed because all her eulogies and her best poem were composed in praise not of himself but of his relative, Sir Norman of Bernera, and his eldest son, John of Contullich. She was restored on condition that she should compose no more songs. It would appear, however, that she could not remain silent, and so she once more indulged in verse-making. Tradition tells that she was seized with qualms at having not only forgiven her chief who had banished her from her loved Skye, but for composing a song in his praise after her restoration. "As punishment and penance she entreated on her death-bed that she should be buried face downwards in token of the ignominy which would for ever consume her conscience although she slept in Rodil of her ancestors, the idyll of her heart."^{*}

Here also is the tomb of Alexander Macleod, VIII. of Dunvegan—known as *Alasdair Crotach*, or Alexander the Humpbacked. Sir Walter Scott, who visited Rodil in 1814, refers as follows to the grave of this chief. "Within the church are two ancient monuments. The first, on the right hand of the pulpit, represents the effigy of a warrior completely armed in plate armour, with his hand on his two-handed broadsword. His helmet is peaked with a gorget or upper corslet which seems to be made of mail. His figure lies flat on the monument, and is in bas relief, of the natural size. The arch which surmounts this monument is curiously carved with the figures of the apostles. In the flat

space of the wall beneath the arch, and above the tombstones are a variety of compartments exhibiting the arms of the Macleods, being a galley, with the sails spread, a rude view of Dunvegan Castle, some saints and religious emblems, and a Latin inscription." The following is the inscription referred to—

"Hic locatur Alexander filius Vilmi MacClod dno de. Dunvegan, anno dni M.CCCCXLVIII."

Sir Roderick, XIII. of Dunvegan, known as *Ruaraidh mor*, was probably the most distinguished Highland chief of his time. He was a man of unbounded hospitality and thorough independence. Not content with being mixed up with the feuds of neighbouring clans he, in 1594, accompanied Donald Gorm mor Macdonald of Sleat to the North of Ireland to assist Red Hugh O'Donell, at that time engaged in active rebellion against the Government. The two Skye chiefs had each 500 of their clansmen under their command on this occasion. This action of his got Rory into trouble with the Scottish Court. From the history of this chief it would appear as if he was never out of trouble, and the injunctions of Kings or Courts were alike treated with lofty contempt. On one occasion Donald Gorm mor, who was at deadly feud with Rory Mor, set out for Uist with his henchman, Donald Mac Mhic Sheumais, who had also proved himself a bitter enemy of the Macleods. The special object of the expedition was to avenge the defeat of the Macdonalds at Cairinish shortly before this. When about half-way across the Minch, which separates North Uist and the other islands of the Outer Hebrides from Skye, a violent snowstorm with a contrary wind arose, so that Donald was driven back, and had no resource but to make for Rodil, in Harris, one of the seats of his enemy, Rory Mor. It was dark when Donald and his company landed, and their arrival was known to no one at Rodil, with the exception of Macleod's page, MacCrimmon, a native of Skye, to whom Donald stood in the relation of *goistidh*, or godfather. Rory Mor, as usual, had a number of the gentlemen of his clan waiting on and feasting with him at Rodil House. The severity of the storm made the chief uneasy. He paced to and fro in his dining-hall, and, removing the panel from one of the apertures that served as windows, he peered into the darkness without, and shuddered as the blast blew in through the window a shower of snow. Hastily closing the aperture, he exclaimed, 'I could not refuse shelter to my greatest enemy, even Donald Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais, on such a night.' MacCrimmon immediately answers, 'I take you at your word, Donald Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais is here.' Rory Mor was rather

^{*} *Dain Iain Ghobha*—Memoir by Dr. George Henderson, page XIV.

taken aback by the unexpected announcement, but, yielding to no man in hospitality, he at once requested that Donald and his company be shown in. The Macdonalds entered, and, after a formal salutation, were requested to sit down to dinner with their host and his kinsmen. The long table groaned under its burden of beef, venison, and salmon. The Macleods were seated on one side, and the Macdonalds ranged themselves on the other side of the table, the men of rank of either clan being seated above and the vassals below the salt. Abundance of good old wine was quaffed, and as it took effect, the Macleods, who did not appear to relish the presence of the strangers, cast furtive glances across the table. At length the murmured and listless conversation was interrupted by the words, 'Remember, this day three weeks was fought the battle of Cairinish,' spoken by one of the Macleods, in a loud and emphatic tone. The chief gave a frowning look to the speaker, but that did not deter him from repeating the unfortunate words, which acted as a live spark on the combustible nature of the Macleods, and in an instant they displayed a score of daggers. A bloody scene would have inevitably followed had not the chief at once interfered, and with a voice of authority commanded his hasty clansmen to sheath their weapons, and not to disgrace his hospitality and their own gallantry by such an ill-timed act. They at once obeyed, and he apologized to Donald for his clansmen's rashness, and good humouredly inquired of him why he had unsheathed his sword. Donald replied that he did not mean to act on the defensive, but

that if any of his men had been struck he intended to have secured first the highest bird in the air, *an t-eun a's airde tha'san caltuinn*. When the hour for retiring came, the Macdonalds were shown to an outer house to sleep, but Donald, as being of higher rank, was about being shown to a bedroom in the house, when he declined to go, preferring to accompany his men, which he did. They retired to rest, but had scarcely slept when MacCrimmon came to the door and called for Donald Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais, saying that there was now fair wind for Skye. The Macdonalds at once got up, and, finding that the gale had subsided and that the wind was favourable, they embarked in their galley for Skye. They had scarcely reached the entrance of the Bay of Rodil, when, on looking back, they observed the dormitory they had left in flames, some of the Macleods having treacherously set it on fire, suspecting that the Macdonalds were within. The piper of the Macdonalds struck up the *piobaireachd*, *Tha an dubhthuil air Macleod*, i.e., 'the Macleods are disgraced,' which galled the Macleods on perceiving that they were outwitted. The Macdonalds were soon borne by the breeze to their destination, Duntulm, in Troternish.

Rory Mor died at Dunvegan in 1626. When Rory Mor was gone, Dunvegan and its halls lost all charm for Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, and he could no longer remain within its walls. He got up, seized his pipes, and marched off to his own home at Borreraig, consoling his grief by playing as he went a lament for his chief, which is one of the most melodious and plaintive pipe tunes on record. The Gaelic words associated with the tune are as follows:—

CUMHA RUAIRIDH MHOIR.

Tog orm mo phìob 'us theid mi dhachaidh,
Is truaigh leam fhéin no léir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phìob 's mi air mo chràdh,
Mu Ruairidh Mór, nu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth,
'S mar faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phìob tha mi sgìth,
'S mi air mo chràdh mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth,
'S mar faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh;
Charsach no pìob cha tog mo chrìdh,
Cha bheò fear mo ghràidh, Ruairidh Mór.

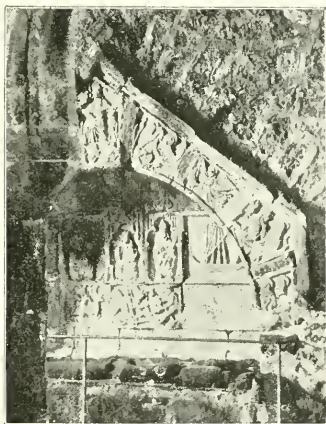
The following translation or paraphrase of the above lines may be of service to our non-Gaelic readers:—

RORY MOR'S LAMENT.

KEY E FLAT.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

{ . d : r, n | 1 : - . 1 : s., n | s. d : - . }

Give me my pipes, I'll home them carry,



TOMB OF ALEXANDER MACLEOD, VIII. OF DUNVEGAN
(ALASDAIR CROTACH), IN RODIL CHURCH.

{	. d : r., m		l : -. d r., m		r. d : -. }
	In these sad		halls I dare not		tarry,

{	. d : r., m		l : -. l : s., l		d ¹ : -. }
	My pipes hand		o'er, my heart is		sore,

{	. d ¹ : r ¹ ., d ¹		l : -. s : m., r		r : -. }
	For Rory		Mor, my Rory		Mor.

Fetch me my pipes, my heart is breaking,
 For Rory Mor his rest is taking ;
 He wakes no more, and to its core
 My heart is sore for Rory Mor.

Give me my pipes, I'm sad and weary,
 These halls are silent, dark, and eerie ;
 The pipe no more cheers as of yore—
 Thy race is o'er, brave Rory Mor.

FIONN.

MONK'S CAMPAIGN.

THE first man who conquered the Highlands was General George Monk. His brilliant campaign is forgotten now. Even the records of his doings are scanty and obscure. It was important because it taught the Highlanders that even their country, inaccessible as it was, could be conquered by resolution and skill.

In 1654 "Honest George Monk" was sent by Cromwell to crush the Highland Royalists. Two Scottish Generals held out for the King. General Middleton lay in Sutherland. Lord Glencairn occupied the country round Ben Lomond. Monk dealt with Glencairn first. He compelled the Earl to concentrate at Aberfoyle and attacked him with determined vigour. Again and again the English commander was driven back. He conquered at last. The hills were cleared. The boats on the loch were destroyed and Glencairn's force was shattered and broken.

Monk's next step was to deal with Middleton, who had passed from Sutherland into Lochaber. Advancing into the Perthshire Highlands, Monk entered a country, which, until its invasion two years before, had been regarded as inaccessible to Saxon troops. It was filled with bands of reivers, who cut off stragglers and harassed Monk's flanking parties. It would be difficult to exaggerate its wildness. Wade's roads were still unmade. Men were still lifting their hands and blessing the worthy roadmaker.* In the next century when King George's Hessian

troops saw Killiecrankie they refused to advance any further, declaring that they had reached the end of the world. Through this arduous region Monk slowly but surely advanced, ravaging the country and seizing and occupying every castle of importance. He never marched after mid-day, and placed every picket and sentry himself. On 9th June he had started. On the 11th he had established his first magazine at the foot of Loch Tay. Passing over the Grampians he advanced up Glen Moriston, driving Middleton before him. The weather was so rough that the cattle could not keep the hills. In spite of torrent and tempest Monk pushed steadily on. High up on the mountain sides the natives might look down on the red column of the English tramping through the mist and rain in the glens, hunting their countrymen, laying waste the land, setting the red cock a-crowing in every hostile chieftain's hold. The Highland forces were amazed. Pertinacity like Monk's they could not understand. Twice they had to abandon stores to escape the weight of his heavy hand. But at the end of a week, even Monk had to give in. He fell back on Inverness to rest and refresh his troops. He had soon to move again. Middleton advanced into Athol. Monk followed him, through the Drumochter Pass and Badenoch, into the same country. Middleton hastened into Breadalbane and through Glendochart to Lochawe. Monk kept treading on his heels as persistently as an avenging fate. Back into Perthshire Middleton double like a fox. Unresting and unsparing Monk followed like a shadow, ravaging Breadalbane as he had ravaged Athol and Lochaber, and Kintail. The end was not far off. Middleton resolved to make for the north. He hastened up Glenlyon and through Glen Rannoch into the Drumochter Pass. A complete surprise awaited him. He proposed to rest for the night at the little village beside the loch. Monk's lieutenant, Morgan, who had come on from Inverness with a separate force, was ready for him there. Hungry and weary the Highlanders limped into the hamlet. They were immediately attacked by the fresh and well-fed English troops. It was the last straw. Middleton's troops were beaten and crushed. The Scottish General fled to Caithness and Monk's triumph was complete. The Highlands were conquered. Monk had advanced into regions which no Highlander ever dreamt he would have penetrated. He had fought the Gael, not in the aimless fashion of former days, but with the military science which he had learnt under the great Lord Vere in the trenches of Holland. He had ravaged hundreds of miles of remote Highland country. He had established garrisons to crush insurrections. The chiefs, bound hand

* The couplet is familiar to all :—

"If you'd seen those roads before they were made,
 You'd lifted your hands and blessed General Wade."

and foot, surrendered one by one. The Highlands became so peaceable that, as it was said, not a cow was lifted, and he who would find a

stray need only send round a crier. The first real conquest of the Gael was complete.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

Deeds that won the Empire. ☉

By JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., Hereford.

QUEBEC, 1759.

THIS year was a glorious one for British arms on sea and land. At Quiberon Bay, on the south coast of Brittany, the gallant Hawke, amidst a wild tempest on that rocky coast, destroyed the mighty fleet of France that threatened Britain with invasion. On the plains of Minden a great French army that menaced the independence of Hanover was overthrown, chiefly by the audacity of six British regiments, mistaking their orders and charging the French cavalry in line and utterly annihilating them. "I have seen," said the French Marshal Contades, "what I never thought to be possible, a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle and tumble them into ruin." On the Heights of Abraham Wolfe broke the power of France in America. The victory that overthrew Montcalm in those heights, and won Quebec for Britain, if not more dazzling was certainly more far reaching in its results and effect, for with the triumph of Wolfe began the history of the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada.

"Sound the clarion, fill the pipe, to all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

We parted with Wolfe on the capture of Louisbourg, in which he showed himself to be the "life and soul" of the operations that conduced to that important conquest. On the 12th January, 1759, the sole command of the expedition now fitted out for the capture of Quebec was given him, and on the 17th February he sailed from Louisbourg for the St. Lawrence, accompanied by his three young Brigadiers, Monckton, Murray, and Townshend.

The plan of campaign was, that while Wolfe invested Quebec, the new commander-in-chief, General Amherst, with 12,000 men, would reduce Ticonderoga, then march from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence and co-operate with Wolfe in the attack upon Quebec, leaving Brigadier Prideaux to invest Niagara and reduce Montreal.



"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang
aft agley."

The expedition to the St. Lawrence was conveyed by Admiral Saunders, whose fleet consisted of 21 ships of the line, 19 frigates, with troopships and various other vessels, carrying 7000 men, horses, artillery, stores and provisions. Captain James Cook, the famous navigator, master of the *Mercury*, sounded ahead of the fleet. The troops on board were the 15th, 28th, 35th, 43rd, 47th, 48th, and 60th regiments, with the Fraser Highlanders, the old 78th.

About the end of June these troops were landed on the Isle of Orleans, between two branches of the St. Lawrence, a few leagues below Quebec, a fortress strong by nature and rendered formidable by art, built upon a steep and lofty line of rocks rising on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence. Cape Diamond, one of these rocks, has an elevation of 345 feet above the river. At the foot of these cliffs lies the lower town, while the upper city with its citadel is built on their summit, and in its rear is a chain of hills rugged in outline—the now famous Heights of Abraham—the scene of Wolfe's greatest exploit. The locality is almost insulated from the mainland by the river St. Charles. Across this peninsula lay a line of earthworks and fortifications, which Montcalm was prepared to defend with 10,000 men, while

a garrison with 6000 under the command of Chevalier De Ramsay, a Scot, occupied the city and citadel. If a daring military genius urged the British attack upon this almost impregnable fortress, the Gibraltar of the western hemisphere, a soldier as daring and well nigh as able as Wolfe directed the French defence.

Montcalm gave a proof of his daring qualities within four and twenty hours of the appearance of the British fleet before Quebec. The very afternoon the British ships cast anchor a terrific tempest swept over the harbour of Quebec, drove the transports from their moorings, dashed the great ships against each other, and wrought great mischief. It soon ceased. The night was moonless and pitch dark. Toward midnight the British sentinels on the point of the Isle of Orleans saw drifting silently towards them through the gloom the outlines of a cluster of ships. They were huge fire ships, floating mines, packed with explosives. The nerves of the French sailors failed them. They fired the ships too soon. The spectacle of these flaming monsters as they drifted by the tide towards the British fleet was appalling. The river looked black under the white flames. The reflected glare lit up the river cliffs, the roofs of the city, the tents of Montcalm, the slopes of the distant hills, and the black hulls of the British ships. It was one of the most stupendous exhibitions of fireworks ever witnessed. It was as harmless as a display of fireworks. The British sailors, ever ready for an emergency, or a spree, were soon in their boats, and pulling with strong arms and steady daring soon grappled the drifting volcanoes, towed them to the banks and stranded them, leaving them spluttering, smoking, and flaming, till the white light of dawn broke over them.

Wolfe now seized Point Levi opposite to the city, raised batteries and soon reduced the lower city to ruins. When he was informed, to his great chagrin, that he could not obtain the promised assistance from General Amherst, nothing now remained to him but to cope with the veterans of Montcalm the best way he possibly could. Yet though the enemy outnumbered him two to one he did not lose heart, but determined the more to proceed, as he said in a letter to Mr. Pitt, "a brave and victorious army finds no difficulties."

Every day now made time more precious, as a Canadian winter with all its snows, frosts, and other severities would soon be at hand, and after vainly endeavouring to bring Montcalm to a general action he determined to pass up the river Montmorenci and attack the enemy in the rear, while another attack was made upon a redoubt and glais on the left by six companies

of grenadiers and part of the 60th regiment. This attack upon the redoubt failed, the troops by their own impetuosity, and the steady fire of the French at pistol range, were driven back in such disorder that Wolfe was compelled to recross the river and retreat during a terrific thunder storm into the Isle of Orleans, and were it not for the headlong bravery with which the Fraser Highlanders covered the rear, facing about at times with musket, bayonet, and claymore, the whole would have been cut to pieces. Wolfe next day issued an order, reprimanding the troops engaged in the attack upon the redoubt for their disobedience of instructions, and highly praising the Highlanders for their gallantry and soldier-like conduct in repelling the French.

This unforeseen disaster made a deep and mournful impression upon Wolfe's sensitive and ardent mind. He knew how capricious public opinion at home was, and how keenly they had resented disasters elsewhere, even to sacrificing an Admiral on his own quarter deck, and he thirsted for some achievement to wipe out the dishonour he conceived himself to have suffered at the Falls of Montmorenci. Officers who shared his confidence often heard him declare, "I will never return home to be exposed, as other unfortunate commanders had been, to the censure and reproach of an ignorant and ungrateful populace."

(To be continued).

DUNCAN MACRAE, BELFAST.



BELFAST seems to hold out peculiar attractions to Highlanders, for a large number have found their way there, and have proved themselves able and industrious citizens. We have

great pleasure this month in adding to our gallery the portrait of a notable representative of the Highland colony in Antrim. Mr. Duncan Macrae was born at Dallas, near Elgin, his father being a native of Kintail, Ross-shire, the ancient historical home of the clan. His mother, Christina Macdonald, is a native of Kinlochewe, and eldest daughter of Alexander Macdonald, who was for forty years in the service of the Mackenzies of Gairloch.

Mr. Macrae served his apprenticeship to the engineering trade, and twelve years ago entered the service of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, in Glasgow, as mechanical expert. Two years later he went to Ireland in the employment of the Company; and four years ago he, along with his present partner, Mr. H.



DUNCAN MACRAE.

Ferguson, bought the Irish business of the Wheeler & Wilson Company, and established the now well-known firm of Ferguson & Macrae, Belfast. In this short period they have made a splendid business reputation, their connection as laundry engineers being the largest in Ireland. They also act as purchasing agents for the Wheeler & Wilson Company, while as cycle agents their machines are favourably known all over the north of Ireland. The extensive connection which this enterprising firm has already acquired is a compliment to the energy, intelligence, and business tact of our countryman, Mr. Macrae, and his partner.

During his residence in Scotland, Mr. Macrae was known as an athlete who had few superiors. In such feats of strength as wrestling, putting the ball, hammer throwing, tossing the caber, etc., he stood in the front rank of competitors, winning over three hundred prizes. The pressure of business in the land of his adoption has prevented him from seeking to add to his laurels, but that he is still able to give a good account of himself is evident from the portrait which we give of our stalwart athletic countryman. When in Glasgow, he was a member of "F" company of that grand corps, the Glasgow Highlanders, and took an enthusiastic interest in Volunteering and Highland matters in this city. Many old friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Macrae has been so successful, and will wish him increased prosperity in Green Erin.

"LUADHADH," OR THE FULLING OF CLOTH.

By KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 203).

THE foregoing is a good illustration of the wrong impressions which strangers carry away with them concerning many things Highland, especially when they don't understand them. The supposed company of lunatics seen by the English gentleman, he would have found the gentlest of creatures if he had taken the trouble to investigate the cause of their singing and working so vigorously. Both Pennant and Logan in their descriptions give one the idea that it was something uncanny to see a "Luadhadh." They don't seem to have taken any particular interest in it except to describe the process. Had they sat out the whole process, and conversed with some of those present, and entered into the amusements at the end of it, they would have formed a very different opinion

of it, and the people who conducted it. It is quite possible that the presence of a stranger for a short time, out of curiosity, might have acted as a stimulus to greater exertion either to shew off what could be done, or to frighten him away—over which the company would have a hearty laugh afterwards—but usually anything resembling the cantrips of lunatics it certainly does not resemble.

Within the writer's recollection—now more than forty years—a "Luadhadh" in Skye has been one of the most interesting relics of the past, and a much more important social function than one would infer from the above descriptions. When a waulking was going to take place, the news spread like wild-fire. Most of the lads and lasses in the place would turn out and congregate at the function, expecting some fun, good songs, and often some refreshments, fiddling, or piping, perhaps a little whisky, and dancing, and what to the male element present was fully as attractive, the probability of being able to see their sweethearts home.

After the long board or plank, only occasionally ribbed, on which the cloth was to be placed, had been supported at either end on boxes or turf, or whatever was convenient, and raised to a little above the level of the knees from the ground, the eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen women took their seats on either side facing each other, and the "clòdh" or cloth having been previously soaked in the "maistir" or solution of home chemicals, the process began.* Each took up a fold of the cloth, and raising it about six inches or more, brought it down upon the board with both hands, and, with a rowing swing, handed and passed it on to the person next her, right or left as the case might be, and in this way the whole piece of cloth, however long, was handled by each individual in a very short space of time. The preliminary movements were generally slow, and the *prima donna* of the company, generally a woman somewhat advanced in life, began singing a song suitable to the movement (*andante*), of a slow and mournful nature, and as they warmed to their work the singing became more lively, but never too quick. As ninety per cent of the Highland women can sing, and often remarkably well too, these occasions gave them great scope for testing their voices. The songs that are sung during the process are called "Orain Luadhaidh," or waulking songs, and their number are legion, so that there is a great selection to choose from. The leader often changes the song without resting, only a slight change of movement, or a

* These functions always took place at night, but very small "Luadhads" were occasionally done in the open air in the day time.

slower pace, and song to match. To witness a well conducted "Luadhadh" is most interesting, but the charm is in understanding the songs. There are many Highlanders who have been born and bred in the Highlands, and lived there mostly all their lives, who know little or nothing about the charms of this ancient custom, or the beauty of the songs.

The motions of the workers resemble rowing, each side bending forward alternately, at first somewhat slow, afterwards increasing to a fairly quick rowing motion, with short strokes. After a few songs are sung in this manner, the young unmarried persons present are in couples put into what is called the "urradh." The leader, or someone else, says of a particular person,

"Cuiribh anns an 'urradh' e"—put him into the "urradh," or pledge him with a suitable and likely companion into the cloth, somewhat similar to the custom followed at Halloween of burning nuts as couples in the fire. If they both smoulder away quietly they turn out a happy couple, but if one bursts the match is an unfavourable one. In the "Luadhadh" one has to be taken out of the "urradh," and that is done with another song, it being considered an unlucky omen or disgrace to be left in. Occasionally a little horse play takes place at some of these functions, and practical joking which is thoroughly enjoyed. Some young man is seized and rolled up in the cloth, and well pummelled before being released, to the great



WAULKING CLOTH IN SKYE (MODERN STYLE).

enjoyment of the company. It is hardly necessary to say that some quiet "ogling" also goes on as opportunity presents itself. When a fiddler or a piper is present a dance often follows, but the musicians don't have it all their own way on these occasions. If the performer is an indifferent one, with a limited repertory of tunes, he is called "Piobaire an aona phuirt," the piper with the one tune, and when the more important instruments are not at hand the "port à beul" (articulate music), or singing with a comb, is resorted to. The "waulking" is continued of course until the cloth has sufficiently shrunk and become thickened, which generally takes about two hours or more, according to the vigour of the workers and the

intervals of rest.** As it proceeds towards a termination the songs again become slower, at least towards the very end, but in this matter a good deal depends upon the experience and judgment of the singer. The leader always sings the verse, which often consists of one or two lines only of very mild poetry, and all the rest join in the chorus, which gives an interesting quaintness to the whole proceedings. The object of singing throughout the "Luadhadh," and often while reaping, rowing, and at other occupations, so characteristic of the Highlanders,

** When the cloth has sufficiently shrunk, it is scoured and laid out to dry, but this latter process is not usually done in public.

is to lighten labour and cheer them up and stimulate them to greater exertions. In the Island of Lewis, I believe the women in many cases still work the cloth with bare feet and legs, especially the smaller functions, sitting down during the process. I am told by two excellent authorities on Highland matters, viz., the Rev. A. Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Mr. Alexander Carmichael, Edinburgh, that in Uist the "Luadhadh" is, and always has been, done by the hands as in Skye, and that the "Cliaith Luadhadh," or fuller's frame, is a ribbed board or plank about two feet wide or so, elevated to near the height of an ordinary table; and the Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan, an equally good authority, informs me that in Harris it is also done by the hands on a board generally about twelve feet long by from two to three feet broad, with grooves in it longitudinally from end to end. He also remarks that though nearly always done inside he had seen it done on several occasions outside, but never saw a wicker-work frame for it. All these authorities agree with me that doing the Luadhadh with the feet must be rare nowadays, at any rate, and that our proper "Orain Luadhaidh" could not have been accompanied with anything like the same rhythmic movement if done with the feet. However, it seems that it has been done with the feet in some localities, and the following is a case in point.* Mr. William Mackenzie of the Crofters' Commission, another excellent authority, informs me that he has seen it done with the feet in Lochbroom. He remarks that "the inhabitants of Little Lochbroom are mainly Mackenzies and Celtic in blood. The inhabitants of the greater part of Big Lochbroom, including Coigach, are almost all Macleods and appear to be more Norse than Celtic. In any case, their manner of speech and many of their customs are quite different. The 'Luadhadh' is a case in point. The Mackenzie women of Little Lochbroom invariably wauked cloth with their hands on a table raised, on either side of which they sat, worked, and sang. The Macleod women of Coigach, on the other hand, did the work with their feet. They had a deal board on the floor, and sitting down they kicked away at the cloth with their bare feet, twisting and turning it in every direction. Woe betide any male that came the way when the Lochbroom women were so occupied. He was seized hold of, and, if possible, wrapped up and half smothered in the cloth. An illustration of this is given in the song to the "Nighean donn a bha 'n Cataobh"

by the famous Donald Donn, Mac Fhir Bhat-Fhionntainn—of Lochaber." Another good authority, Mr. Henry Whyte (*Fionn*), informs me that he has seen a "Cliaith Luadhadh" of stout wicker work like the lid of a huge hamper, and that the process was frequently performed in the open air, in some romantic recess by the side of a burn, and that the cloth was pulled and pushed, rolled and tossed, backward and forward, and from side to side in magical gyrations, but all the time under well-known principles of manipulation, and that the songs were generally extemporaneous without any pretensions to poetry.† As Pennant's print of a "Luadhadh" was taken from what he is supposed to have seen at Corry, or Talisker in Skye, I requested an old friend in the district of Strath to supply me with any details of a Luadhadh as conducted within the last sixty years, and I am informed by Mrs. Matheson of Burnside, Broadford, who had herself been a leader of the Luadhadh, that she had never seen it done with the feet, but always with the hands, which she describes briefly as follows:—"There must be a woman for every yard of cloth on each side of the 'Cliaith Luadhadh,' the length of the board or plank being fourteen-and-a-half feet and two-and-a-half feet broad. The women sit on planks on both sides according to the number of yards of cloth. Twenty-four yards would require twelve women on each side. Men's cloth generally takes four hours and blankets about two hours before being sufficiently thickened and shrunk. Once they begin one woman starts a song and all the rest join in the chorus to keep time. Each takes her turn at the songs until it (the cloth) is finished. After the work is over they get a good supper, after which a ball or dance follows, which was frequently carried on to an early hour of the morning, or even till daylight, which helped to digest the supper. Then the lads went home with their sweethearts, each being seen safely to her own home. This corresponds with what all the old wives about tell me, and, so far as I know, it is never done with the feet, and if it ever was, it has gone out of fashion long ago. At the present day most of the people send their wool to the mills, so that the "Luadhadh" in this district has almost died out."

Waulking cloth by kicking it can never be so satisfactory as with the hands, as the tactile sensibility so necessary to judging of the progress of the work is lost when the feet is used. When very short pieces of cloth, such as what a

* Mr. Malcolm McNeil, Colonsay, informs me that lately, Colonsay and Knapdale, Crinan, it is still occasionally done with the feet.

† There is also a long article on the same subject by the late Mrs. Mary McKellar in Volume XIII. of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions.

poor widow woman might have, is undergoing the process, it no doubt would save the trouble and expense of a proper "Luadhadh" to do it in a more primitive fashion.

A proper "Luadhadh" then, be it understood, was always a social function of a pleasant kind, and often attended with much congenial mirth and good humour, though perhaps in the presence of strangers and superiors it might assume a more sombre aspect. Some of the songs sung during the process are very beautiful, but a great deal depends on the understanding of them. No one can fully appreciate a "Luadhadh" who does not study it in all its aspects. In fact, no one but a Gaelic-speaking person can fully understand it. At the same time anyone watching the process with a view to understanding it, and listening to the excellent songs, can hardly fail to appreciate it in a proper spirit, and wish that such an interesting ceremony should not die out among the people. To us Highlanders the "Luadhadh" and its songs—a specimen of which is given—are deeply engraven in our hearts. They reminds us of happy homes, "The Auld Hoose," many subjects fit for tears, and the race from which we sprang.

NOTE.—Apropos of the subject of "waulking" and clothing, historians tells us that mankind did not at first clothe themselves for the sake of decency. The first efforts were to cover the body with painted colours, next came covering the body with the skins of animals, and lastly clothing. The object of painting was for the purpose of rendering themselves terrible to their enemies. It is alleged of the Irish that they besmeared their faces with the blood of the slain in order to drive terror into their enemies. Cesar says that all the Britons painted with wood—a cruciferous plant of the genus *isatis*. Isodore says that the Goths used red, and the Picts, besides tattooing themselves, coloured their bodies with the juice of green grass; and Ovid terms the Britons "Virides." Tacitus says the remote Germans wore the skins of animals. Cesar also describes the Suevi as arrayed in skins. According to Dio the Caledonians were naked, but Dr. MacPherson observes we are not to believe they were entirely destitute of covering. Herodian represents them as being only partially clad. At the period of Cesar's invasion of Britain, 54 B.C., most of the inhabitants were clothed with the skins of animals, but woollen garments were also in use. Diodorus says that the Celtic weavers were most ingenious artists, and produced work that astonished other nations by its richness and singularity. "If we could give credit to the few dark intimations concerning the Hyperborei of Britain, a proof that the manufacture, which is plainly Tartan, existed in this country, at a period long anterior to the commencement of our credible history, would be found, for Abaris, the high priest of that people, wore a robe which corresponds from the description exactly to the Scot's plaid."—K. N. M.

WAULKING SONG, &c.

KEY G.—*With great spirit, and marked time.*

d :— : d d :— : d	r :— : d l ₁ :— : s ₁
Now we've got	the web before us,
l ₁ :— : d r :— : m	s :— : l d :— :
And a chor - us	you must sing.

CHORUS.

l :— :— s :— : m	m : r : d l ₁ :— : s ₁
O! yes we'll join	the chor - us,
l ₁ :— : d r :— : m	s :— : l d :— :
While the whole we	deft - ly fling.

Music helps to lighten labour,
Sing then gaily with good swing.
Sing of ancient bards so famous,
To their lays we fondly cling.
Tell of gallant deeds of daring
That won favour from the king.
Raise your voices, merry maidens,
Till we make the welkin ring.
For the benefit of our Gaelic readers we give the original words associated with this song.

ORAN LUADHAIDH.

Dh' éirich mi moch maduinn Chéitein,
Seisid :— Fail ill é, ill ù, ill ó,
Hùraibh o, na hó-ro éile,
Fail ill é, ill ù, ill ó.

'S moch an diugh a rinn mi éirigh.
'S binn a choisir rinn mi éideachd.
Smeoraichean air bàrr nan geannan.
Uiseagan os eòinn an t-sluibhe.
'S bòidheach 'fhiamh 's a ghrian ag éirigh.
Maduinn chiùin fo dhrùidhech fan speuran.
Brie air linneachan a' leumraich.
Crodh air àirdhean a' geumraich.
Na laogh bheaga 'ruith a chéile.
Cailinn donn a ebuailen cheutaich,
'S binne beul na ceòl nan teudan,
'Dol do 'n bhaile le ceum eutrom—

Leanaidh slàinte agus éibhneas.
Riùsan a bhios moch ag éiridh.

TRANSLATION.

I arose one morning early,
Fall eil ay, eil oo, eil oh,
Hiùriv oh, na hó-ro eile,
Fall eil ay, eil oo, eil oh.

When the sun was shining clearly;
Deer on green sward glancing brightly;
Calves on meadows skipping lightly;
Cows on hill-sides loudly lowing;
Maid to milk them gaily going;
Light her footstep, sweet her singing;
Woodlands all with echoes ringing;
'Mong the boughs the mellow thrushes;
Robins jinking through the bushes;
Skylarks soaring o'er the mountains;
Grey trouts leaping in the fountains.

There be pleasures worth the prizing
To be had by early rising.
Fal eil ay, eil oo, eil oh.

